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ARTS & DECORATION

Blue Laws and Their Effect Upon Art—The Editor

The Art Tendencies of Our Time—Gutzon Borglum

Two Prints by James McNeill Whistler

Escaping the Obvious in Interior Decoration—Matlack Price

How Europe Has Capitalized Art in Industry—Hermann Sachs

"Art in Every Home"—Forbes Watson

The Slaughter of the Innocents

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JANUARY, 1921

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Jade Ink Well mounted in Silver Gilt.

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Chinese Lillies of White Jade, Green Jade Leaves, planted in Jade Dish. 18th Century. Height 19".

Chinese 18th Century Carvings converted into Goldfish Aquarium. Width 18"—Height 48"

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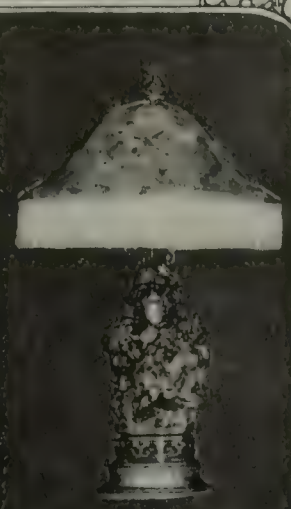
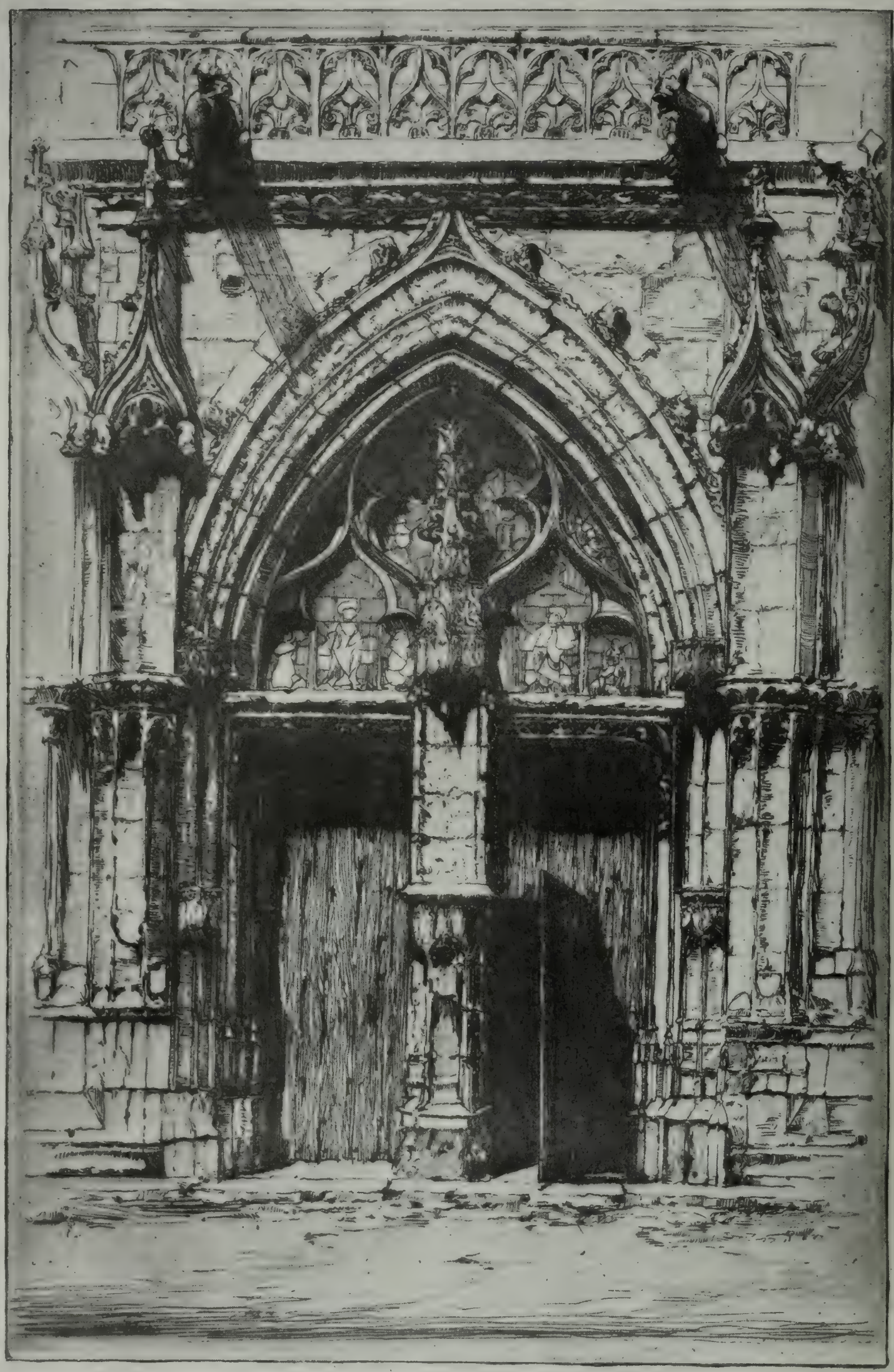


Chinese Dark Green Jade Lamp. 18th Century. Height 20".

Chinese Mutton Fat Jade Imperial Temple Vessel. 17th Century. Height 12"—Width 14".

Chinese Porcelain Celadon Flower Holder—18th Century. Height 15"—Width 16".

Chinese Pottery Buddha, Old Yellow and Green Tones. Ming Dynasty. 16th Century. Height 24".



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ARTS & DECORATION

A Magazine of the Fine and Industrial Arts

ARCHITECTURE · SCULPTURE · MUSIC · PAINTING
DRAMA · INTERIOR DECORATION

VOLUME XIV

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January, 1921

Blue Laws and Their Effect Upon Art

THE EDITOR

IT is always a question whether art progresses or retrogresses under restriction. There are historical proofs either way. One thing is certain, a ban upon art will have only a superficial effect upon its products. When the Nicene Fathers in the days of Byzantine glory forbade the making of graven images they created a symbolical school of painting. It was not an attack upon the life of the artist; it was, on the contrary, an attack upon his method of expression. Later, in a luxuriant Venice, Titian expressed himself in compositions dictated by his patron. The man was strong enough to eke through any law set down for him. In Russia before the Revolution the attacks were not upon language but upon thoughts; not upon the vehicle, but upon the man. If the man came out on top, as we know that he did, that is because he was stronger than the forces which tried to strangle him.

TO-DAY America is in very much the same position that Russia was in yesterday and may be in now. The force of public opinion in this country as it is expressed in written and unwritten laws is indeed probably stronger than was the autocratic Russian dictation. For while one of these forces has an air of justice, the other was very obviously tyrannical. Also, while a man may complain against the injustice of a monarch and seem heroic, he will make a very poor figure when he attempts to decry a thing set down by the free voice of the majority. In New York, which is Puritanically the black sheep of America, we are very ready to believe that the Puritanism which prevails all over the country is the product of an aggressive and fanatic minority. And that this minority is largely segregated in those very cramped cities which first saw the light of our political independence. Outside of New York, however, the Main Street described by Sinclair Lewis is everywhere in body and spirit. And in New York, as recent events have shown, it is a vise which keeps pressing tighter and tighter upon the city's more generous or more cosmopolitan impulses.

Now, while this Puritanical urge does not often directly attack art, it continually attacks the producer of art. It tells him that art may be couched in any language, in any figures of speech. It does not stop the painting of nudes, though it may sometimes stop the exhibiting of them. It permits the publication of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and the *Police Gazette,* although it will sometimes censor a work like James Branch Cabell's "Jurgen." Its censorship is not a censorship of methods, it is a censorship of men. It would restrict men in every way that it can. It has stopped his drinking. It would lace the strait-jacket of blue laws upon his Sunday activities. It would wrap all the bonds of Puritanism around a man and then send him out with a frown—for life is an earnest and serious business—to do his duty as an artist. And there will be a greater accent or stress upon duty than upon art. Here, then, we have, as in pre-revolutionary Russia, the man tied and the art free. Free is used, of course, relatively. With the result, in any case, that the national art is created by men wrapped body, mind and soul in the bonds of Puritanism, men whose every impulse toward freedom is immediately suppressed. Men who can no more swing their arms than their minds, whose souls, forbidden flight, soon lose the capability for it. And with this restriction of men there comes a truer restriction of art than could ever come with energy directed at the restriction of art. If men are not free their art, which is their expression, will not, for it cannot be free. But if men are free, they will sing the song of that freedom into whatever restricting vehicle is given them. It does not matter in the least that the council of the Nicene Fathers forbids the making of graven images. They will get along without them. They have something which must be said and will be said. They will reproduce the spirit of the image. They will speak of a fine, big, manly freedom, of that thing which they are and for which they stand.

THE normal trend of American art is warped in spirit. It is an art which proceeds from behind its bonds with a tremendous fear or, which may be the same thing, with a moral guidance. Now this is not to say that the normal trend of any art is good. Art is aristocratic. The normal trend of American art is not more mediocre than the normal trend of French or German or Italian art. Its fault is in its fear. Other countries other faults. Italy of today is too rococo, too flamboyant. America is careful, spineless, timid. American art is probably the neatest, smallest, most suppressed art in the world. It is an art in which omission plays the greatest part. It is an art which has been made the prey not of real Puritanism, but of Main Street Puritanism, an imitative, shallow brand of that inflammable belief for which the Pilgrim fathers, setting aside their reputations, risked their lives. Like the old Puritanism, it has a tremendous dread of joy, of any wide-swinging ebullience of spirit. But, unlike the old Puritanism, it takes no pleasure in its restrictions, has not an ounce of the furious splendor and fire of the fanatic.

It is a pussy - footing art—too careful to make any horrible or valiant mistakes and too base ever to be very radically in bad taste. Indeed it is very ridiculous to say, with so many casual critics, that we have no national art. No other place in the world could produce the politely innocuous works of the painters of Boston and Philadelphia nor the democratic organizations of the New York realists. In no other country, not even England, does the middle class smugness of the mediocre painter affect, as in the first instance, such an air of refined virtue and, as in the last, of breezy artlessness. Puritanism has a firm grip upon our mediocrities.

WE see it best exemplified, perhaps, in architecture, in cool, uninspired interiors, intellectual or calculating adaptations of the most chaste Florentine manner, in the suppression of ornament and the dread of vulgarity. We see it in a music which contains nothing approaching sumptuousness and sonority and with great care and a tremulous timidity follows in the wake of such pure French classicists as Vincent d'Indy. We see it in a literature, a painting and a sculpture which, like the artist of a Galsworthy essay, looks away whenever there comes the danger that life may tempt to a real interest in itself. No, life is the last thing by which a Puritan may permit himself to be fascinated (if this last word exists in the Puritan dictionary). Life is vulgar. Indeed, it is because of the vulgarity of life that life rather than art is held in bondage here. A man with his hands tied will not be given to the making of wide gestures. A man with his soul warped by constant constraint will be able to write no very full-throated songs. He will construct, paint, write, model, compose nice things, pretty and correct, but never anything to wring a real tear or a real laugh out of a real man, out of another soul large enough to understand the depths of sorrow and the heights of joy.

Robert Winthrop Chanler: The Man

A Normal Exotic

By GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

EXOTICS are febrile sensitives who, with the taut nerves of invalids and eyes jaded by the commonplace, seek relief and amusement outside the familiar world. Perhaps they are men suffering spiritual and physical *nostalgie*. Intense, they are of no physical health, of no physical stature, fidgety people, bored, sophisticated and extravagant. To-day Beardsley and Toulouse-Lautrec are probably the preëminent exotics. A pathological condition existed in both, the super-sensitiveness of the neurotic.

A survey of American art will lead almost at once, though rather obviously than profoundly, to Arthur B. Davies. Davies is really a romantic realist who wastes a great many strange words and strange arrangements of them on themes almost conventional. Indeed, the themes in their rarified, stuffy atmospheres, even in their precious disguises, have something in common with those liked by children in fairy tales. He may be a superannuated pre-Raphaelite. There is a British twist to his romance, a Welsh languor in the continuousness of his line. Is he a willful or an intuitional exotic?

A great many exotics are quacks, purveyors of pseudo-Eastern cure-alls; of strange medicines as exhilarators of dying senses, of suggestions of mystery as cures for boredom. Perhaps Conrad and McFee are in this class of human benefactors. Barnum was; Barnum, the greatest of quacks, and in this Sinbadian romantic sense the most imaginative of entertainers.

It is not altogether improbable that Robert W. Chanler is the first normal exotic. The man is a giant. He is expressed in his art by great sweeps of line which suggest some impatience and a great deal of energy without being tainted by the stigma of the exotic's nervousness, by tremendous swabs of luxurious color, by a kind of dynamic force which resembles intuition before it does intellect. His works parade a tumultuous regiment of strange forms: animals, fish, birds, butterflies, rushing galleons, jungles overloaded with vegetation, all the luxurious props of the Arabian Knights and, nothing familiar.

The man is over six feet tall and, as we can so seldom say of six-footers, built in proportion. By this it is not meant that he is built merely structurally in proportion. He has a proportionate voice and gesture and appetite. More than any other New Yorker, perhaps, he lives in a world peopled by pygmies. It is not his fault that they may sometimes think him fantastic. It was not the Lilliputians' fault that they sometimes mistook Gulliver's whispers for the rumble of a heavenly thunder. Perhaps it is Chanler who is normal. Perhaps we are. In any case, he is one of us grown, a romantic one of us enlarged, a picture of our virtues and vices seen through a magnifying glass. His table is the giant's, set with enormous goblets. He is cramped for space in two large houses in Nineteenth Street. He is the furious bull in those china closets which we, in our tiny-ness, call drawing-rooms.

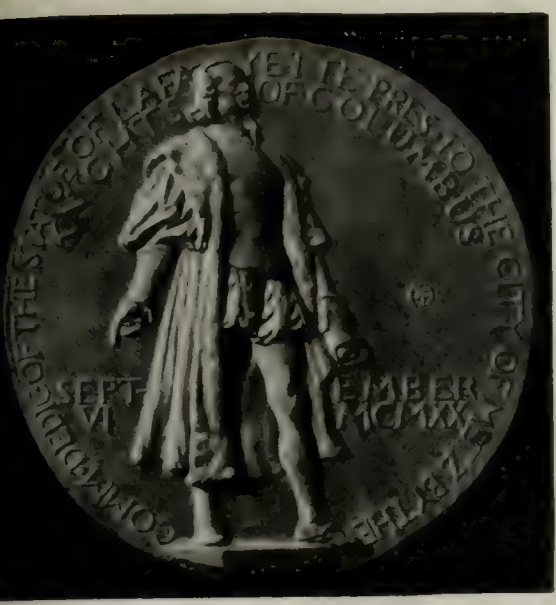
He has walked the world in seven-league boots and found it filled with many things which became rather over-readily familiar and with a few curious things. He happens to be like a great many romanticists—a great child. He has gone naturally, so naturally that it would seem inevitable to the curious things: to long-necked giraffes, to hook-billed birds, to impish and sometimes frightful monkeys, to the luxurious forests full of mystery, of singular lines, colors, sounds, to blue seas peopled with dazzling tropical fish and decorated by amazing floral growths. Men and women? He knows them too well. Cities? He one time repeated the commonplace of the Brooklyn Bridge. He could have no vision about it. He knew that too well. It was a theme he walled in by fact. A theme to tie a man into the stupid knots of literalness. A law against imagination.

He is a symbolist and a decorator. But he is never so wrong as when he says, "I see things flat." There is depth in most of his canvases, panels, screens, the depth of the man in love with life, the depth of the realist. At the Albright Gallery in Buffalo, where a quite comprehensive collection of his screens was shown, it was said that they were sensuous (flat indeed). In Buffalo that was stated as an objection to them. It could not have been one in the Venice of Titian, the Flanders of Rubens, the France of Renoir. We have been very greatly influenced in this country by such theses as Charles H. Platt's Puritan version of Florentine chastity. We have found that since Renoir's women could not be called prim, they must be called vulgar. Chanler is truly larger than that part of our population. He cannot keep his elbows neatly at his side. He does not say grace over his gigantic goblets. His whisper is a rumble of thunder. His stairways creak as he climbs them. But he is feared only by those who do not know him. He is enormously more gentle than the pygmies. He has the innocence of children, their enthusiasm, their extravagance, their willingness to be amazed, and their gullibility perhaps, for Sinbad's roc is one of his realities.

But behind all this, ready to marshal the chaos that it engenders, prepared to force order when necessary, is a fine intellectual general, a practical head, and a knowledge of the precedence or of the history of art shared with him by few American painters. No one of them is a more voracious reader. Few, if any, own so comprehensive a pictorial library of art and, not at all incidentally, of natural phenomena. It is quite probable that he is a more familiar figure at the Museum of Natural History than at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I do not know. He owes, in any case, a great deal to both of them, for he is something also of an eclectic, and one who cannot be stopped when the pygmies with shrill voices shreak "plagiarism." His laughter easily drowns the most penetrating of these. He could Chanlerize even Ohio, the State of presidents, if Ohio were only a tiny bit less palpable, the slightest bit less regular.

Remember that he is an exotic, that if he talks our terms in his magnified way, he talks only of those things of which we hazily dreamed when children, and then having read, as an example, of Stanley's long damp walk through a primeval African forest, began to set aside as something strange and romantic enough, but mighty uncomfortable, and, for all practical purposes, not easily realized. To the wiser ones of us, of course, Conrad's heroes are painted a glorious enough but quite improbable color. And the places they stop at or pass through, horror of horrors, have no modern conveniences. But to Chanlerize a jungle is to civilize it—he talks no more of crawling insects than does Conrad—for it is to talk in the terms of a man who loves life and owns a great respect for art; the art of the past and of the present when it is colored by anything but the commonplace. He is enchanted by mystery. He will admit Rembrandt and Greco; Ingres only intellectually. He will find much to admire, as a mental reaction, in classicism and Puritanism—but they are restricted, tight, and with neither of these words could he ever be labeled.

Some Recent Medals and Plaques by John Flanagan



Left and right—Two sides of the Knights of Columbus medal

Portrait of the Prince of Wales

Marion, Massachusetts, War Medal

A portrait of Childe Hassam

Details from a Chanler Room

Illustrations from a room recently completed by Robert W. Chanler in the home of Mr. William R. Coe at Oyster Bay, L.I.

The Art Tendencies of Our Time

Impressions of Contemporary Artists and Art Lovers

By GUTZON BORGLUM

THE dictionary tells us that everything in the world is either nature or art. If this is true, a raw potato is nature and a boiled one is art. In the course of civilization, æsthetics has come to mean the method of saying and doing things beautifully; and the word art has come to have a meaning other than craft; a meaning vague, nebulous, and applied to something few of us understand. In fact, art is simply the way of doing anything beautifully, and applies as much to gesture or the making of a chair as to writing a play or designing St. Peter's. All these may be the acts of the same individual and invested with the same quality. They are the only records worthy of preservation in the course of a civilization. A nation without its own gestures, its own furniture, its own drama or its own temples, is not yet nationally conscious. And a nation may appear to have these things, but they are imitations, though native to the soil; as one sees certain Eastern peoples repeating badly what they once created.

On America, art (using the word in its technical and limited sense) is imported, and applied to our new life as a badge of culture. We are conscious of very little of the creative impulse that expresses itself in native beauty; and such ornament or decoration as we feel the need of is borrowed from the older European races. Yet America, even in its Anglo-Saxon youth, showed evidences of a genuine native art impulse. And now in its larger maturity, with its mixture of many races, it is capable of as great art as any of the races from which it springs. Our youth, and the necessity of economic security, of putting a whole continent in order, has given us little of the leisure required to find ourselves and to reflect upon the experiences capable of the greatest dramatic expression. The instant need of things has driven us to using the cheapest or richest materials in the simplest and meanest forms. And, curiously, the habits of our frontier existence have divorced our European-born citizens from the desire for the beautiful surroundings of their older civilizations; we find little evidence of demand on their part for beauty, even when they are given leisure to restore the quaint permanent forms of their ancient life. Our powerful industrial groups, necessary for the time being for quantity and machine production, have in turn invaded even the fine arts, and are giving us only replicas of art forms that lend themselves to reproduction, to meet the immense and immediate demands of home-building.

These considerations must be kept in mind as a prelude to any understanding of America's position in art, if we wish to think clearly on the chances, of the possible encouragement of the world of opportunity offered and unused by our students of art. Economic independence and contentment are necessary for the fulfilment of a great life in art, as well as work. Those who are driven by the creative impulse, interested in the culture of this Western world, their country's history, and its possible place among the great nations, must dedicate their lives to America. And there are no Salons here; there is no supporting ground of culture. Few buy, of their own craving, to have the beautiful thing near them daily, the productions of great art.

Great art, even when it is imported, is *sold*, not bought, by plot and intrigue, to the social aspirant.

IT is said that "Rodin had a factory, that he had as many as sixteen men working for him at once, making one model three or four or five times." Be that as it may, he was a great artist.

Great artists are like nature, eternally experimenting; and their few successes crown a life much of which was failure. Nature fails in most that she undertakes—time has given chaos a semblance of order, but wreck and death and failure is the trail we see marking the past.

Necessity may be the mother of invention; but the only necessity which can mother art is the artist's need to express himself. Art is an emotional relief. An artist when he is producing is as wanton as nature. His compelling creative impulse seizes and consumes everything within reach. The story of Cellini throwing his household utensils into the mould for his Perseus is more than a fact, an anecdote; it is a great law of nature's creative course. If a creative soul calculates the value of his material, or scrimps on time or effort, he is a pot-boiler, and the gods lead him to the tea-room to talk to the ladies. The artist is as prolific as the sea. There is in him savagery, play, but insistence to be. And art is play, however painful or laborious it may be. It is in this that there is relief, though it may be like the relief one overcharged with sorrow finds in tears, a luxury of grief. Great artists do what they do because they must; thus they are intensely egoists, but only about their work, as a god is.

HELLEU is come to town. The great French dry-point etcher of women's portraits is in New York, here for the making of more of those charming elusive heads of which he is a master.

Helleu is just past middle life, a painter, a pastellist, and master of dry-point. For over a quarter of a century this contemporary of the art giants of France has excelled in this beautiful popular craft.

We have been doing what pagan Rome did. After she crushed Greece she imported her art. Now we are following in a later step, importing artists. I do not admire Rome, nor what she did with Greek art, any more than I approve of America and the traffic she makes of the masterpieces and near-masterpieces of Europe—I mean the use each made and makes of them. I do approve of the importation of art and artists. Had I been the Kaiser in 1870, and as Kaiser known as much as I do as artist, I should have exacted of France ten years' life in Berlin, at princely salaries, of the greatest men of art, letters and science France could yield. But what is the use of saying these things? The successful politician who becomes a national leader will never understand either the value, the service, or the international safety of international culture.

THERE is another exhibition of pictures on view now which New York ought to see, for New York is like all great congestions of mankind, actuated by the impulse to feed their insatiable curiosity; and eighty per cent of man's understanding comes through seeing.

This group of pictures is the thin end—the petering-out end, I regret to see and say—of the Cubist-Futurist delirium which produced a thirty-day smile a few years ago. I am not writing this to discourage anyone from seeing these art products. (Remember my definition of art.) They are as good as some of our movies, they are as important, they appeal as deeply, they reflect and record as profoundly, and will affect culture and civilization as permanently as a Second Avenue movie. They are as carefully studied, and they have this advantage, they have color; while many of the movies, being photographs, have the advantage of truth; though raw, ill-conceived, meaningless, yet as they were made by the camera they have the element of fact. They should be seen by everybody, to show by contrast what is sincere and true.

We have men who must make reproductions of masterpieces by others, that they may live. Not so these. They give us the make-believe with sobs and tears. Incapable themselves of framing their products right side up, believing in their wanderings they have found the only way, yet that phrase "the only way" makes all serious again. There is no finished work; there are no masterpieces; we are all children in an eternity of wonder worlds, and the best have but opened the way for the better. And so I apologize to these. What they did and still do seems to lead nowhere; they have not science enough even to be mad; still, I approve fully and enthusiastically of experiment forever.

I HAVE not mentioned the sculpture, which I always see first. Sculpture must be understood, or it is a prolonged state of artistic inebriety. You can run a loose line over a bit of immaculate Whatman and record but an idle hour. You may have a day of brainstorm or intemperate depression, and reflect it amusingly on canvas in color. But sculpture is the crystallization of a sustained ideal. To express oneself in the tough mediums employed in sculpture requires days and weeks of continuous effort in the same mood, during which incidental weaknesses or errors automatically correct themselves. For the product to reveal nothing but delirium, stupidity, or complacency is of course possible; but it is less probable than in painting. Therefore I look for the most real, the most serious, the eternal products of art in sculpture.

Here one looks in vain. And the worst piece, the one that sins most against sincerity, is in regard to technique the best. I refer to the pseudo-symbolistic, modernized antique representing Solomon. What would be the verdict if these imitators could show their wares to the period they profess to reproduce?

But for a real let down, anyone who has seen Walter Hampden act Hamlet should view what is intended as his portrait in the part of the Danish prince. I doubt if in point of drawing, painting and interpretation it could have been less successful. It lacks character in subject, it lacks charm in conception; it is painfully painted, or, rather, it is little more than a record of mediocre labor; it is not painted, it is barely glazed timidly into visibility; it is weakly drawn. And yet it is done by one of the ablest of the younger men.

"Art in Every Home"

An Educational Movement Which Does Not Educate

By FORBES WATSON

LET the newspapers excite themselves about the coming of a Blue Sunday, and warn a supine electorate against the folly of its own supineness! In so doing they fail to realize that they are attacking our favorite community pastime. Whether Sunday becomes blue, or pink, or green, or even a dash of lavender, is incidental, if in changing the color all the pleasures of a movement are supplied to a movement-loving people. We love our movements! They are so sociable and respectable! They give us the decent feeling of having our shoulders at the wheel, without tormenting us with questions of the wheel's direction. If the lift is up and the crowd is with us, why doubt?

Moreover, while letters and editorials have swarmed in the newspapers against Blue Sundays, another uplift movement has been getting under way without making a ripple on the ocean of news, a movement which proposes to make the home blue by putting something safely labelled and guaranteed as Art in every home. This statement is not intended to be misleading. You are not to understand that there is a movement to develop the latent instinct toward artistic expression, where it happens to exist, or to enrich enjoyment of art, or to clarify ideas about art, or in any way to stimulate the home or increase its living forces. This movement, on the contrary, makes not the slightest pretense of coming to grips with an idea. It is directed in exactly the opposite way, wishing to bring into the home something already discovered to be art in order that the poor unhappy inhabitants of the home may be saved the troubles of thought, investigation, selection and enjoyment on their own account.

The pretty "slogan," "Art in Every Home," has, as one can see at a glance, the happy admixture of beauty and uplift which attracts the type of solid gentleman who considers that art is not quite respectable, is just a little too wayward, until it is securely wedded to that devout philistine known as "educational purpose." Lest someone might think that this fair slogan is the motto of an interior decorator, like the florist's "Say It With Flowers," I hasten to add that this dear little child of genius was recently weaned from the bosom of our mother of mediocrity, The American Federation of Arts.

WITH such a slogan the temptation to add another little movement to the long list was irresistible. Our history is a history of movements, and these pursue us far beyond the boundaries of puritanical limitations, producing in their decadence by-movements which lead nowhere. Movements, great and small, have become so much a part of us that frequently, when an American has an idea, his first impulse is to form a committee and buy a little suit of uplift for his idea so that it shall not catch cold. As soon as he dresses his idea in uplift he can always find a committee, even when the idea touches upon art, and "art patrons" who will support the idea.

Money can be found easily to support movements to make the little boys and girls dote on art by telling them stories about the pictures in the museums, movements to flood the settlements with the sunshine of the beautiful, uplift movements by the score, because these prove conclusively that art really isn't bad or immoral—some good can come out of it, some educational purpose can be served by it. It isn't a light sister, and if properly held down it can even be made to obey the law of a Blue Sunday. And thus we arrive far down in the list of these so-called educational art movements which are supported mainly so that a certain group of people may be known as "art patrons" without being put to the test of buying a picture or a piece of sculpture that would represent their own taste, at the bright little movement: Art in Every Home.

Of course, the idea is not original. Grand Rapids has been developed on this idea. The dealers and decorators go to sleep with this idea under their pillows, and take it out to work the first thing in the morning. Filling the homes with canned art has been a long practice with some of our purest architects and decorators. Plenty of our best citizens would not think of desecrating their ready-made homes and ready-made collections with anything that represented the thought of our day. They will allow themselves to be fooled by the shoddiest of Hoppners, for example, but they would not commit the sacrilege of buying the work of any one of half a hundred American painters of today who, happily, are infinitely better than the Hoppner for whose work they have paid absurd sums, and of which they are absurdly sure. No, the canned art industry in America is enormous!

Nowadays it is carried on with much more scholarship than it was twenty-five years ago when a Western lady, who was spending the winter in Boston, rubbing on a coat of culture, sent back to her western village a carload of "Winged Victories," one for every household in the village, with the message:

"They tell me here in Boston that we haven't any art in Texas, but I'm going to show them that we have."

Of course, in Boston there has always been art in every home, and it was perhaps a perfectly natural reaction on the part of a Western visitor seeking quick culture to believe that art could be canned and delivered like any other sweet preserve.

But I do not wish to malign my old friend from the Southwest. She was a fine passionate pioneer, and did not stop to form committees or preach educational purpose. The first time she saw the Victory of Samothrace she exclaimed in a great booming voice: "There's a gal with some go, and I want to tell you right now that if that's what you all call art then art is good enough for Texas!"

HERE was a genuine reaction. Compare it with the cooler efforts in art canning of the Art In Every Home movement, as shown by a few selected portions of the prospectus of the late exhibition in New York which preceded the movement's country-wide tour:

"That any national organization should make a country-wide effort under the 'slogan' Art In Every Home is a novelty in American life." . . . (Apparently the writer of this sentiment had never heard of the Herter Looms or the Tiffany Studio or any one of a dozen similar dealers' establishments.) "Every taste and fancy of the individual may be satisfied in this exhibition, history, chivalry, love, the home, childhood, music, patriotism, nature in all forms, landscape and sea subjects, in fact, subjects eminently suitable for every home are there. All rooms in the house are taken care of, living-room as well as chamber, the boy's room or the girl's room, the den or the nursery."

These are charming ideas: "art in every home," "nature in all forms," and "something for every room." The prospectus might have added: "Let us do your thinking and feeling for you and save you all the trouble." But the full sweetness of the idea cannot be savored without a glance at the helter skelter exhibition itself. The reproductions are said, in the advertisement, to have been selected by a jury of experts, an incredible statement in the face of the results. The whole thing is a mad muddle. The would-be receiver of canned art is offered as "Art," guaranteed, as it were, by an organization which calls itself nation, reproductions of works by the following, among others: Dufner and Botticelli; Whistler and Wiggins; Volk and Holbein; Miller and Rembrandt; Couse and Puvis de Chavannes; Murphy and Corot. This is a more amazing hodge-podge than the Hearn collection, and it would seem as if the heirs of Botticelli, Whistler, Corot and the other artists in the group have a case of libel against the Federation.

ONE wonders how long a "national" society of literature could attract committees to itself and waste the time of chapters and the money of members if, under the slogan, Literature In Every Home, it sent out traveling libraries comprised of Henty, Shakespeare, James, Chambers, Laura Jean Libbey and Milton.

Such are the doings of the eductionally purposeful when they pour over the face of art the brown sugar and butter that they love. Instead of letting people enjoy art naturally and developing a sense of selection, or spurring them to think about life, and consequently about art, they mix up a mess of Botticelli and Dufner, cover it with brown educational syrup and serve it to the patient, saying: "Swallow it quickly, dear; it's only art, and you won't feel any bad results."

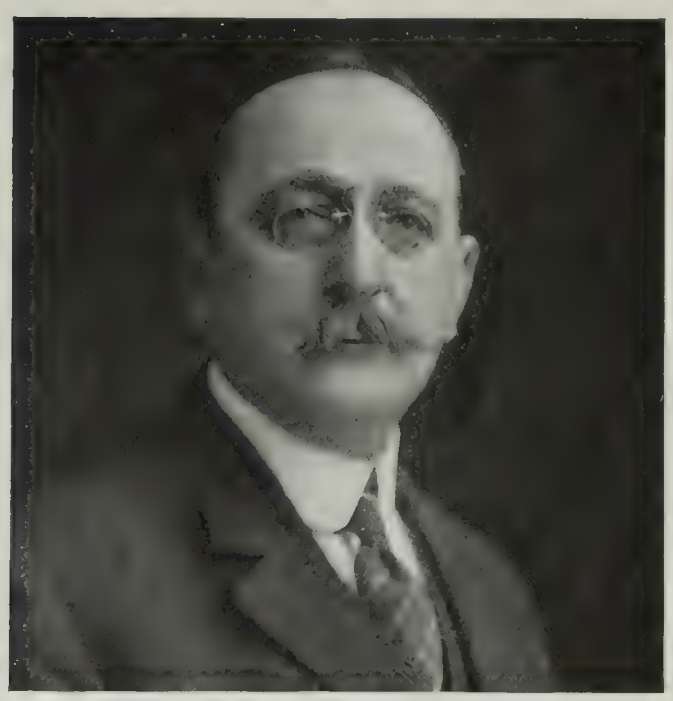
Of course, the thought that art is alive is not considered by these self-styled educational institutions, these pollyanna patrons of art. This thought frightens them. If art has not been canned how can it be authentic? For them the world died years ago, and all thought can either be preserved, labelled, and delivered with a guarantee that the recipient shall have no trouble in grasping it, or else it is not thought worthy of being dealt in by uplifters. Their aim is to avoid the challenge of art, and to protect their clients from the unusual disturbances which might occur if any mental or emotional stimulus were permitted. Their method is to take a small ready-made idea and spread it over the face of the country like brown sugar and butter over a piece of bread.

These brown sugar and butter movements are popular, and are managed by business men who have secured for them every facility for exhibition. They carry to the far ends of the country the message that art is soft and sweet, with the result that when a real artist does arise, and produces something fierce and truthful, the opposition is even greater than it would be naturally.

THE HOROSCOPE—ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY JAMES McNEIL WHISTLER

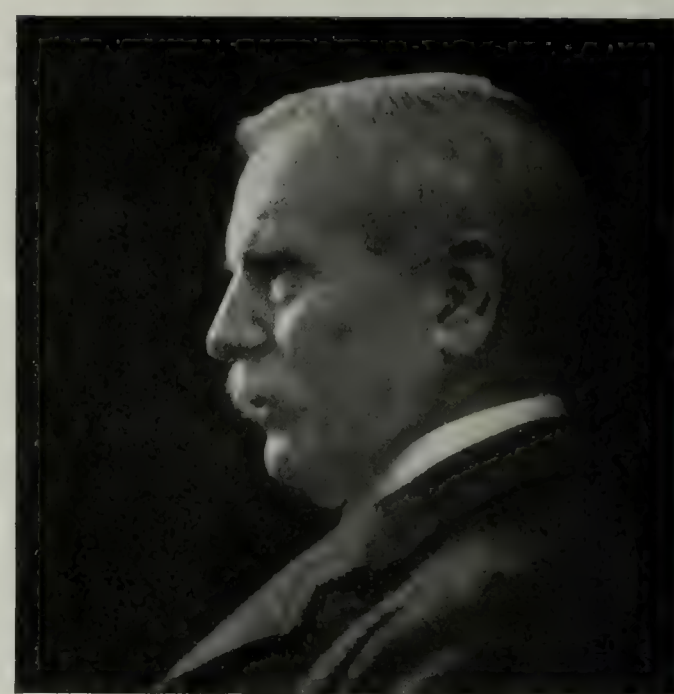
LITTLE NUDE MODEL READING—ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY JAMES McNEIL WHISTLER

A Page of American Architects



William Rutherford Mead (on the right), is president of the American Academy in Rome and winner of the Gold Medal of Honor of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. The more recent works of McKim, Mead & White in New York are the Pennsylvania R.R. Station, the Municipal Building and the new Post Office

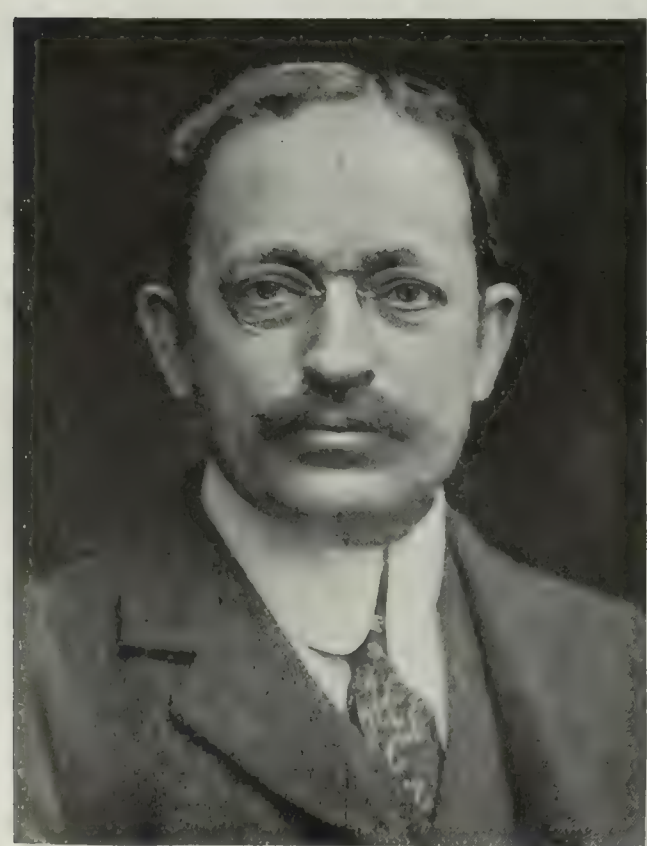
Cass Gilbert (on the left), exemplifies the very best that American education and training can produce in art. Among his many professional and political honors are appointments to fine arts commissions by President Roosevelt and Taft, a founder of the Architectural League of America and its president in 1913-14, president of the American Academy of Arts and Letters 1908-9



Whitney Warren—Art and politics mingle freely on the hospitable hearth of Mr. Warren. He is the American representative of D'Annunzio and has recently been honored with the commission to reconstruct the Library of the University of Louvain

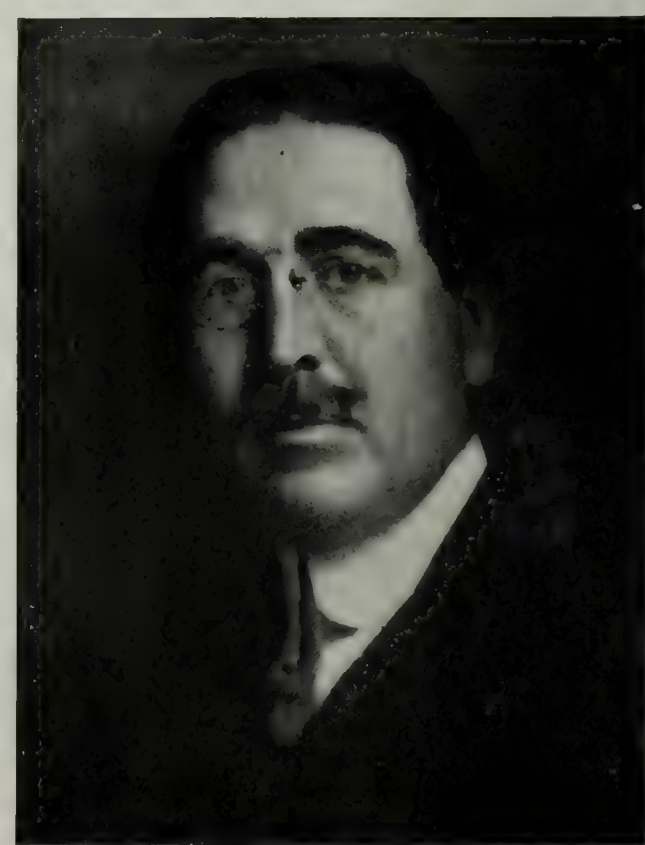
Donn Barber—Lovers of Stanford White's old masterpiece, the Dr. Parkhurst Church in Madison Square, are rejoicing in the knowledge that Mr. Barber is utilizing the pillars and other materials of the church in his new Hartford *Times* Building. Mr. Barber was one of the originators of the Atelier idea in the United States

John Russell Pope—The future of American architecture is safe in the hands of such younger artists as Mr. Pope. He was fellow at the American Academy in Rome, 1895, and received the Medal of Honor, Architectural League of America, 1916.



H. van Buren Magonigle (on the right)—Born on the Jersey Heights overlooking the Hudson, Mr. Magonigle early acquired an aptitude for designing country houses. After learning a few things about architecture in the offices of McKim, Mead & White, he won the Gold Medal of the Architectural League of New York in 1889, of which body he was president in 1918-19

Thomas Hastings (on the left)—Mr. Hastings, of Carrère & Hastings, studied in l'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, 1884. He is a member of the Commission of Fine Arts, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, France, and a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters



Rue Hautefeuille

Peace Celebration, Strasbourg

Passage de la Petite Boucherie

Louis Orr, Etcher

His Art Compels Attention Through Its Sweep and Swing

By FRANK WEITENKAMPF

Illustrations copyrighted by the artist, courtesy Brown Robertson and Co.

BRILLIANCY is possibly the word which will come most readily to the tongue in attempting to characterize Orr's work. That is a quality that imposes itself. Tangible signs of success have come gratifyingly to Orr: purchases by the French Government, entrance into the Louvre and the Luxembourg; official recognition from his home land in the form of a commission to etch the civic centre in Springfield, Mass. How he will ultimately bear all his honors is to be seen. But he has earned them.

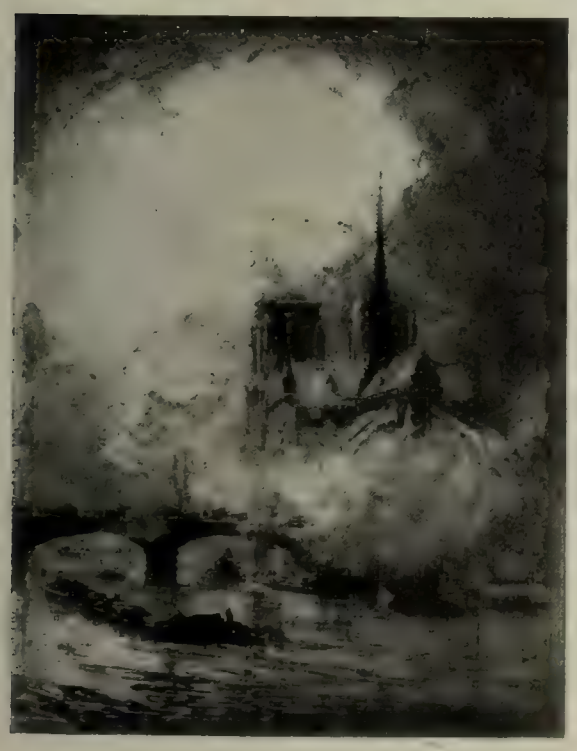
Orr's art compels attention through its sweep and swing, delivered with a rich, redundant gesture, and with "a fine sense of monumental effect," as W. H. Downes puts it.

He does not, in manner, recall those two famous models, Rembrandt and Whistler, nor those others who have dealt with architectural subjects—Haig, Fitton, Bauer, Cameron, Pennell. Piranesi a little, perhaps, or again Lepère. With him, moreover, the line is lost in a sauce of tone and color effect; he paints with the needle, he masses his lines. What he may have of shorthand flourishes fades into its place at a proper distance. The small change of conventional phrase is swallowed up in the total expenditure of expression. In all this completeness of tonal effect there is no finicking finish. A hand too easily sure of its effect may fling the facile gesture, as in Orr's ever-recurrent sky, that appears as a burst of light fringed by a halo of dark clouds (though the gesture is effective). And again, the easy phrase may prove the happy one, as when Orr, doing the abside of Notre Dame, gets around the difficulties of the bridge (stumbling block to nearly all but Meryon) by partly veiling it by swirling smoke from a passing steamboat, forming a sort of partial mandorla for the noble cathedral.

His technique is mainly that of pure line work; grain appears at times, as in the *Canal de la Monnaie*. In that plate—in the impressions struck off at the Louvre for distribution to public collections—there appears also a film of ink produced by printers' manipulation. But that is perhaps the only such instance in his work. At all events, the artist speaks strongly for straight printing, the copper as "clean-wiped" as a visiting-card plate. Moreover, in his later plates (such as Peace Celebration, Strasbourg, and French Landscape), he is developing a widely spaced, strong line, sometimes with a faint hint of Lepère.

Clément-Janin, in a recent article on "Paris in Etching," sums up Orr thus: "His point is supple, brilliant, spirited; he draws well; he loves the picturesque and at need creates it. . . . Most often he is quite himself, and always excellent."

Even the most cautious attitude of "watchful waiting" for Orr's future development must have a reason for its existence. It has; Orr is worth watching.



Notre Dame de Paris

St. Etienne du Mont

Escaping the Obvious in Interior Decoration

The Lowenthall Residence at Armonk, N. Y.: W. Stanwood Phillips, Architect

By MATLACK PRICE

A FEW years ago, perhaps ten years ago, that aspect of interior decoration usually called, editorially, the "trend of interior decoration," stood at a sort of cross roads. Maybe it was a little more than ten years ago, and it is very probable that the crucial moment at the cross roads was not a moment at all, but several vague years, during which interior decoration meant everything from stencilled furniture and burlaps to ormolu furniture and tapestries.

Certainly there was a time when the ideal type of interior decoration, as applied to large and important houses, might have taken the road toward an ever-increasing artificiality and an ever-increasing exploitation of the obvious. The kind of interior decoration which concerns itself with a meticulous rendering of the style of given period still has its place, and very real and important place in the whole field of interior decoration, but coming generations, inheriting some of the interiors and furnishings of today, will live to bless the fortunate circumstance which guided the "trend of interior decoration" into the "selective" instead of into the "literal" road.

In the solarium rough plaster walls, hewn ceiling timbers, red tile floor and curtains of English print linen contribute to create an interior which is as unusual as it is pleasantly livable

By "selective" interior decoration, I mean the kind that takes bits here and there, generally consistent, perhaps, in keeping within the Renaissance or some other period, but generously impartial as to things from Italy, Spain, France and England.

"Literal" interior decoration was invented by Procrustes, and, like his famous bed, takes no account of the personalities or preferences of the individuals or the times for which it is contrived. It is Louis XV, or whatever other style, whether you like it or not. If you happen to like it, well and good; if not—there it is, relentlessly and uncompromisingly "Louis XV." In such interiors as these which are illustrated, certainly a very different spirit is apparent. It is the same spirit that has animated and humanized the design of furniture recently. Here are not "show" rooms, but rooms to be lived in, enjoyed, and mellowed by time and use.

Furniture, even the furniture which is generally obtainable, has come far beyond the old conventions which kept it all alike, and all confined to certain prescribed pieces and "matched sets." Nowadays there are such pleasant, friendly, livable things, like refectory tables, oaken chests, hutches and other forms once to be had only in the antique or very specially made copy.

In these interiors most of the pieces are antiques, well chosen for their relation to the different rooms and to actual every-day uses.

One of the most admirable things to be learned from the illustrations is the highly intelligent thought of regarding and treating the wall as a background for the furniture. The result is that the rooms all have a restful and quiet dignity, and the beauty and interest of the furniture declare themselves with peculiar charm.

The walls in the main hall are of Italian fresco plaster, tinted in soft golden-yellow tones, and in the solarium, with its exposed hand-hewn timbers, English stucco plaster is used. The hand of the English Renaissance is also seen in the restrained decorative plasterwork in the dining-room. Rough plaster walls, again, not only suffice for the breakfast-room, but give it a delightful quality of simplicity.

The transition from room to room is pleasantly free from the sudden and often violent changes which characterize much variegated period decoration. There is, in other words, consistency, and this consistency is obtained rather by faithfulness to a general type than to a specific stylistic formula.

If we can accept these interiors as illustrations of the present trend of interior decoration (as I believe we can) there need be no serious fears for the future. They illustrate

The main hall, more Italian than English, has walls of golden-yellow toned plaster, with curtains of deep red antique damask, trimmed with dull gold. Distinct Italian character is given by the wrought iron hand rail, which is relieved by a little gilding

The dining-room, as well as the living-room, are treated with antique "wire-brushed" oak panelling from floor to ceiling, and the English character of this panelling is consistently emphasized by the decorative plasterwork of the ceiling

In the breakfast-room the color and texture of the plaster walls are again given full play as the main decorative factor. The walls are colored in old tapestry-blue tones and the window hangings are of woven tapestry in deep golden-brown tones

The quiet simplicity of the downstairs rooms finds its counterpart in the upstairs rooms, where warmth is obtained by the use of fine decorated fabrics and painted furniture. A more delicate scale of detail imparts to these rooms their finesse

a quiet and dignified, as well as a very interesting departure from the obvious, but they go further and prove conclusively that the obvious, or the commonplace, or even the empirical kind of interior decoration can be avoided without swinging to the extremes which once were sought by the Art Nouveau, and later by the Viennese Secession and The Peasant Art movements. The beautiful things of long ago can, in other words, be made a very real part of the enrichment of present day life and living.

A large element in the real merit of this kind of interior decoration as practised today lies in the fact that not only old things but old ideas are being revived and intelligently adapted for modern use.

Time was when it was considered necessary only to copy certain pieces of furniture, or transplant them across the centuries to entirely alien and unsuitable environments. There was no thought of re-creating, or even approximating environments, or of admitting the thought that a certain table or chair or cabinet was only a part of a whole set of decorative ideas and backgrounds. This statement, misunderstood, might seem to contradict an earlier one about the stupidity of literal *in toto* reconstructions of "period" interiors.

But what is meant to be conveyed is that the old, original *ideas* of environment, not the environment itself, should be given expression. If an early Jacobean refectory table saw its first use in an interior of plain stone walls, some expression of that plainness should be sought today. If the walls be not of stone, they may at least have a rugged and plain effect, as in these rough stucco rooms. Considering the old refectory table, such an environment is a very different thing from that which would be created by a figured wall-paper.

Another view of the solarium, showing the effective treatment of the walls as a background for interesting furniture. The textures of plaster and woodwork have inherent charm and decorative value

An informal exterior, rugged yet not without charm, which suggests that within are livable, interesting rooms, devoid of artificiality

The point is that one need not re-create an interior in the style, for instance, of an Elizabethan architect in order to use early English furniture, but rather one should go about the planning of the interior in a spirit as nearly as possible like that of an Elizabethan architect working to fulfill the requirements of today.

Self-consciousness has probably been the most deterrent thing in the proper, spontaneous development of interior decoration in this country. Self-consciousness has made people slaves to certain fads and fashions in furniture and interiors, and has also set them to copying the effects instead of the causes or intentions of the interiors of other people's houses. For many years, too, self-consciousness has made people furnish their homes not so much to please themselves as to impress their visitors, and to register their status in the "social scale." However successful this kind of "show" furnishing may be toward attaining its worldly objects, it has never attained any abiding worth as an expression of æsthetic accomplishment, taste or ideals.

Among other things, this kind of interior decoration was obvious. It was but a little way removed from the statuette on a pedestal, placed in the front window, obviously to apprise even the chance passer-by of the elegance of the rooms within.

There are still statuettes and "vases" standing on pedestals in windows, and there are still examples possessing, although less naïvely, the same obvious intent, but the achievement of better things is even now at hand. Real interior decoration is not a promise of the future, but a realization of today. The obvious method was to copy *things* rather than ideas; the more enlightened method, and the method destined to produce lasting results, is to revive and re-create *ideas*.

A Dutch Colonial House rendered by Birch Burdette Long

Architectural Impressions

By AYMAR EMBURY, II
Editor Department of Architecture

Architectural Rendering as a Fine Art

THE average client expects to be shown, as part of the sketches for a house, a drawing, either colored with water colors or in pen and ink or pencil, which will explain in a pictorial way what the house is going to look like. Very few clients are satisfied without a drawing of this sort, and yet very few clients honestly believe that the rendering is an accurate representation of what the finished result will be, and are apt to regard it rather as a somewhat irrelevant dream of the architect, representing what he would like to do, rather than a realistic presentation of the facts of the case put in such form that they are comprehensible to anybody. Of course, very few people know from working drawings how a building is going to come out; the architect himself is not by any means sure, and he therefore cannot expect that his clients will be able to understand what he is driving at from his technical presentation of the method by which he desires to arrive at his presumed result. The reason is, of course, that all drawings are made in direct elevation, whereas no building can possibly be seen otherwise than in perspective. Even the façade of a city house, which is as near to a direct elevation as any architectural problem, is actually foreshortened when seen from the street and its appearance modified by the depths of the recesses of the windows, by the projection of the ornament and other features which cannot be explained from a single drawing.

The architect, therefore, has grown accustomed to present his scheme to his clients in perspective, colored to represent nature and surrounded either with the existing accessories or with those which he hopes to see embodied in the completed working out of it.

The perspective will be made in either of two ways, that is, it may be purely mechanical, which will give a result as accurate as a photograph, or it may be a genuine sketch, because of the architect's knowledge of what the completed result will be, without the aid of the mechanical method of perspective. Very often the sketch will give a better idea of what the house is going to look like than will the mechanical perspective, just as very often we find that photographs give us a false impression of a building, although their authenticity is unquestionable. The reason for this is, I think, that one's memory of a house is not as a rule a memory of the house from a single point of view but a sort of composite of several views. In other words, as one walks about a building one sees pleasant or objectionable features which stick in the memory and which may be absent from the photograph because it is taken from such a point of view that it does not include these things. In the unmechanical perspective sketch, then, the architect is apt to accentuate those features to which he desires to bring attention and to suppress those which he knows to be unpleasant, much as in one's memory of a house one dwells upon the pleasantest things and forgets the objectionable; in presenting a scheme to a client the architect naturally desires to have it appear as attractive as possible and therefore attempts to give his drawing a pictorial quality as well as to make it an accurate representation of the facts. He therefore views the problem of a rendering from a dual standpoint and sometimes, of course, errs in thinking too highly of the picturesque and too little of the drawing as an exposition of the scheme.

A Rendering by Francis Kealey

Further, though most architects can render a perspective (that is, make it into a picture), their ability in this direction naturally depends somewhat upon their knowledge of painting and their ability to do landscape work, so that most of us are by no means sure as to whether our perspective is going to be beautiful or the reverse and we are very apt to employ others to make the renderings. These may be draftsmen in the various offices, or the few men who make a specialty of architectural rendering, and it is of these latter I particularly desire to speak.

One might suppose that any successful painter could make an attractive drawing of architecture. This is, however, far from being the fact. I have myself employed on several occasions painters of very conspicuous ability to color the drawings which I had made, with results which were extremely unhappy, the reasons for this being twofold; the first, and to me the most extraordinary, being the apparent fact that most painters are unable to visualize what they do not see; and the second, that the average painter has no knowledge of architecture. I had anticipated that I would know more accurately than the average painter just what forms of shadows were cast by the capitals of columns, assuming the sun to be shining from a certain direction, but I had not assumed that the average painter would know as little about tree forms, the effects of shades upon grass, the color of walls in sunlight and the difference in color between roofs in shade and in sunshine, as ap-

pears to be actually the case. The second reason is their lack of knowledge of architectural forms, even although they have drawn or painted these forms admirably from nature. Of course, there is the other side of this, that I have probably passed without notice in paintings of architectural subjects, variations from correctness which would seem to me of great importance in paintings of my own projects, and have assumed that the suppression or distortions of forms were made purely because of pictorial effect and not because of ignorance or of failure in correct observation on the part of the painter. It is probably asking too much to require that the average painter, or even a painter above the average, would remember accurately architectural forms or be so familiar with them that he would know almost instinctively how similar forms would appear under other conditions of light and shade; but, after all, the outstanding fact as regards most painters is that they are unable to reproduce without a model what they are able to paint most admirably with a model, and by a model I do not mean a human figure, but anything which is actually present to be drawn from. As a matter of fact, most painters can draw a human figure without a model much better than they can draw anything else, because long observation during the period of their study and constant use of the human figure in their drawings has made them so familiar with it that they are able to draw a human figure which looks natural without a model, although few, if any, painters in the United States have arrived at the place where they can dispense with the model entirely, even for the figure.

Proposed Lincoln Memorial rendered by Otto F. Eggers

Now, the architectural renderer has no model; he very likely has no photograph, and he is given a hard mechanical drawing and told to make from it a pleasing picture. He is told approximately the colors of the various parts of the building, about where the roads will come, where shrubbery will be planted, and something of the size and kind of the existing trees or those which are intended to be planted. With this data he is required to make a picture which will be not only pleasing from the artistic standpoint but which will be an accurate representation of the appearance of the house when completed. For work of this kind a peculiar talent seems to be required; certainly the number of architectural draftsmen with artistic tendencies is greater than the number of artists with a talent for architectural rendering.

A Rendering by Chester B. Price

Among the men who can make admirable architectural renderings are not a few architects; such men, for example, as Cass Gilbert, Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue and the late Henry Kirby, are of unsurpassed ability as architectural renderers regardless of their ability as architects. Naturally, their facility has been largely employed in their own practice, and, further, as the time consumed in making an architectural rendering is very considerable, they have not found time to make even a very great porportion of their own drawings and have depended chiefly upon the professional renderers for renderings of their own work.

How long this class of men have been in existence I do not know, but the first that I personally remember were the late Mr. D. A. Gregg, of Boston, and Mr. Hughson Hawley, of New York, and their influence on American renderings has been tremendous. Their work did not bear the slightest resemblance; Mr. Hawley working almost entirely in water colors, while Mr. Gregg's renderings were in pencil, with slight washes of transparent color over the buildings and trees, which suggested rather than stated their colors and materials. Mr. Gregg was for many years an instructor or professor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and he was able to impart to his students, if not his ability, at least a facility in imitating certain of his tricks in drawing, which has been of great use to them. He had reduced his art almost to a formula, at least for the purposes of teaching, and his students came out with a very definite knowledge that if certain lines were drawn in certain directions the effect of a shingled roof would be produced and that the average elm tree grows in a specific way. Therefore, by imitating his formulæ, his students are enabled to produce very presentable pictures which are not an inaccurate description of the building they purport to show. For a long time these two men, together with J. Eldon Deane, were the only professional renderers of importance, although a few painters of exceptional ability occasionally made architectural renderings, as, for example, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith of Mr. Cass Gilbert's work; Mr. Jules Guerin of some of the work of Carrere and Hastings.

Certain men have continued to do rendering even while engaged in independent architectural practice; as, for example, Mr. Alfred Morton Githens, whose renderings of the project of Cope and Stewardson for the reconstruction of Princeton University had so much to do with interesting the trustees and alumni of Princeton in the development of Princeton in the English collegiate style. Mr. Githens is an extraordinarily rapid and facile draftsman, an inspired designer and an excellent colorist; his practice as a member of the firm of Haight and Githens unquestionably reduced the number of his renderings, but even so, those which he has made will always enable him to hold his place as among the very best of our men in this field.

Fifteen or eighteen years ago there came to New York from Chicago a young man who had been trained as an architectural draftsman but who possessed also real ability as a painter, whose work was principally architectural rendering of a kind entirely different from the elder men and whose value was instantly recognized and utilized by the architects in New York. I refer to Mr. Birch Burdette Long. Mr. Long's work has differed from the others, first, as the work of any artist differs from the work of others, and second, because, while he has, at least to some extent, adopted a formula for rendering, he has by no means confined himself to work in accordance with this formula. His earlier renderings were remarkable in their time for the brilliance and clarity of their color, but as in architectural rendering (as in all other fields) the tendency of the last twenty years has been toward greatly increasing brilliancy of color, today it is not the brilliant color of his drawings which strikes us as most notable, but the faithful presentation of actual conditions in a delightfully artistic

A Rendering by Alfred M. Githens

(Continued on page 260)

Interior Decoration for the "Movies"

Studies from the Work of Cedric Gibbons and Gilbert White

By JEROME LACHENBRUCH

A room in the palace of an imaginary kingdom where the spirit of the design was used to carry out the fantasy of the story. Designed by Cedric Gibbons

ANACHRONISMS in interior decoration are not in themselves bad taste. While they may not be art in the eyes of the contemporary artist, they may indeed be art to his successor. The artistic value of a thousand knick-knacks gracing a Tudor drawing-room may be nil, if we consider the room as an absolute creation, something to be gazed upon and criticized from the viewpoint of established and grooved standards. But, strange as it may seem to many critics of the proprieties in decoration, rooms are meant to be lived in; and a true criterion of their artistic merit or lack of merit should depend largely upon the owner of the room, and how sincerely its contents express his character objectively.

A rich vulgarian in a simple, delicate setting would be incongruous. An artist of a succeeding generation, desiring to paint the rich vulgarian of this, would never dream of presenting on his canvas an overdressed woman in an underdressed room. He would place her amid a veritable shower of incongruities, her very form would express her simple pleasure in the thick luxury of her surroundings, and her eyes would reveal the satisfaction of the sensuous person suddenly able to indulge riotously her love of things.

Many of our professional interior decorators have been guilty of creating beautiful homes for people who are uncomfortable in them. And though the individual objects selected, and their relationship to each other, may be beautiful and sanguine, they appear false the moment they become the every-day background for some person to whom they will be forever strange.

Most people love things in and for themselves. We all know how close and personal is the love of a child for its first rag doll. And as this love continues through adult life, we often find men and women whose natures are fundamentally ratiocinative rather than emotional, expressing preferences in decoration that are quite incomprehensible to others. They choose by taste rather than by canon. And where one would expect them to exercise severity and aloofness in the treatment of their homes, they surprise us by resorting to a warm intimacy. The homes of these people are faithful to their characters; for their instinctive ideas of decoration and the expression of them have actually been brought together. This is, perhaps, what art in interior decoration should aim to achieve—a union of spirit between the man and the thing.

It is strange that in actual life this union is absent more often than in the world of make-believe, the realm of the theatre and the motion picture. Is it that our artists in decoration are more diligent in their search for a cool abstraction of beauty than for the achievement of an expression of warm relativity between the house and the householder? If that is so, there is room for a far-reaching application of psychology to the art of interior decoration.

The theatre and the motion picture have long since learned the dramatic necessity of relating the man to his environment. In the motion picture (and pictorially, architecturally and decoratively the photoplay has often reached the realm of art), directors have realized that interior decorations may in themselves be beautiful, yet be inartistic if they do not possess a dramatic significance. Decorations miss this significance when they do not give the impression of belonging to the person who, for the time being, poses as their owner.

This dramatic liaison between character and interior decoration has been cleverly achieved by Mr. Gilbert White in the execution of his designs for the Goldwyn photoplay, "The Highest Bidder," in which Miss Madge Kennedy finds herself moving about as the prospective sharer of a town and a country house that represent all that may be summed up in the character of the owner. He is a cultivated bachelor, lavish in the uses to which he has given his leisure, for his homes contain those objects which, while not clashing with his personal tastes in any particular, yet have been apparently chosen with the idea of flexibility in mind: to please the varied tastes of his numerous guests.

Mr. White's problem was to present a bachelor who entertained frequently, who is a connoisseur of objets d'art, and who, being slightly bored, would necessarily have some entirely personal place of retreat within his castle-home.

The rich, though not over-impressive formality of the entrance hall in his country home, with its art interests reduced to a common denominator, the mediæval suggestion of the granite-walled corridor with its trellised casement at the rear presumably overlooking a modern, formal garden (anachronism), give an idea of the task involved in presenting truly a fictional characterization in terms of an objective pictorial setting. Other rooms, such as the den, the dining-room and the library of the town house, offer an unusual variety of opportunities for the interior decorator with a sense of the dramatic requirements. In carrying out the mood of gentility and refinement as a background for the interplay of elemental passions, the settings add to the dramatic theme. Nor do they ever obtrude to the weakening of the story. The characters move through the sets; we feel that they belong there; and, consequently, our attention is not distracted by speculations as to how such a room could belong to such a character. In fact, the dramatis personæ in "The Highest Bidder" are projected sharply in front of their backgrounds; but we do not stop to consider that because the settings are dramatically euphemistic, the story has consequently

Country house drawing-room, showing dignified simplicity of long lines. Designed by Cedric Gibbons

had its appeal increased in direct proportion.

In this particular photoplay, the leading male character, a rich bachelor who has been much sought after by dowagers for their impossible daughters, has a touch of the bizarre about him and a love for doing unconventional things in conventional surroundings. The little ornaments that suggest an appreciation of oddities for themselves alone accentuate this trait of the bizarre in the bachelor's character. On the other hand, his fundamental good taste is evident in the heavy, yet fundamentally simple, architectural and decorative scheme with which the halls of his country house are carried out. The dining-room and the bedrooms reveal a more delicate treatment, which suggests the hand of a woman. And, of course, in due time, this suggestion is realized through the successful culmination of the bachelor's romance.

In all art work for the motion picture the director is called upon to exercise an unusual flexibility in innovating designs dramatically appropriate for the story to be filmed. The accompanying examples of the work of Mr. Cedric Gibbons are very illuminative. In the child's bedroom set designed for "Earthbound" there is both richness and simplicity. Its importance in the story is limited, however, to a mere exhibition of the father's wealth and the mother's love of unostentation. And it accentuates both these motives as they develop in the story.

Library in a town house designed by Gilbert White

Quite a severe treatment of a hall may be seen in Mr. Gibbons's design for "The Man Who Had Everything," the man being played by Jack Pickford. In this production, devoted to picturizing the pursuit to satiety of a young man's pleasure-demanding vagaries, the art director has made his background obvious. Into a long hall, with a unique wall treatment, the indulged young man brings the product of his fancies—pedigreed bulldogs, a masked group of revellers and a thoroughbred race horse. The very rigidity of the background accentuates the scapegrace's departure from the conventional; and the prospect of the imminent destruction of the hall lends a gasping reality to the scene.

Dining-room in a town house designed by Gilbert White

Very often the art director's imagination must toy with a fantastic conception such as Mr. Gibbons has exemplified in the sets for "The Slim Princess." For this imaginary kingdom, where obesity is the distinguishing mark of beauty, Mr. Gibbons gives us an Oriental fantasy for a background. When the lights are effectively used, the blacks, whites and grays of the set seem to take on color. But more important is the fact that the farcical story has a setting in which anything ridiculous may happen and still seem real. In other words, the beholder is prepared to accept the fairy tale because his imagination has been inducted into a receptive attitude by the romantic implications of the settings.

It is evident that the artistic improvement in the sets of motion pictures is due not alone to the desire for creating a beautiful thing, but also the realization by producers that attention to this department of photoplay making enhances the dramatic value of the motion picture.

In the actual structural work required to create an atmosphere of verisimilitude, there is far less deception than the layman supposes. Of course, one may erect the semblance of a stuccoed wall by giving a board fence a coat of stucco. The photographic result is quite as real as would be the photograph of an actual wall. Again, most rooms in photoplays do not boast of ceilings, but they have parqueted floors, stippled walls, and burnished silver electric light brackets. And while the statuary looks genuine, and often is, in most cases it is a plaster of Paris replica made at the studios by a master craftsman.

A child's bedroom designed by Cedric Gibbons

A Letter from Mr. Herbert Hoover

American Relief Administration
HERBERT HOOVER, CHAIRMAN
CONTROLLING THE OPERATIONS OF
THE EUROPEAN CHILDREN'S FUND
THE AMERICAN RELIEF ADMINISTRATION WAREHOUSES

October 19, 1920.

To the Publishers,
"The Literary Digest,"
New York City.

Gentlemen:

In our several discussions of last summer, I urged you to make an independent investigation of the whole problem of American charitable relief in Europe, and of the work then carried on by my colleagues and myself in support, direct and indirect, of more than 3,500,000 waif, undernourished and orphaned children.

Now that your treasurer has returned from Europe, I venture again to bring the matter to your attention.

As the representative of the United States Government, and with a liberal appropriation from Congress, I administered measures of economic relief to Europe from soon after the Armistice until the summer of 1919, when our governmental intervention ceased. As one of the measures inaugurated during that first winter, we cared for some 6,000,000 waif, undernourished, sick, and orphaned children. Conditions were improved early in the year of 1920, but there still remained more than 3,500,000 children so pitiably in need that America could not desert them. In every country in the areas of destitution we have developed Local Committees, aggregating over one hundred thousand volunteers, to carry on the work of distribution, while local charity, municipalities, and their governments provide not only all local expenditure, but also such local supplies as are available. My colleagues and myself had hoped to return to our own personal avocations, but could not conscientiously do so. With remainders of various funds, and with the help of contributions from racial organizations in this country, in addition to cooperation with the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, and later with the Friends' Service Committee (Quakers), who went into Germany, we organized on a voluntary basis the administration and distribution of child care in the most distressed areas. In this, the Y. W. C. A. provided an efficient and devoted group of young women. During this period, happily, the Red Cross and other organizations carried medical and general attention to some additional 100,000 children. That there have been few deaths from starvation and cold among the children has been due solely to American charity and American backing.

We now face the third winter, and although it has been possible with recuperation of last harvest to retire from some countries, leaving their children in the care of capable committees which we organized and trained, yet other areas are in even worse condition, and some 3,500,000 children again call to the heart and resources of America for those daily supplies of milk, fats, clothing, that are not available in their own countries and that are vital to their survival and to the rebuilding of their physical well-being.

Our resources will be exhausted in January.

We have asked other American organizations to lift the further responsibility of this work from our shoulders, but so far none of them has felt able to assume the gigantic task. We must not step aside and permit the specter of death, in the form of hunger and cold, to haunt these helpless ones this winter, yet we cannot continue without help. No one knows better than I do the many home burdens of our own people, but I believe that we can care for our own and still protect these forlorn victims of war. Upon their development will depend much of Europe's stability in the next generation, and it is for us to say whether they are to survive or to be left to die or become unfit for a useful part in the future. This is a charge upon the American heart, and America cannot fail in her solicitude for these little ones.

Twenty-three million dollars must be raised without delay, and remembering the new heart you put into the Commission for relief in Belgium in the dark hours of 1916, I come to you again.

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT HOOVER.

The reply to Mr. Hoover appears on the page opposite

The Slaughter of the Innocents

WHEN Jesus Christ came upon the earth, nearly two thousand years ago, to save all mankind, his mere coming seemed to interfere with the material interests of a few people of that period, notably King Herod, who promptly decided to dispose of this "interloper," and sent forth his soldiers with orders to slay all the children of two years old and under. Thus was consummated the most atrocious crime against innocent childhood ever committed up to that time. It has come down to us through all the ages in song and story, and master painters have pictured it on marvelous canvases.

To-day passing in review, as we look out through the windows of our comfortable homes in this great and happy land, are three and a half millions of helpless children, the innocent victims of the greatest war that has ever afflicted humanity. It matters not, as we gaze in the direction of these children, that our eyes must stretch across three thousand miles of ocean, we still can see them and we still can hear them, if we wish to do so; and we cannot help hearing the tragic appeal in their voices and seeing their tiny arms stretched out to us, and their searching eyes looking into our souls, as they say, "Help us, or we perish." And if we fail to listen to this great call of three and a half millions of God's helpless children; if we close our eyes and ears to this great demand of duty, we will be just as guilty of the "slaughter of the innocents" as was Herod, nearly two thousand years ago.

In these lands, swept by death and filled with tragedies too deep for tears, a sum of human suffering is being written greater perhaps than for all ages gone by. The mind grows numb and the heart sick from a constant recital of tales of such tragedy as it is difficult to believe the twentieth century could hold.

AND so, when we received the letter from Mr. Hoover printed on the opposite page, telling us that America must not allow hunger and cold to return to this mass of 3,500,000 helpless children, our soul was stirred and the hot blood surged up in our heart. We felt it was our imperative duty to use all the power God has given us to aid this noble-hearted American in continuing the work of saving human lives to which he has devoted unsparingly, and at great personal sacrifice, his tremendous energy and administrative genius during the past six years, in which time he and his American colleagues have administered two billions of dollars of relief funds from all parts of the world with a total overhead expense of only three-eighths of one per cent, without any remuneration to the American directors. Now he asks us all to help save the children who are in imminent danger of starvation this coming winter.

There they are, in the midst of wrecked homes and farms and factories; in cities crowded with masses of refugees without sustaining food for children, through the destruction of live stock; seeds for planting, raw materials, tools, and machinery gone; great areas with everything burned or looted or smashed; vast unemployment for workers; no means of subsistence; a land of economic ruin, of mutilated life, and lingering death; and in the midst of it all—the little children.

In long lines they are waiting at the American food-kitchens. Will the food be there for them? Will they be turned away? There are no happy, healthy faces in those long lines—not one. You have seen rags and barefooted children, but never so many little boys and girls literally dressed in tatters. Soon it will be very cold, and for those bare little feet and legs and arms there is nothing at home to put on.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *That which you and I have to face is not the remote spectacle of starving millions but certain particular boys and girls, just as real as our own children, who are waiting for us to tell them whether we will let them live or say they shall die.*

Mr. Hoover and THE LITERARY DIGEST *have made it as plain as day. So much food must be provided or so many must die. We can shut out the vision of cheeks that are gray hollows, eyes that burn with the fever of despair. We can refuse to listen to the moan of the child weak from hunger.*

We can refuse to see or hear but we can't escape our responsibility. It is our own comfort and well-being on one side, the life of a child on the other.

Give till your own heart is a hundredth part of that of the suffering children and then none need die of hunger.

Hollow faces and shrunken bodies are so common that their real condition does not become evident until we inquire more closely, and then we find that most of them are from one to five years back in their growth. Children of eight years old have not reached the normal size of two and a half. They are just learning to stand alone. Others almost as old cannot yet stand on their feet. Their arms and legs and spines and chests are twisted and warped. The flesh and skin are shriveled on their bones. It is surprising that life can still exist there. If they can have food they will gradually regain their health and strength, but with most of them it is a question of now or never. Starvation and tuberculosis will not wait.

IN Poland alone a million five hundred thousand such children must be cared for. In Latvia and Esthonia the people are living mostly on a diet made from potato flour, oat flour, and sawdust. In Czecho-Slovakia, in Hungary, in Austria, and in other countries of central and southeastern Europe, two millions more are in dire need of food; and who stops to ask regarding creed or race or nationality when a little child is starving? Children are just children the world over, and the great American heart is big enough to care for them all.

But the appeal now is not for all. The three and a half millions of children in immediate danger of starvation, if this organization fails, who *must* have food at once, are only a fraction of the total number. The hungry children of those destitute countries have been examined by competent physicians, and only those whose wasted little bodies are reduced to the minimum weight, and whose endurance of hunger has reached the end which merges into actual starvation, are admitted to the American kitchens and given *one meal a day*. It is hard to turn away thousands of hungry boys and girls—to hear them ask, pleadingly, "Do I weigh too much?" "Am I not thin enough?" "Can't I come any more?" But this restricting of food to the extreme cases is compulsory, because there isn't enough for all.

And these neediest ones cannot reach the kitchens through the cold winds and the snow, barefooted and in the pitiful rags which form only a partial covering for their bodies. They must have clothes. Each outfit consists of one pair of warm woolen stockings, one pair of boots, and a little overcoat. This one meal a day, and these boots, stockings, and little coats can be supplied *only if we give them.*

Among the more than two million men and women who will read this page there is not one—there cannot be a single one—whose heart will not respond gladly and eagerly to the challenge of this great need. We are asked, *you* with us, to co-operate with Mr. Hoover in raising twenty-three million dollars to feed and clothe these children and save them from death this winter. It can be done. It shall be done! THE LITERARY DIGEST knows its readers and the deep earnestness, the quick sympathy, the great-hearted generosity they always show when any real human need calls to them. You have never been called upon in vain. We are counting on you now with a great confidence. We know, also, how truly you represent the American spirit, which beats in the hearts of a hundred and three millions more in this big land of plenty, a spirit which leaps ready at every such call, and is never weary in well-doing. We are not a hermit nation, isolated from the world, when suffering and want cry out to us from anywhere under the sun. A great, a beautiful, and heart-sustaining hope supports these stricken people—*America will come to their relief.* For in the far places of the earth, where famine stalks, one name and one alone is synonymous with rescue and hope—and that name is America.

The small individual unit of ten dollars will provide the coat and boots and stockings and one meal a day for one child this winter. We urge our readers—we urge *every one* whose eyes are on these words—to give quickly as many of these units as possible, *to buy for themselves that precious and priceless thing, the life of a little child*—as many of them as they can, and every one will be a shining star in an eternal crown. It was the Divine Lover of little children, who came to earth as a little child and who reigns now as the King of Glory, who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

SO deeply do we ourselves feel the urgency of this great need, knowing all the facts, that we should feel a heavy burden of guilt if we did not go beyond anything we have felt possible heretofore in order to save these innocent children from suffering and death. Therefore, THE LITERARY DIGEST will start this fund with the sum of $25,000 to feed and clothe twenty-five hundred little boys and girls this winter. What an inspiration it will be to all of us—what an inspiration *and example* to many thousands who may be uncertain how much to give—if in the very first week there shall be a great shower of checks for $1,000, for $5,000, for $10,000, as well as a deluge of smaller amounts, to send the fund rolling on toward the necessary twenty-three millions. Let us all see again what the father's heart is like in this great rich land of America. Let us have again a wondrous revelation of the heart of American motherhood. Let us have a great outpouring of love and helpfulness in the name of Him who said, "Feed my lambs!"

Make all checks payable to "The Literary Digest Child-Feeding Fund," and mail them direct to THE LITERARY DIGEST or to ARTS & DECORATION. Every remittance will be acknowledged and THE LITERARY DIGEST will be responsible for every dollar contributed, to see that it goes, without one penny deducted, to the purpose for which it is given. Address Child-Feeding, THE LITERARY DIGEST, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, or ARTS & DECORATION, 25 West Forty-third Street, New York.

America Needs Co-operation in Industrial Art

A National School of Design Should be Developed

By W. FRANK PURDY, *Editor Department of Industrial Art*

FOR very nearly seventy-five years industrial art education, nationally supervised, state financed, has been an established fact in Europe, while America's need for a similar service grows more urgent, and her call for satisfaction remains unanswered.

As a national movement—as a movement backed by state or federal interest and authority—there has been, up to the present time, little or no progress in the development of a national school of industrial design in America. As an enterprise backed by private interest, however, by some very well-organized effort on the part of our schools and museums, our art associations, and a number of patriotic, clear-visioned business men, much, in a measure, that is significant and encouraging has been accomplished along various lines. But that point has now been reached, I feel, where little or nothing further can be done until all forces concerned—art schools and organizations, industry, our people—unite in common understanding and concentrate their efforts—this effort, in turn, to be recognized and backed by national authority. Let us outline some facts.

THE history of industrial art as a national factor in the development of modern industry and commerce begins about 1850. For approximately three-quarters of a century European countries, awake to the value of native art talent as a national asset, acknowledging it as an industrial and commercial necessity, have been intensely and systematically active in furthering its development, and have been reaping material and cultural benefit accordingly. During these years art, industry and commerce have always been closely related, and this relation has been appreciated and cherished. Where a spur to industry or commerce was needed, some stimulation of the art life of a community, some strengthening of art centers was resorted to. Always and always the trinity—art, manufactures, trade—and art standing first!

During the parallel period in America, however, industrial art as a factor of national importance, with national benefit attached, has failed to secure national attention. Industrial art as a national force has remained an unknown quantity, and the training of our native art talent has been neglected. And we are now paying for our short-sightedness. But the extenuating circumstance here, no doubt, is the fact that, as far as could be perceived, we had little need for art in our industries and in our commercial development. We were rich in natural resources, we sold our raw goods in great quantities and with little effort; we bartered material for workmanship, and prosperity followed. It was costly, however, and at last we are beginning to understand. It was costly, very, for we paid many times, in cases a hundred and a thousand times, over and above the original value of the raw material for the privilege of buying it back again made up into some finished product—the result of European foresight, genius and skill. Or, if it seemed more desirable, we paid a still higher tribute for imported talent, and applied it here to our raw material. And the years passed—*unimproved,* in so far as our own struggling art talent was concerned, and in the perfecting of our native manufactures through some proper national conception of the relation and value of art to industry—or, more correctly, the inseparable unity of art and industry. But, with one notable exception, this went unheeded. A series of four volumes, "Art and Industrial Education," prepared by Isaac Edwards Clark, was published by the Bureau of Education, covering art training in its relation to our industrial conditions from 1876, the Philadelphia Centennial, to 1904, the year of the St. Louis Exposition.

POSSIBLY this research, and certainly the St. Louis Exposition, stimulated the art impulse of the country. Schools and colleges revised curricula, extending their art programs, and weighed methods in art teaching and training, the whole reform tending towards practical expression as opposed to theory and technicalities, and towards a more general refinement of taste, with, a little later, the very delicate sensing of some link not alone between art and life, but between art and living, *even between art and so gross a thing as trade.* Art societies, clubs, associations, meetings—of one kind and another, and of various purpose—sprang into being. Arts and crafts work, and arts and crafts exhibitions, to a limited extent, threatened to become a fad. Yet, as a nation, we remained blind to the economic aspect of art.

A decade more went by. And then the great crash; and four years of war. Europe rushed to the rescue of her art talent, and, all during these years, guarded it as she did her national documents. More so, perhaps. The documents were merely a record of life that had passed. The art talent was life itself. England, France, Germany, other countries knew full well that there could be no future for them without it. And still we slept—as a nation, that is!

But private art interests throughout the land—schools, both public and private, art leagues, our art museums, even now industry itself—grew restless. Over night an emergency faced us. Not only war, but previous lavish use and disposal had reduced our vast natural resources, in many cases, to an alarming extent. In order to hold our place in industry and commerce, and in order to meet the exigencies and consequences of war, we must now conserve our materials and increase their trade value. What remained of our diminishing supplies, a wealth we now realized was not inexhaustible, must be regarded and handled differently than it had been in the past. This meant, to a great extent, the selling of manufactured products, finished goods, things of beauty instead of our old free and easy bulk disposal of raw materials. This in turn meant *art,* for the art element in some form and to some degree is required in the completion of any manufactured product, and is, according to its character and standard, almost wholly responsible for the ultimate commercial value of an article. It is beauty that makes and brings the price—from teaspoons and door-knobs to automobiles. But here another emergency threatened. Little or no trained talent was available. Europe, our former source of supply, now needed her artists and craftsmen at home, her ideas and best designs for her own use, and while we had everything else at our command—materials, industrial machinery unrivalled, money, ambition, extraordinary ability for organization, even public interest—we had little or no trained native talent to take the place of that which we had imported, although we were surrounded with great, neglected mines of artistic energy waiting to be developed. It was a case of "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink!"

Art interests now grew anxious, even the pulse at Washington throbbed a little, or there were some who thought it did, and through a series of graphic charts, entitled "Industrial Art a National Asset," originally prepared for the city of Grand Rapids by H. M. Kurtzworth, the Bureau of Education at Washington was appealed to in the summer of 1918. As a result, six thousand copies of this pamphlet were circulated by the Bureau, and a little later, the "Federal Board for Vocational Education," through the workings of the Smith-Hughes bill, was empowered to duplicate state appropriations for salaries of teachers of industrial art. In September, 1918, the need for an "industrial art survey" was expressed by the Bureau of Education at Washington, and conveyed to the General Education Board through one of our art organizations. This survey was begun in January, 1920, just one year ago, by the National Society for Vocational Education, and the University of the State of New York, with the financial support of the General Education Board. This is all good as far as it goes, but here it stops, and it is at best little for a government such as ours to do in view of the importance of the matter. Surely some strong campaign of education is needed to rouse Washington and bring about some decisive action.

IN the meantime, there is some balm. Private art interests, art forces of every conceivable nature and calibre, of varying degrees of enthusiasm and intentness of purpose, dotted over the entire country—so innumerable that we could neither place nor count them all if we would—are bearing the torch onward.

Our schools—public, private, special—are all in some way or another concerned over our industrial art emergency, and an appreciable number is so revising aims, policies and methods in the matter of art appreciation and art training that results bound to simplify and hasten the ultimate solution of our problem can already be felt. Significant changes in the art departments of our regular schools are notable. Art as now taught is not an end but a means, and a beginning. Art with a real use, art applied to every-day affairs, is taking the place of cold theory and mere technical work on paper. Design is now studied in relation to its purpose, in relation to its execution in various media, whether execution is to be by hand or machine—and the value and limitations of both and actual execution is coming to be as much a part of art training as the study of principles. Design is considered, too, in relation to local industries, to the cost of production, to economy of production, to quantity production, to popular appeal, trade value, selling costs, and its effect on our standards of æsthetic taste. This, of course, is not all accomplished by any one school, but the art teachers of the country deserve great credit, for, to quote from one of them, we are at last beginning to teach

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How Europe Has Capitalized Art in Industry

The Great Advances Made Through Co-operation

By HERMANN SACHS

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article was prepared by Hermann Sachs, one of the leaders of the Modern Art-Crafts Movement in the "New Germany," who has returned to America, his native land, to assist in introducing the revived and intensified Art-Craft Movement now sweeping Europe, into American art and industrial life, and to urge national and popular recognition of its importance. This report should be of value at this time in helping to inoculate our country with a vision of the great economic importance of a clearly defined, well-organized, and carefully nurtured national school of industrial design.

THE art theories of John Ruskin were clearly applied and related to life through the work of William Morris. His pupil, Von de Velde, who was formerly Director of Weimar Arts and Crafts School, introduced this new movement into Germany about 1900. The former German Government knew its power in the artistic field through the application of its arts; it distributed culture through its industries, and gained recognition in power and wealth. The former German Government developed a strong culture, which started about fifty years ago. The arts and crafts were considered, as well as the industries of the country. During the Great War the German Government made a successful effort to secure sufficient raw material to continue the work of the arts and crafts schools. The shortage of raw materials and the mental revolution in art made the Art-Crafts a valuable asset to the nation. The spiritual revolution of Modern Art has been accomplished. The former Empire art, which was built upon æstheticism and the copying of antiques, is a thing of the past. The New Art in Germany is Expressional Art, which has developed into a new national art movement, which also applies to music, literature and dancing. Even during the revolution art played an important part. During the November revolution of 1918, after the Republic was declared, new art committees organized all over the country in order to represent their interest with the Government.

The present government of Germany and the Deutsche-Werkbund—alliance of arts, crafts and industry—are recognizing the necessity of reforming the art academies, the architectural and industrial schools of the country. The schools of the old government kept their teachers for life. As the Emperor made these appointments through favor, these men were not always the best, thus taking away the national incentive for advancement. The art academies, because of this, have been dormant. The development of craft schools has been more progressive, as they have kept up competition and are the art resources of the industries. The foundation of the new schools in Germany lies in the crafts. The pupils are trained to express their individuality in the finest quality of workmanship. There is a universally high spirit in developing their national art. The large cities are in competition with each other; each is trying to become a future art center. This change is taking place by exhibitions, building new schools, and helping artists through commissions. There is a shortage of strong personality because many of the artists are still under the influence of the old régime. A number of foreign countries are searching for men of ability to aid them in this newer art development. Art reform has been accomplished through the downfall of the German monarchy and through the services of the German Werkbund. A number of academies have changed to craft schools, and workshops are installed in academies, where the pupils learn to express their art in original materials. The former Kaiser's professors have been pensioned, and modern artists have taken their places. These new appointments are from three to five years. Castles, mansions and barracks in different parts of the country are turned into arts and crafts and manual training schools, academies and workshops. In addition to this, many other institutions are teaching arts and crafts.

Hermann Sachs

Among the newer schools of arts and crafts is Bauhaus, in Weimar. This school is teaching those crafts that will help the country in the development of a new culture and new industries. The management of this institution is governed by modern artists. They have good instructors for trades and crafts, but are handicapped by a shortage of raw material. In Dresden, the palace of the King of Saxony is now being used as an academy of arts and crafts, and is fully equipped with workshops. The shops of the older academy have been turned over to young artists, to be used as private studios. At Hellerau, a small village near Dresden, a former artillery cantonment has been remodeled into art-craft schools and shops. The financing of this institution was started by the city of Dresden, and assisted by private subscription. The purpose of this institution is to erect homes for the soldiers who have been crippled in the Great War. In Berlin, the new government has decided that the former imperial palace Potsdam shall be turned into a craft and architectural school. The financing of this institution is to be done by the government. The old Berlin academy closed its doors at the beginning of the revolution, and has not been able to reopen because of its prejudice against modern art. Munich and its environments, well-known as a seat of art, is today a modern art center. Credit for this is due largely to the art spirit of Bavaria and to local art committees. Efforts have been made to unite the academy, the arts and crafts school, and the architectural school under one management—these to occupy the former King's palace of Nymphenburg. Munich has also developed a number of private art and craft schools, the most prominent one being the Hans Hoffman Academy. At Stuttgart, a new arts and crafts school has recently been completed and opened. This school has over three hundred rooms, large galleries, a library, and offices. The attendance is about three hundred and fifty. It is equipped with a carpenter shop, metal and wood-turning shops, with all improved machinery. Art-glass window and printing shops are receiving pupils for early education. There are also departments for the execution of potteries, jewelry and theatrical costumes. The school accepts contracts that are executed by the students under special commercial management. Halle has produced a number of excellent modern teachers and good craftsmen.

All future art exhibitions will exhibit architecture and crafts as well as arts. The Frankfurt Fair is trying to become a strong center of modern art, and through a representation of excellent modern art crafts and industrial art products has had a great success in the last two exhibitions. Sales were made in all parts of the world—North and South America, Russia, England, Holland, and even France buying large quantities of modern arts and crafts. The Leipsic Fair has also shown many new arts and crafts. The textile industries, particularly, have shown a marked improvement. A number of old mills which had failed on account of too much competition have been reorganized and are now in operation. There are also a notable representation of home industries due to the encouragement of the Government, as well as the art and crafts schools and the Werkbund. The Danzig market of last spring, which is intended to be the gate of the western market of Germany, was also well represented by the new arts and crafts. The demand for this exhibition was larger than the supply. The shortage was due to the lack of raw material. Hamburg, never a city of art interest, has lately organized a market for exhibition purposes. Bremen, a seaport town, which does not have the character of other German cities, has now schools of arts and crafts, art galleries, and a strong modern art movement is evident. Dresden is planning to erect new model exhibition buildings, and has two yearly exhibitions of arts and crafts planned for. A great arts and crafts exhibition is planned for Munich in 1922. All preparatory work has been started. This exhibition is intended to represent all the industries of the country, and to attract the attention of the world. It was originally intended as a Munich exhibit, but later planned as the great national exhibit of Germany. Eighty million marks have been appropriated from the German Government, this to be equally divided between the old and the modern artists. The modern artists intend to have their exhibition show work which

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Ernest Chausson

A Genius Whose Works Rank with Those of César Franck

By EMERSON WHITHORNE

ERNEST CHAUSSON was an inspired minstrel who sang his way across a rainbow bridge from the fortresses of Franckism and Wagnerism to the flowering fields of our modern musical expression. The fingers of fays and fairies plucked at the strings of his sensitive harp, and there sounded forth the music of moonlight, sylvan murmurs, sighing winds, and swaying fronds; love-philtres and magic potions, with consequent disasters; melancholy and dark despair. His soul vibrated with an intensity ranging from solemn grandeur to ecstatic rapture. His muse eschewed the commonplace, distinction of style being as native to him as his aristocracy of intellect.

When he met with a fatal accident while cycling at Limay, in 1899, France lost a genius whose works rank with César Franck, Henri Duparc, and Claude Achille Debussy. Like Albeniz, he died before he reached the zenith of his achievement, for his creative period extended over but fourteen years—from his thirtieth to his forty-fourth year. A pupil of Jules Massenet and César Franck, he was influenced far more by the mysticism of the latter than by the ingratiating sensuousness of the former. As fortune favored him with the goods of this world, it likewise deprived him of the sturdier qualities attained through struggle. He suffered from a constitutional humility, a lack of faith in himself, and an exaggerated reverence for his contemporaries. Dogmatism stood as a menace to his fancy so that he rarely had the courage to abandon himself to his intuition. Because of this mistrust of his gifts he made no propaganda for his own works; he even refused to discuss them, but hid his talents as one does a secret hobby which one fears to hear ridiculed. During his life he was looked upon as a man of wealth who wrote music for his own pleasure. Since his death the purity and richness of his inspiration have broken down the walls he himself helped to build.

As the music of Chausson passes like a gorgeous caravan before the tower of our aural consciousness, we wonder why the creator of all this tonal wealth should have doubted the magic of his own powers. Was it perhaps only diffidence that caused him to delve in dark chambers for rare jewels and then cut their facets to enjoy their brilliance in secret? Those who carry the burden of genius know the tragedy of having their most sincere work scoffed at. And many have suffered neglect rather than tolerate the stolid lack of sympathy with which original conceptions are too often received. We have had our valiant Beethovens and belligerent Wagners, but we have also had our sensitive Schuberts and reserved Chopins. Had all weavers of beautiful tonal fabrics possessed silver trumpets for their own heralding, we might, as a public, be less surfeited with an almost banal repetition of well-advertised music. However, slowly our conductors and imitative artists are coming to a realization of the necessity of applying themselves to the discovery of what is of musical value and interest, even though the dust of years may thickly blanket the score pages. Just this is happening with the music of Ernest Chausson. Gradually—all too gradually—it is being given to the public.

Why may we not more often hear the lovely *Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer?* It perfectly fills a niche in a symphonic program for a capable vocalist. And surely the *Chanson Perpétuelle* will stand comparison with the best in the literature of the German *Lied.*

Ernest Chausson

Who has listened to the *Poème* for violin and orchestra, and not regretted that archaic pyrotechnics and present-day bon-bons seem so sympathetic to our violin virtuosi? We have no hesitation in stating that the *Concerto* for pianoforte, violin and string quartet is one of the most vital chamber works of the Nineteenth Century. Should not our audiences have at least a bowing acquaintance with this masterly score? Even the symphonic poem *Viviane,* a comparatively early opus, is worthy of occasional performance, for there are passages rich in thematic material and in orchestral texture. The symphony in B-flat shows Franckian and Wagnerian influences, yet there is so much in it of fine inspiration and felicitous orchestration that it deserves to be better known by the great public.

Had Ernest Chausson lived to complete his task, he would have undoubtedly given to the world his best in chamber works and songs. His opera, *Le Roi Arthus*—performed in Brussels after his death, in 1903—proved that the stage was hardly his *métier.* His style was too pure for the artificial bombast of the operatic ménage. Yet when we pursue his score for small orchestra, written in 1887 for an adaptation of Shakespeare's *Tempest,* we are surprised to find a harmonic structure which anticipates the later Debussy. Given a libretto of the proper color, Chausson might have evolved an opera of individual character. But his songs cast no atmosphere of doubt as to their perfection. The *Serres Chaudes,* opus 24, set to texts of Maurice Maeterlinck, are exquisite poetic concepts. Here there is a subtle amalgamation of literary and musical content which has seldom been surpassed. As an example of thematic and harmonic cohesion, coupled with a vivid visualization of the lyric, the third song of this cycle, *Lassitude,* deserves careful study by composers whose aim is in the direction of the art-song as opposed to ditties of the *Spring is Here* order. The most casual consideration of the songs *Apaisement, Les Heures* and *Le Temps des Lilas* convinces one of Chausson's versatility and his mastery in molding in tone the moods and pictures suggested by the poems.

Debussy's contention that "discipline must be sought in liberty, and not in formulæ of a philosophy which is in decay, and of use only to the weak," finds strong support in the music of Chausson. That a man of his temperament should have dared as much as he did, particularly in his harmonic structure, is remarkable. As he wandered through the fairyland of his own creation he gathered blossoms of rare hue, singing the while songs of strange charm. The nightshade and nipplewort enticed him with the same magic as did the throbbing ecstasy of the nightingale. Like a lonely child crooning its own lullaby, he sang his songs softly to himself, little caring whether the great world outside should hear or understand. And in this there was a kind of daring, for few have the fortitude for such self-communion. We are not sure that the finest art is not expressed in the twilight of mystic shadows rather than in the glare of blazing lights.

In the last fifty years there has been an ever-increasing penetration of literature and art into the domain of music. There are many who decry this development—they term it decadence—with wailing sounds akin to the keening of Celtic fish-wives. Then, with an almost infantile inconsistency, these mourners at the bier of music gasp for breath and chant praises to Richard Strauss, than whom no composer has been more literal in realistically clinging to a programmatic scheme. Should one gently suggest to these prophets of calamity that their logic is askew, they will announce that Richard Strauss composes works of large proportions, thus proving that their viewpoint of an art-work is from the quantitative angle. Ernest Chausson was one of the first to anticipate the degree to which music was to be affected by literature and art. He numbered among his friends authors, painters and sculptors of renown; by extending his æsthetic interests he widened his musical vision.

An almost classic sense of symmetry was his birthright; hence his love of harmonic color never clouded his perception of the form and structure. He believed that where unity and proportion prevailed the harmonic garment would but soften the lines, even accentuoting the beauty of their rhythm. This is a creed we moderns need not condemn, despite the eagerness with which we seek novel modes of musical utterance. We may cunningly shape our rhythmic formulæ and subtly distort our thematic material, if that be our conviction; but a definite motivation must serve as the vertebræ, no matter how har-

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Ben-Ami, a New Star of Drama

One of the Greatest Dramatic Sensations of Recent Years

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

ACTORS, real actors, are too rare today. And when one unexpectedly, or expectedly, reveals himself, his advent should be welcomed gratefully.

To some familiar with our Jewish stage, Ben-Ami, the young artist who has been drawing thousands to the Greenwich Village Theatre, is not strange. But to the average patron of the New York playhouse his appearance as an English-speaking actor, a short time ago, came as a bolt from heaven.

For some years past this actor has been known, first in the Yiddish theatres of the Bowery district, and later as a bright, particular star in the performances at the Garden, of the Jewish Art Theatre, where he has been admired, in turn, in "An Abandoned Nook," "The Idle Inn," and "Green Fields." He has also played in works by David Pinski.

His flitting from his recent place to one more prominent, and, of course, more lucrative, is due to the intelligence and foresight of the American manager to whom we are indebted for the revelation, in parts suited to his talent, of John Barrymore. It was Arthur Hopkins who induced Ben-Ami to appear as an English-speaking star in "Samson and Delilah."

Ben-Ami's début at the Greenwich Village Theatre in the character of the poor poet, Krumback, caused a sensation such as has seldom been recorded on the New York stage. The play selected for him was not wonderful, though it afforded him great opportunities. But when the curtain fell upon the second act, the new star was called before the curtain many times and cheered and cheered and cheered for several minutes.

Like other artists who have conquered fame, Ben-Ami hails from a small Russian town. His birthplace, Minsk, has been captured and recaptured many times by Germans and by Poles and Bolshevists. The father of the actor was a prosperous merchant, not, as some have supposed, a struggling laborer. For years before he set forth for this country, Ben-Ami had shown great ability. He had tried his powers abroad in many parts. But his celebrity dates from the hour when he was first applauded here at the Garden Theatre. He may, or may not, have the spark of genius. The test will come when he appears again in some play of more importance and impressive quality than that in which he is now winning praise.

He is dark and short, with the black hair and features that disclose his race. He is tensely dramatic, vibrant, human. If his features are an index to his private character, this Ben-Ami is slightly saturnine, instinctively impulsive, and yet self-contained. He has certainly seen much of life, and that should help him in his stage career. Our own actors, most of them, have seen too little of good and evil to interpret either. The juveniles are too ingenuous. The leading men, alas! are seldom complex.

As an actor he can make his meaning clear both by effective gestures and by proper pauses. As an exponent of some roles, at least, he has few rivals. Already he has learned to speak fair English. And he has power—great power. Most would predict for him a splendid future. He might do marvels in some Ibsen parts, such parts as Oswald, babbling for the sun in "Ghosts," or the disordered genius, Lövberg, who destroys himself so unbeautifully in "Hedda Gabler." He might amaze us as the interpreter of Dostoiewsky's Raskolnikoff and as the protagonist of the Icelandic "Eyvind of the Hills," which may be seen here soon. He makes an admirable Dr. Rank, they say; and he might grip us as John Gabriel Borkman.

Ben-Ami

He seems best fitted for strong, vivid roles, hot with the passion of our frail humanity. But he is not all nerves and thrills. He is more than that. For he has brains and self-control with which to guard and save himself from the temptation to trust all to his unusual temperament. He does not rant. He scores his points with art. Repose, to him, at times means more than action. He thinks before he speaks and rarely hurries. His eyes and hands express what he conceives. But now and then his hands are used too freely. He might do well to check that racial tendency, to avoid exuberance and prefer discretion.

He amazes one by his impulsive force, the rush and riot of his nervous nature. But what he shows us he has planned with care. He can construct a part as well as act it.

Not always are his gestures quite appropriate, though as a rule they seem to serve their purpose. It may be questioned whether, in the rehearsal scene of "Samson and Delilah," he really taught that barn-storming actor how to act.

He has fire a-plenty. But he lacks distinction—a virtue on the stage which counts for much. Yet he has other things which count for more, a heart that beats, a mind that meditates, a sensuous sympathy with joy and pain.

His silences are often far more eloquent than his spoken words. He knows this well, perhaps indeed too well. For in his longing to be unconventional, he sometimes overdoes his expressive silences. It is not easy to tell just how long an actor in America can hold his peace. We know, however, that Americans are not so patient as some other playgoers. Bad actors fear to make a pause. Good actors may go wrong by excessive pauses. Of the two dangers, though, the lesser one is that which prompts an artist not to hurry.

His merits are his own. So are his flaws. Small flaws compared with his unquestioned merits. The flaws, unless he rids himself of them, may turn to mannerisms. In spite of them he may go very far. Some day, maybe, he will be ripe for Hamlet. But those who speak of him as if, a year from now, he could play the part of the sweet Prince of Denmark are ill-advised, although, no doubt, quite honest.

John Barrymore has paid him a high tribute, clear and generous. And Mrs. Fiske has added her warm praise. The future of Ben-Ami on the boards will be watched eagerly and closely.

Ben-Ami and Pauline Lord in "Samson and Delilah"

Interiors and Novelists

Rooms in Romances

By WILLIAM B. M'CORMICK

"I KNOW that a novelist lives in his works," writes Joseph Conrad in the preface to "A Personal Record," and, he continues, "He stands there, the only reality in an invented world, among imaginary things, happenings, and people." Are the rooms that novelists describe in their stories and romances "imaginary things," to use Conrad's phrase? Or are they remembered notations of general compositions, color schemes, manners, social backgrounds having a historical value in the long story of interior domestic decoration? Although to a professional interior decorator the novelist's rooms are described in much too unprofessional detail to satisfy him, yet to the average amateur lover and cultivator of the most intimate of arts the rooms found in novels and romances are too rich in suggestion of period, people and country to be part of Mr. Conrad's "invented world." No one would pretend, for example, that one could create anew such a mediæval French room as that of the Seigneur de Brisetout in Stevenson's "A Lodging for the Night" as the Scots writer briefly pictures it. "A large apartment, warmed with a pan of charcoal and lit by a great lamp hanging from the roof. It was very bare of furniture; only some gold plate on a sideboard; some folios; and a stand of armor between the windows. Some smart tapestry hung upon the walls, representing the crucifixion of our Lord in one piece, and in another a scene of shepherds and shepherdesses by a running stream. Over the chimney was a shield of arms." Only this and no more. Yet might not someone find a suggestion here for a scheme of interior decoration that the trained worker could evolve into a perfect whole?

FROM the viewpoint of completeness most novelists' rooms have the provocative defect of sketchiness. Most of the New York interiors Winston Churchill pictures in "A Modern Chronicle" have this shortcoming, and yet they are rich in suggestion of time and *milieu*. There was the drawing-room floor in "Dicky Farnham's House" which stood "between Fifth Avenue and Madison, on a cross street not far below Fifty-ninth," which Honora Spence went to look at as a prospective lessee. "Upstairs, the drawing-room was flooded with sunlight that poured in through a window with stone mullions and leaded panes extending the entire width of the house. Against the wall stood a huge stone mantel of the Tudor period, and the ceiling was of wood. Behind the little hall a cosy library lighted by a well, and behind that an ample dining-room." If one gets nothing more out of this than the ideal arrangement for a drawing-room floor, at least there is that profit. Reality and not imaginary things are to be found in the dining-room of Mrs. Forsythe's cottage at Newport that Honora leased one summer. "A subdued golden-green light came in through the tall glass doors, that opened out on the little garden, which had been Mrs. Forsythe's pride. The scent of roses was in the air, and a mass of them filled a silver bowl in the middle of the table. On the dark walls were Mrs. Forsythe's precious prints, and above the mantel a portrait of a thin, aristocratic gentleman who resembled the poet Tennyson. In the noonday shadows of a recess was a dark mahogany sideboard loaded with softly gleaming silver—Honora's." That is a room rich in suggestions. How different, how markedly showing the growth of luxurious and perfect taste in our American homes when it is compared with the austerities of a New England "mansion" of the 1840's, such as the Wentworth family lived in as Henry James pictured it in "The Europeans." Within "the large square house" there were "large, clear-colored rooms, with white wainscots, ornamented with thin-legged mahogany furniture, and, on the walls, with old-fashioned engravings, chiefly of scriptural subjects, hung very high." But it would be well to remember, if one had a plan of "doing" a room in New England fashion of long ago, the suggestive note of the "clear-colored rooms," although one *could* lower the engravings to a more modern level.

NOWHERE but in London, and at any other time than the first decade of this century, could such a room be found as that in the bachelor apartment of Robin Pierce, described by Robert Hichens in "The Woman With the Fan." His living room was "a chamber rather barely furnished and hung with blue-gray linen, against which were fastened several old Italian pictures in black frames. On the floor were some Eastern rugs in which faded and originally pale colors mingled. A log fire was burning on an open hearth, at right angles to which stood an immense sofa with a square back. This sofa was covered with dull blue stuff. Opposite it was a large and low armchair, also covered in blue. A Steinway grand piano stood out in the middle of the room. It was open and there were no ornaments or photographs upon it. Its shining dark case reflected the flames which sprang up from the logs. Several dwarf bookcases of black wood were filled with volumes, some in exquisite bindings, some paper covered. On the tops of the bookcases stood four dragon china vases filled with carnations of various colors. Electric lights burned just under the ceiling but were hidden from sight. In an angle of the wall, on a black ebony pedestal, stood an extremely beautiful marble statuette of a nude girl holding a fan. Under this, on a plaque, was written 'Une danseuse de Tunisie.'" Barring the statuette, this is a perfect room.

In common with everything connected with English social life, the drawing-rooms held a vivid interest for Henry James. One of the most charming of these was such an apartment in Julia Dallow's country house at Harsh as pictured in "The Tragic Muse." To the visitor "the large, bright drawing-room, rich and simple, was a place of perfection as well as of splendor in delicate tints, with precious specimens of French furniture of the last century ranged against the walls of pale brocade, and here and there a small, almost priceless picture. . . . The room was full of flowers in rare vases, but it looked like a place of which beauty would have had a sweet odor without them." Such drawing-rooms, modified to a degree, the English have a habit of transplanting to the "colonies" and to other more remote parts of the world where the quest of change and fortune takes them. What could be more thoroughly suggestive of the rich beauty, appeals to personal comfort, and perfectly-ordered hospitality than the drawing-room of Mrs. Charles Gould in the remote Central American town of Sulaco as Joseph Conrad pictures it in "Nostromo"?

THE ceiling of the largest drawing-room of the Casa Gould extended its white level far above. The loftiness dwarfed the mixture of heavy, straight-backed Spanish chairs of brown wood with leathern seats, and European furniture, low, and cushioned all over with squat little monsters gorged to bursting with steel springs and horsehair. There were knick-knacks on little tables, mirrors let into the wall above marble consoles, square spaces of carpet under the two groups of armchairs, each presided over by a deep sofa; smaller rugs scattered all over the floor of red tiles; three windows from ceiling down to the ground, opening on a balcony, and flanked by the perpendicular folds of the dark hangings. The stateliness of ancient days lingered between the four high, smooth walls, tinted a delicate primrose color; and Mrs. Gould, with her little head and shining coils of hair, sitting in a cloud of muslin and lace before a slender mahogany table, resembled a fairy posed lightly before dainty philters dispensed out of vessels of silver and porcelain."

In that country the reader might have expected to find Spanish influences more strongly marked in such a residence, but that is not the English way. To visit a Spanish interior one may travel, in bookland, some hundreds of miles further north to a scene set down in Bret Harte's "Gabriel Conroy," a bedroom in the Rancho of the Holy Trinity in southern California, where Arthur Poinsett went in his professional capacity as a lawyer to visit the mysterious Doña Dolores. "In keeping with the sun-evading instincts of Spanish California architecture, the room was long, low, and half lighted; the two barred windows on either side of the doorway gave upon the corridor and courtyard below; the opposite wall held only a small, narrow, deeply embrasured loop-hole. . . . Mingled with this grateful asceticism was the quaint contrast of a peculiar Spanish luxuriousness. In a curtained recess an immense mahogany bedstead displayed a yellow satin coverlet profusely embroidered with pink and purple silk flowers. The borders of the sheets and cases of the satin pillows were deeply edged with the finest lace. Beside the bed and before a large armchair heavy rugs of barbaric colors covered the dark wooden floor, and in front of the deep, oven-like hearth lay an immense bearskin. Above the hearth hung an ebony and gold crucifix, and mingled with a few modern engravings, the usual Catholic saints and martyrs occupied the walls."

IT is to be observed, in studying interior decorations and rooms in novels by American authors, that the farther they go afield, the more profound is the impression made on them by foreign interiors. Where Henry James merely adumbrated, as he would say, the details of his New England rooms, he painted one completely in the case of the living-room of the "ancient villa which stood outside of the Roman gate of Florence" in which Gilbert Osmund lived. This is in "The Portrait of a Lady," where one may read: "The room had a wide, high door, which now stood open into the tangled garden be-

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"Heartbreak House" and Other Plays

Dramas Fanciful, Psychological and Symbolical

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

WHAT Shavians may have thought of "Heartbreak House," I do not know, but I do know that to non-Shavians it was—heart-breaking. Is it not time we ceased to confound George Bernard Shaw, the Socialist, with the same person who writes what he calls his plays?

If "Heartbreak House" deserves the name of play, for ages past we have been all at sea. If G. B. S. is really a great dramatist, Euripides and Shakespeare were poor frauds.

If tedious babble, vain, dragged-out discussion make a play, G. B. S. may be taken seriously. But if a play implies a plot and characters informed with life, what standing has he? One half of G. B. S. loves to be criticized. Abuse of any kind, you see, means so much advertising. The other half, however, is most sensible. For G. B. S. believes he is a dramatist. And yet—and yet—if he were really sure of this, would he write volumes in the form of prefaces to explain his works? Plays, real plays, should of course explain themselves.

But G. B. S. is far too slick to trust critics to read meanings into his "comedies." So he reviews his works himself. Mansfield once told me (and I did not doubt him) that G. B. S. had objected to his ironic reading of the chief part in his "Arms and the Man." The author, he assured me, wished that work (one of his few real plays) to be treated seriously. Imagine, if you can, a serious Bluntschli. In "Steeplejack" (containing the confessions of James Huneker) there are extracts from a letter of the smart Irishman denying Mansfield's statement. Well—poor Richard is not here now to refute the denial. But I believed him. And I still believe him.

I touch upon this point, not to feud the author, but to suggest that he is fallible in his judgments. "Arms and the Man" would be absurd without the ironic meaning given to it by Mansfield.

If we except "Candida," "Arms and the Man" and, for good measure, I will throw in, if you like, that amusing comedy, "You Never Can Tell," besides a few amusing one-act skits, G. B. S. has not yet written any works which are consistent plays. He came quite near to making two in "Fanny's First Play" (one of his finest efforts) and in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." But always at some point he has gone wrong by thrusting his own overweening self into his plots and characters. He has checked the proper course of his own drama by loquacity and digressions. He has seemed proud, and not ashamed, to be an egotist.

But never, at his worst, has he gone farther in his calculable egotism than in his latest alleged comedy—his "Heartbreak House."

To begin with, "Heartbreak House" is almost formless. A long disquisition upon life in modern England, or, as he puts it, in the "cultured, leisured Europe" of pre-war days of peace.

In life as Shaw sees it, not as it is lived, the "characters" it shows us are not characters. They are symbols or abstractions manifest. They speak as no one speaks in any world. They act as strangely. Midsummer madness it all seemed to some—a perversion, maybe, of the gentler madness which possessed the characters in Shakespeare's "Dream."

It was slick of G. B. S. to drag in Tschekow and Tolstoi, to hint that he was following in their footsteps when he wrote his thingumy. But I feel sure that, whether consciously or sub-consciously, he was haunted by the thought of Shakespeare's "Dream" throughout his labors. The Bottom of his tale, perhaps, was Mangan—the swinish, sham-rich masquerading creature who breaks into "Heartbreak House" and woos Titania (Ellie Dunn, the engaging heroine). I see, or fancy I can see, rough-hewn equivalents to Hermia and Lysander, Helen and Demetrius, in Hesione and Hushabye, Lady Utterwood and her husband, Utterwood. Shaw stalks across the plot, disguised as Shotover, an old sea captain. The philanderings of the lovers have the irrelevance, but not the enchanting fantasy, of Shakespeare's characters.

Setting for the second act, designed by Lee Simonson

Some of the lines—not all, by any means—are apt and bright. But, as a whole, the play to me suggests an author striving to conceal the faultiness and weakness of his constructive art beneath a camouflage of pinchbeck satire.

Elizabeth Risdon in "Heartbreak House"

No normal humans talk and act like Shaw's creations. His puppets (for they are no more than that) are pulled by strings. They have no life in them, no flesh and blood, no truth. They chatter, chatter, till they bore one's soul out. And much they say is the reverse of wit in every way.

Toward the end of the third, weary, gabbling act, a crash is heard in the dark evening sky, above the garden in which all the pretended characters are lolling listlessly. A Zeppelin has dropped a bomb or two. They stir the idlers into something like activity. Moreover, they wipe out the odious Mangan and an impossibly logical burglar, who have annoyed us very much indeed at times. They rouse the trifling, babbling persons in the garden from their long futility into a show of death-defying grit and courage. But that is all they do. The Zeppelin goes. And "Heartbreak House" relapses into lethargy.

The dialogue, the ideas, are Shaw's, not Shakespeare's. The spirit of the "play" is wholly Shavian. It is the spirit that denies, rebukes, discourages. It fills the mind with growing discontent with all that is (if G. B. S. be right). But not with that discontent which is divine. And the prolixity, the verbosity of those three acts appear unbearable. The second act, above all, should be shortened.

Without that preface, which, though rather dull, is readable, what would the critics have made out of "Heartbreak House"? Unhappily a preface can't be acted. However wise, or the reverse of wise, it may be, it is for the closet. This preface is of the historic kind, an attempt (and, if you will, a quite sincere attempt) to throw light upon the conduct of the war, with its incoherencies and blunderings. If we read between the lines, we see once more that, while all Europe blundered, one wise man appeared. That man, I need not add, was G. B. S., omniscient as of yore, but not omnipotent.

The "play" belongs to the "unpleasant" class. It is amazingly ill-planned, ill-made and dull. The "Dream" of Shakespeare, in a modern frame, with the poetic beauty of the "Dream" left out and a Hun air-ship added. An allegory, of a distressing kind—the "characters" devised to suit Shaw's theories.

All styles save one, said Voltaire, are endurable. That one is typified in "Heartbreak House." Our tin god must be growing old, indeed, if he can do no better than this dreary "play." He may atone for it by something cleverer. But most may see in it the coming end of our enslavement by the glittering Shavian legend.

The interpretation of this over-praised conceit does credit, most of it, to the actors in the cast and to the Theatre Guild. So does the staging, though the lighting is too garish. As Ellie Dunn, who at times seemed almost human, Elizabeth Risdon played with charming grace and art. Dudley Digges contributed a whole-hearted study of "Boss" Mangan to

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At the Galleries

Prints and Paintings in Great Variety Feature December Exhibitions

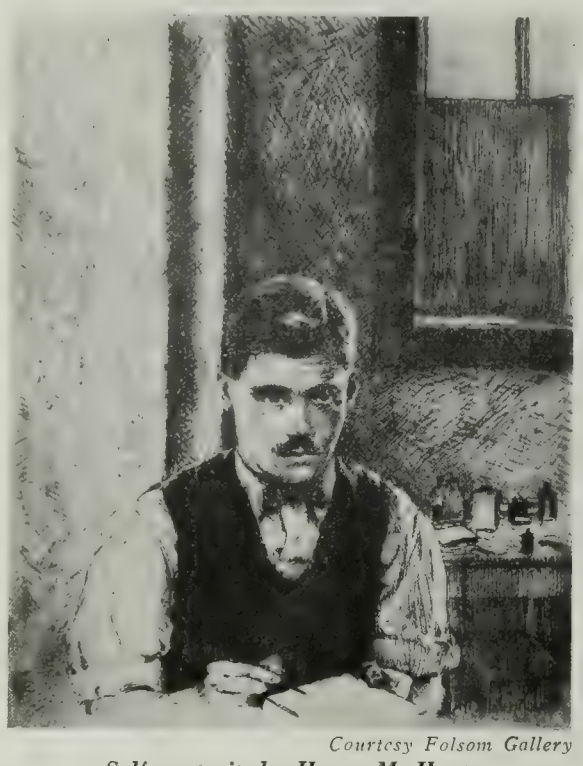
By FORBES WATSON

"I NOTICE it's rather the proper thing to go in for architecture in America," remarked an English observer recently, "something like going into the Guards in England."

This observation, thrown off lightly, is not without acuteness. Professions in America which offer appealing social attractions to a well-appearing, well-read, well-connected, correctly schooled young man with æsthetic leanings and somewhat conservative tendencies, are not numerous. Painting and sculpture are too solitary; Greenwich Village he abhors. The law and Wall Street bind him to the subway and jostle him with masses who care as little for Piero della Francesca as they do for Puvis de Chavannes. Of late years the museums have been on the lookout for well-connected cultivated young men who can make themselves agreeable to possible future donors by ornamenting their dinner tables and encouraging their collecting the right things; but these positions are not numerous and demand absolute discretion. The opportunities which the career of diplomacy offers to work and play at cultivation hang on political chance. And in peace times the army is not smart. Archæology absorbs a few of these young men, but architecture alone gives to those seeking a life that happily combines the artistic and the social, the gentleman's Continental tour, refined studies, æsthetic associations—romance without the severing of social connections.

Sometimes this recognizable type of young man finds himself, too late, involved in law or business. He may try in various ways, not too recklessly, to attain a little refined romance, by helping to build the first Little Theatre in his home town, joining the symphony concerts, becoming a fellow of the museum, buying rare books—inevitably he will turn to collecting prints. If "genuine" colonial furniture graces his correct abode and "genuine" old American glass adorns his cabinet, you may be positive that over cigarettes in the library the subject of prints will eventually come up, and the hopeful beginnings of the collection will be shown, for, to paraphrase our English friend's observation, "It's rather the proper thing to go in for prints in America."

Propriety dominates all American collecting with rare exceptions, as in the case of the Barnes, Quinn, Bliss and smaller collections of modern art, just as it dominates our architecture, except in the case of the skyscraper where the forces of commerce have imbued it with warmer vitality. The collector, like the architect, looks down from the heights of tradition upon the hurly-burly feuds which are life to the painter and sculptor and awaits time's decision. In his effort to escape from the crudities of life, why should he go into the market place and join the modern rioters? In a few years one or two of them will cease to be fought over and be accepted, their reputations assured. The mellowness of time will begin to settle over their work and enough will have been written about them to give them a certain place in the eyes of a scholar. Then the collectors will come down from the mountains and, reassured with "*catalogues raissonés*" and definitive tomes, the gentlemanly sport of collecting their works will begin. And the prices will rise proportionately.



Courtesy Folsom Gallery

Self portrait, by Henry M. Hoyt

Courtesy Montross Gallery

The Temple of Heaven, by Frederic Clay Bartlett

Once in a while, much too rarely, an exhibition of prints appears in a gallery which is not entirely made up of the impressions being sought by the average flocks of cultivated collectors for whom collecting is merely an exercise of good taste and the result of careful reading of books and print market quotations. Such an exhibition has been hung in the Keppel galleries for the past month and will continue there until January 15. The Goyas which have been catalogued were delayed in the Custom House and will not be hung until January.

But even without these masterpieces the collection outranks any of those numerous gatherings of tourist etchings which are so popular. Here are no anæmic imitations either of Meryon or of Whistler, but rather prints of various kinds, etchings, woodcuts, lithographs by artists who never specialized exclusively in one medium or one kind of subject-matter.

With the exception of Larsson and Munch, neither of whom are up to the high level of the exhibition, nearly all of these distinguished artists are adequately represented. Gauguin, of course, is not. There is nothing in the group devoted to him that gives any idea of the essential quality of his highly civilized art. Many people have been led away from a recognition of the civilized quality of Gauguin's art by the story of his life and his Tahitian subjects, just as years ago they overlooked the traditional cultivation of Degas because the subject was not traditional.

The variety of the group may be indicated by pointing out that it includes, in addition to those already mentioned, Pissarro, Manet, Redon, Carrière, Forain, Steinlen and Toulouse-Lautrec. Whether it is fair to Steinlen to show his work in the same exhibition with Forain may be questioned. But that is an aside. Perhaps the most interesting point of the exhibition is the appearance of several Toulouse-Lautrecs of the first quality, such works as an artist without any pretense toward collecting might like to buy.

Possibly these prints will find their way into some highly refined and conventional collection. They would blow the dust out of it, and no collector gloating over this unconventional draftsmanship, this first-hand drawing, would fail to rid his collection finally of much that is far from vital. Artists have collected Toulouse-Lautrec for many years, but it is doubtful if there are many examples of his work in the portfolios which contain Zorns and the work of other equally marketable etchers. There is perhaps more than an imaginary connection in the fact that, after many years, Toulouse-Lautrec has arrived in the most conservative quarters and the fact that the inflated reputation of Zorn has begun to shrink to normal. For the young man seeking in print collecting an exercise of cool good taste, cultivated by reading, Toulouse-Lautrec, even at this late date, must act as a healthy tonic.

At the Knoedler galleries a loan exhibition of "Old Masters" was held early in December for the benefit of the Bellevue Hospital Convalescent Relief Committee. At one time it was thought that the exhibition would combine old masters with men of to-day. What a pity that the idea was given up! A much more interesting collection undoubtedly would have resulted and better pictures than some of those shown would have been seen. Consider, for example, the portrait of Lord Clifton by John Hoppner. While there is nothing else quite as slight and sweet as this, several of these "masterpieces" are chiefly inter-

esting because they prove that a few of our collectors are not above the appeal of the pretty girl magazine cover so long as the pretty girl's picture is signed "Old Master." Above the few saccharine works which might have been replaced by serious modern pictures, if the idea of combining modern and old masters had been carried out, the paintings by Rembrandt, Moroni, Stuart and Manet (not Manet at his best) tower at different heights.

Memories of the old Berlin Photographic Company galleries are revived by an exhibition of modern English drawings at Scott and Fowles, where Mr. Birnbaum has assembled a group of English drawings by John, Orpen, McAvoy, Rackam, Rothenstein, Bone and others. It is suggestive to consider these drawings in conjunction with the group by American artists which has been placed on exhibition at the Montross gallery. That the Englishmen are much nearer their public than the Americans is a point that stands out sharply. The pretty, ingenious illustrations of Rackam are doted on by the public. Orpen's drawings, which have nothing of the hard, businesslike quality of much of his painting, have still an immediately recognizable popular "artistic" quality. Even the dull portraits by Rothenstein have the interest of celebrity attached to them. Particular care seems to have been exercised in selecting the drawings by Augustus John, who does not break in on the general smartness of the collection with a too unconventional note. This is a thoroughly drawing-room collection, and English throughout.

A much more haphazard affair is the group of American drawings which is full of notes and experiments, hints and doubts. Here is Mr. Max Weber showing an appreciation of Matisse, executed with amazing cleverness. But cleverness is not the keynote of the American group. They are less clever, less complete and less marketable than the drawings of their English confrères. What especially marks the difference between the American and the English drawings is that, in the case of the latter, one does not have to know who the artists are to know where they come from.

The Daniel galleries are showing an exhibition of paintings by Charles Demuth. Mr. Demuth follows the modern movement with perspicacious observation, and in consequence he is not led either by the nose or by the ears. As has already been remarked, he has a pair of eyes which he is accustomed to use, and since life is seen by him directly through the eyes, and what he sees is not controlled or perverted by what he hears, the results, put down on bristol board or other substance, afford the spectator a quite particular delight. Whoever enjoys a whimsical imagination will revel in Mr. Demuth's illustrations of Zola's Nana which are exhibited once more in the small anteroom. The man who obtains this group of illustrations will be a lucky man.

He will also be fortunate who obtains any one of the later paintings shown in another room. Whether Mr. Demuth has any philosophical theories about what art should be or what it should not be is not known to the writer. It is, however, perfectly clear that he does not work to illustrate a perfectly obvious profound sermon. He is not, in other words, a dull and earnest soul. He has too much quality and inventive fancy to tolerate the obvious. He utilizes the characteristics of his medium with exquisite sensitiveness and delicate precision, and the interplay of line and plane and surface shapes is at once extremely knowing and observing and almost wayward in its playfulness.

Courtesy Frederick Keppel and Co.
Aux Ambassadeurs: Mlle. Becat, by Edgar Degas

Courtesy Frederick Keppel and Co.
Race Horses, by Toulouse Lautrec

The habit of sliding into fame on the tails of a great artist's coat is a bad habit, and, what is worse, it has been overdone. Even the dealer practices one phase of it. He will tell you, very confidentially, of course, that Mr. John Sargent was in yesterday and said that he had never seen any modern work to compare with Mr. Snook's. The secret has to be told in strict confidence, because very often Mr. Sargent—or whatever great person is selected—has never seen Mr. Snook's work. The wiser dealer generally mentions a foreign artist and whispers to you that the late Mr. Rodin considered Miss Smith or Mr. Jones America's greatest sculptor.

There have been several rumblings about the late Mr. Rodin in regard to the work of John Storrs, who is holding an exhibition at the Folsom galleries. These are more or less legitimate, because Mr. Storrs was called upon to make the last drawing of Rodin. But Mr. Storrs suffers rather than gains from the affiliation of his name with Rodin's. He is a young artist who is facing the cold world with one foot safely planted on academic ground while the other moves slightly on a rather shaky cubist stance. One is bound to sympathize with Mr. Storr's evident desire to escape from the too matter-of-fact methods of expression, just as one is bound to question whether applied cubism, which isn't cubism after all, affords an opportunity to escape. Doubtless Mr. Storrs will work out an expression that is all his own. At present his sculpture seems to start in one direction and finish in another, and this rather lessens the pleasure received from the very agreeable quality of his surface workmanship.

Later on in January at the Folsom galleries a group of paintings and etchings by Henry Hoyt will be exhibited. An American artist, Mr. Hoyt died before receiving the hearing which he justly deserved. His etchings should interest the public especially. His art is unaffected and genuine.

In January, also, there will be an exhibition of the work of Frederick Clay Bartlett at the Montross galleries. The paintings will include work which Mr. Bartlett did during his recent visit to China. It will follow the Van Gogh exhibition, the most discussed exhibition this season in New York, which closes the middle of January.

The De Zayas gallery, where the visitor never fails to find work of exceptional art interest, has been showing a group of paintings by Matisse. At least five of the paintings are from the collection of Mr. John Quinn and carry us back to the Armory exhibition, for here again is one of the canvases which disturbed so many people on that historic occasion. At that time Matisse was a figure over whom ardent young moderns in America considered it still necessary to fight, but already, seven years later, he is accepted even here. He has indeed been so entirely recognized as a distinctive figure of our time that those who always cease to applaud an artist as soon as the applause becomes general have begun to turn away from Matisse.

When the visitor emerges from the small elevator at the De Zayas gallery, the general appearance of the room is what immediately strikes him. These paintings above all things decorate. They are not easel pictures, but

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Cyril Scott in New York

"A *Je-ne-sais-quoi Young Man*"

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

THE people in the balcony were a little tired and hot, a bit restless, quite ready for almost any kind of a diversion. After the magnificent chaconne which forms the finale of Brahms's Fourth Symphony had come to an end, and the Philadelphia Orchestra, playing that evening in Carnegie Hall, had filed out for the intermission, there had been the usual yawning and crackling of programs, the usual interchange of visits. Now the orchestra was back again, and we were all awaiting the entrance of the soloist of the evening, Mr. Cyril Scott. The door opened and he strolled and sauntered forth, a little lackadaisical like a Fifth Avenue dandy in spring, a little hesitant like an owl just emerged into daylight, but most of all nonchalant and casual, so that you almost expected to see a cigarette in his hand—a slender young man in a stock, whose air of gentle æsthetic detachment irresistibly suggested Gilbert's lines: "A Francesca da Rimini, niminy-piminy, Je-ne-sais-quoi young man." A just audible titter ran round the now delighted balcony, as if to say "Well, I never!" The young man seated himself at the piano before an enormous manuscript score like an atlas of the world, and began his Concerto in C major.

I KNEW but little of Mr. Scott. I had just missed meeting him in London once years ago, I had met him at one of Mr. Percy Grainger's receptions a few days before, I had glanced at some of his piano music where the sharps and flats seemed to have been shaken out of a salt-cellar, and the time changed every other bar from five-eight or seven-four to thirteen-two or eleven-sixteen. I had also dipped into a book in which he seemed to be championing "modernism" without defining it, and I had heard that he was an occultist. In short, I am confessing that I was prejudiced against Mr. Scott to start with, and that I had come into the concert late and after a day of travel, merely to sit through one movement and be able to say "I told you so" with a good conscience. So when he sauntered across to the piano with the je-ne-sais-quoi listless air, I felt surer than ever that I was about to be bored.

The violins began a vigorous tremolo, *forte*, on a single note, the piano erupting into fiercely attacked harmonies each of which opened a new vista and contradicted its predecessor. I sat up. Nothing lackadaisical about this—a vividly imagined passage. The piano and orchestra began to chase each other about in a dancing contagious rhythm, on a queer interesting scheme of harmony in fourths, percussive, clangorous, exciting. It was fascinating, and unlike anything I had heard before. I rubbed my eyes and began to reconsider. After all, perhaps he wore a stock because it was comfortable. There was no affectation anyway in playing from that enormous score, it was simple and business-like (at that moment he cleared a run just in time to snatch at one of the map-like leaves). The occultism was still a puzzle, but one must be tolerant, imaginative. Listen! How delicious is that silvery mixture of piano, celesta, and harp! How well he utilizes all these percussion effects, glockenspiel, snare-drum, cymbals. And it is always rhythmically vital, there is "something doing" all the time, there are none of those long periods of ecstatic Buddhistic contemplation of nothing in particular that in so many modern composers make you feel as if you should scream or swear or burst. Soon the movement ended with the same passage, for tremolo violins and piano chords, with which it had opened. A sense of form, too. No discoverable themes to be sure, but you must not expect too much from a professed "ultra-modernist." I took off my overcoat and prepared to stay.

IN the second movement my outstanding impressions were, first, of subtle and appealing harmonies for muted strings, moving in a body in the homophonic fashion that composers nowadays tend to abuse; second, of lovely long phrases here and there for solo wind instruments. This slow movement emphatically had atmosphere—an atmosphere of its own—and it had moderation, it knew when to stop. There was to be sure little thoughtfulness in it. For thought is a matter of relationships, that is to say, in musical terms, of polyphony or the relationships of simultaneous melodies; and Mr. Scott was writing, with whatever moderation, in the homophonic style of bodily shifting chord lumps initiated by Debussy, in which melodies are eschewed, not only in combination but even alone. But it began to appear to me that one reason I liked this music was that it made no pretense of being what it was not, of suggesting profound thought or emotional and spiritual experiences of which one must speak in awed whispers and with upturned eyes. It was frankly sensuous, it was music for the fun of it, it was not only not thoughtful but it did not want to be, it despised thoughtfulness. And so contagious was its candid mood that one had to meet it half-way, to contemn thoughtfulness too, and for the moment at least to enjoy whole-heartedly all these nice new sounds.

The finale is a sort of idealized march of immense energy, profusely decorated and panoplied in barbaric percussion-effects. Harmonically it is ingeniously wrought of a long succession of dissonances, each of which resolves only to make room for another, so that it is one long game of "getting out from under." The culmination is a cadenza for the solo-instrument, with reminiscences of the themes of both earlier movements, and a short final spurt for orchestra, of general hat-tossing and exuberance. With the last bang one who had come in somewhat scoffing mood had to confess that there had not been a dull moment. There had not, to be sure, been anything very profound, beautiful, tender, or in any way emotionally expressive. But that was not the point. The point was that there *had* been a series of charming sensuous effects,—of vivid rhythms and of spicily mixed percussion tone-qualities, without any pretense of anything deeper, and without any concessions to that detestable modern fallacy that, the object of music being to promote day-dreaming, the diluter you can make your music the better. Mr. Scott's music was not dilute. It was light but full-flavored. It was neither near-beer, Moxie, nor oatmeal porridge. It was, let us say, hard cider of a pleasing sub-acidity, and indubitably sparkling.

IN the two orchestral "passacaglias" which followed, the composer is far less successful, partly just because they are not quite so free from these subterfuges. The passacaglia is an ancient form in which, over a persistent bass, is developed a rich discourse of related musical thought: that is to say, it is deeply and essentially polyphonic. Mr. Scott, not being in the least polyphonically minded, since music means to him piquant sensuous experience rather than the marshalling of related thought and feeling, has written two pieces that are no more passacaglias than "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" is a Wordsworth Sonnet. The first, which Mr. Scott conducted with a reach of limb and an exaggeration of gesture that made him look like a magnified and distracted black star-fish (five-pronged with arms, legs, and swallow-tail) in a high wind, was on a stark, modal Irish folk-song, and aimed to inspire a mood of terror and horror. The second was a break-down on a reel-tune that sent everybody home laughing. There was about both these so-called "passacaglias" a barbaric primitiveness, a half mad unorganized and uncontrolled energy, that excited and stimulated the nerves even while it left the mind quite empty. It was not music of beauty, dignity, or power; but at least it was not dull; it was not merely a sonorous background for day-dreaming, but had a musical life of its own.

BY contrast with this impression, therefore, Mr. Scott's piano recital at Aeolian Hall on November 20, in which he was assisted by Mme. Eva Gauthier, was a disappointment. Lacking the glamor of harp, celesta, and glockenspiel, his music for piano, and for piano and voice, fails to disguise its conventionality and overuse of the *cliché*. Mr. Scott's uniform procedure in confecting a piano piece is to take some short pattern of chords, often quite charming and original in themselves (as in the song sung first by Mme. Gauthier, in place of "The Sands of Dee" announced by the program, and as in the Ballad for piano and the amusing, short "See-saw" given as an encore) and then to repeat this *ad libitum, ad infinitum, et ad nauseam*, in the manner of an *ostinato*, while the right hand—or the voice—circles round it with recitative-like movement. In the song "Rain" there is a pretty figure of major seconds descending like rain-drops. Pretty as it is, it soon palls. In the inevitable "Bells" (every modern composer seems to carry a set of chimes about in his pocket) we have an obstinate recurrence of the descending peal that grows almost intolerable. Moreover, the style is too closely reminiscent of models: the "Pastoral No. 2" is in Debussyese of the "L'Apres-midi" and "The Little Shepherd;" the second "passacaglia" (which without its orchestral clangor is like Samson without his hair) leans heavily on the Grieg of the "Ballade."

But the greatest disappointment of all was that Mr. Scott, who in his concerto showed himself so lively and amusing, fell back so inertly here into the day-dream tradition. The Idyllic Fantasy which Mme. Gauthier sang to an accompaniment of oboe and 'cello—playing off-stage—was an unmitigated bore in this respect. As such things always do, it made me feel as Thoreau said he felt while building a summer-house with Bronson Alcott—"as if he were nowhere doing nothing." The concerto did not give one time to feel like that.

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A VERY BEAUTIFUL OLD ENGLISH SILVER CAKE BASKET, MADE IN LONDON IN 1737 BY JAMES SCHRUDER. THE CHASING OF THE FACES WHICH FORM AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE DECORATION OF THE BASKET IS EXCEPTIONALLY FINE.

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RARE PIECES of OLD ENGLISH SILVER—exquisite specimens of the master silversmiths of Queen Anne and the early Georges—on view in our Galleries.

Auguste Delaherche at work in front of his oven

Auguste Delaherche

France's Most Famous Ceramist

By LEO RANDOLE

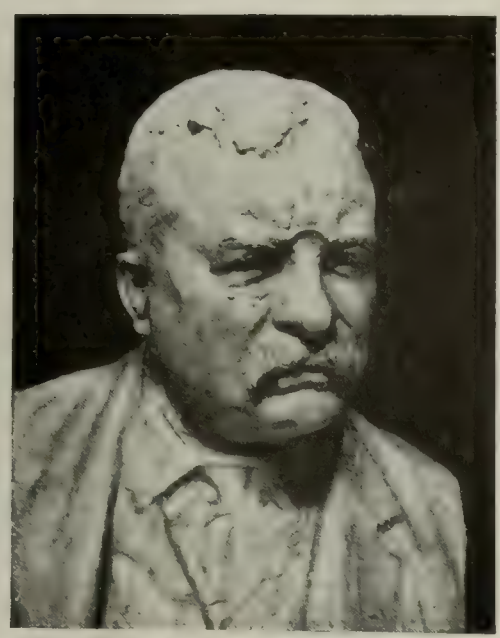
SELDOM a nomination for the title of the Officer of the Legion of Honor has pleased artistic France as much as the one conferred upon Auguste Delaherche, her greatest ceramist.

Delaherche dislikes to talk about his art, and when one turns to the vases and plates that frame his living-room he is more eager to talk about Lucien Simon's and Raoul Andre Ullmann's paintings hung on the walls. Only a candid confession of complete ignorance in ceramic art opened wide the door of the big Louis XIV wardrobe, filled with his loveliest things; marvellous porcelains, transparent and fragile, and solid dark earthenware enriched with glowing enamel. Many of these ceramics mark the evolution of Delaherche's art. Already in the very first things done by him, some forty years ago, of which he possesses but few examples, is felt the strong impulse to express himself with simplicity. He is happy that most of these first things, not ornate enough for the general public, were acquired only by amateurs and artists. Another would have been discouraged or tried to submit to the taste of the day—the taste of the public. The lack of appreciation by the public has rather incited him to seek beauty according to his inner impulse.

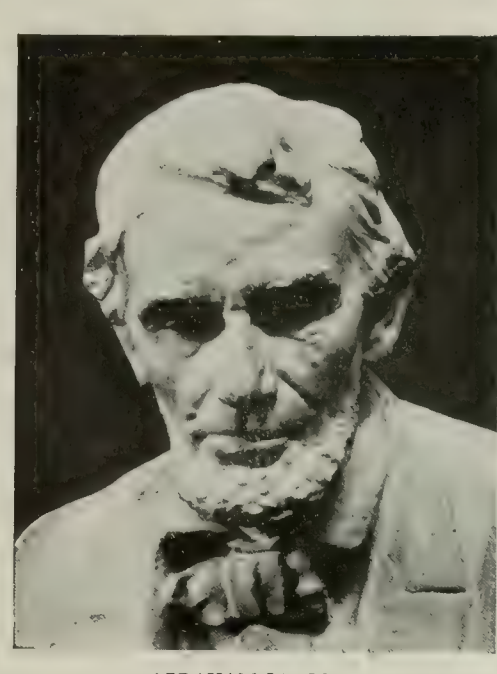
Auguste Delaherche

Every piece of Delaherche's ceramic and porcelain, and of these there are never any two alike, is entirely made by the artist himself. He sifts the sand that will form the clay—the sand of the Beauvais region—his own birthplace, full of precious argil that makes good earthenware and when properly cooked vitrifies perfectly. Once the desired form is attained and left to harden, it receives a coating of enamel that Delaherche selects from among 1,280 tones. He is remarkable in the choice of his colors—some of his browns and greenish-blues look like bronzes.

If the enamel that coats the upper part of the vase when in the oven descends in streams independent of the will of the artist, before sending them to the destinies of the fire he endows his vases with a certain dosing of an enamel coating of which he is conscious, but could not formulate. The process of the baking, lasting thirty-six hours and consuming 4,500 kilos of wood, requires great care. Porcelains, needing more heat than earthenware, are set nearest to the fire. Whatever understanding may exist between the artist and the fire is a great mystery, but few are the surprises that Delaherche receives when he takes back his creation from the oven and finds all the bright scale of enamels solidly impregnated on them.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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For $5.00

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THESE heads of Lincoln and Roosevelt are to be made of a hardened material colored in various shades of bronze and will be cast directly from the original models. They will not be produced by manufacturers, nor commercialized in any way. Every one will come straight from Gutzon Borglum's studio, and each individual head will be carefully examined to see that the perfection of the modelling has not been lost. It is the wish and intention of Mr. Borglum to make it possible for the public to get a head of Lincoln, Roosevelt, President-elect W. G. Harding and General Wood, of such size that it may be placed upon a table or shelf anywhere and made part of the familiar furnishing of any home, yet without loss of sculptor's value or modelling, and at the lowest possible cost.

SHERIDAN
Colossal bronze statue of General Sheridan

BRIEF SKETCH OF GUTZON BORGLUM

JOHN GUTZON DE LA MOTHE BORGLUM, known as Gutzon Borglum, and hailed by Rodin as America's greatest sculptor, is by birth as well as genius entirely American. He was born in Idaho, when Idaho was a frontier state, in 1867; and his art had its beginning in direct contact with nature. In 1890 Mr. Borglum went to Paris and studied at the famous Atelier Julien and the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and exhibited at the Paris Salon. He also exhibited in Spain, in 1892. After several years spent in the companionship of the great Rodin, as a pupil whom Rodin himself later designated as his successor, Borglum began to devote most of his time to sculpture. He made the colossal figures of the Twelve Apostles which adorn the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. The Metropolitan Museum of Art owns his Bronze group, the Mares of Diomedes.

CONCEPTION
The awakening to motherhood

Probably his statue of Lincoln is the most widely known and best loved of all Gutzon Borglum's works. This is the seated Lincoln, commissioned for the city of Newark, New Jersey; it is an intimate study of Lincoln as he was when alone. Space permits the reproduction of only a few of the many famous works done by this great Sculptor.

Mr. Borglum has begun the most colossal piece of sculpture ever undertaken in the history of the world—the great Stone Mountain memorial to the Confederacy, near Atlanta, Ga. On the sides of a mountain of solid granite will be carved from the living rock the Confederate army, figures of men and horses fifty feet tall, in high relief. Work on this was begun several years ago, and interrupted by the World War; it will be resumed at an early date.

THE ATLAS
Owned by Eugene Meyer, Jr., Esquire

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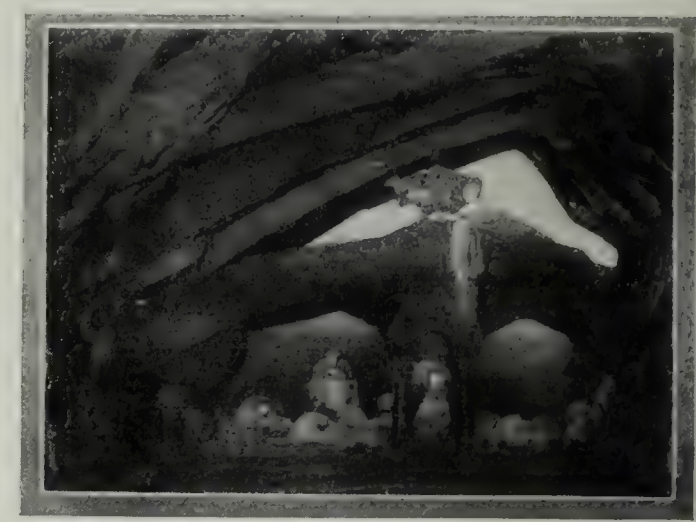
ADDRESS

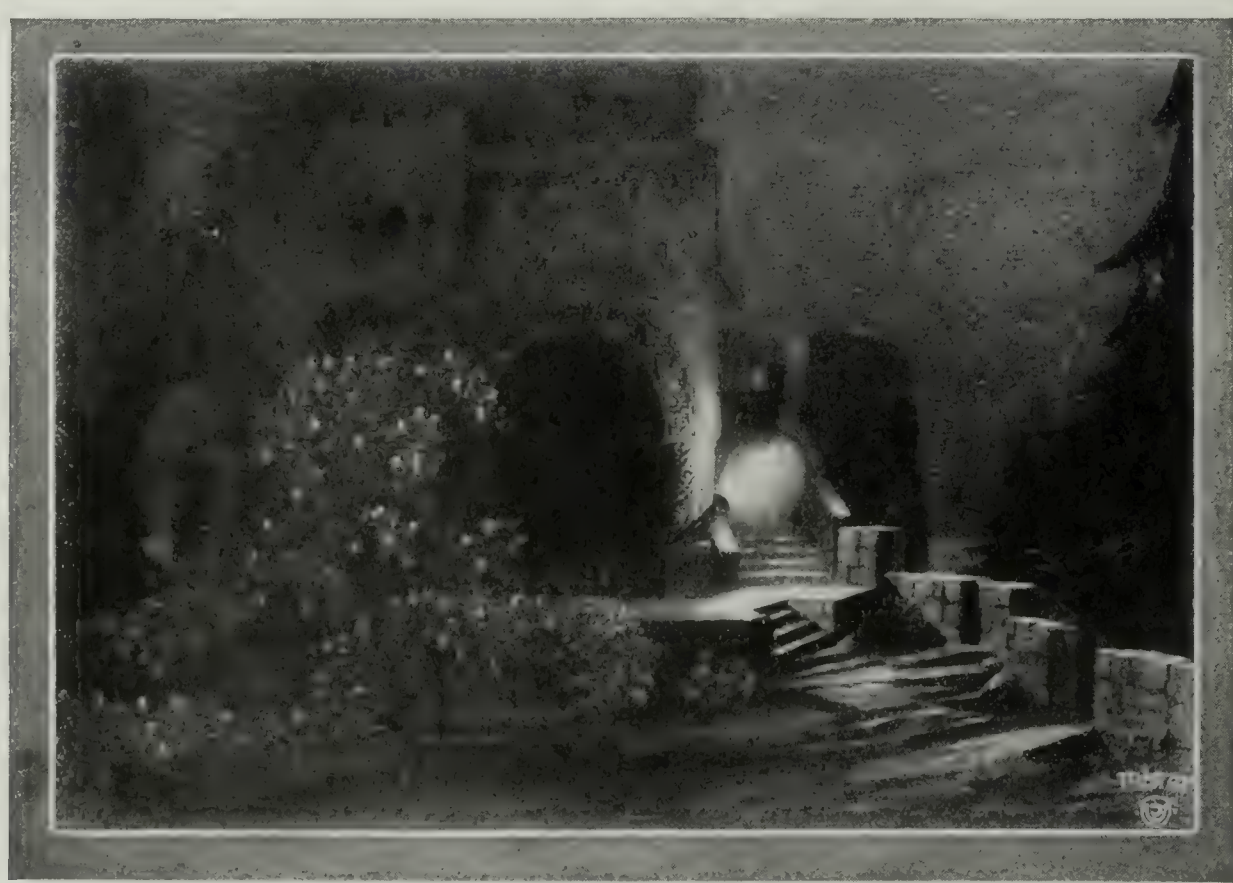
ADAM DINGWALL **50 West Forty-Seventh Street** New York

Urban's New Settings for Old Operas at the Metropolitan

On the left "Don Carlos"—Prison Scene—Act IV.—Scene II. This scene is startling in its bareness. A large dungeon underground receives its light by way of a circular grating. Don Carlos, a King's son, would naturally crave for touches of beauty about him; the forlornness of his surroundings is thus intensified

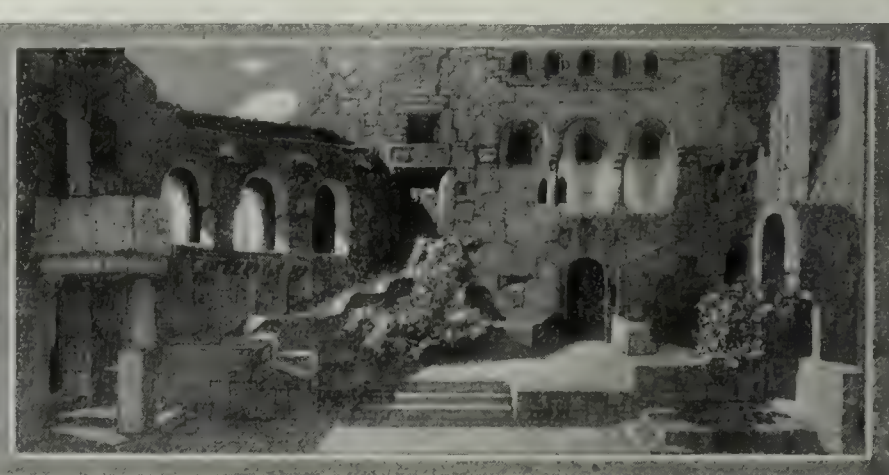


On the right "Don Carlos"—Act III.—Scene I.—Ballet Scene.—The scene of the bottom of the sea conceived by Urban is rugged and imaginative



"Tristan and Isolde"—Act II.—Urban has made a radical departure in this scene from the usual lovely Romeo and Juliet garden effect. He has portrayed a rude castle of the Tenth Century, a place in which a garden was possible only in a corner of a rocky cliff. The effect to be suggested is the longing of Isolde for Tristan. We are shown a dark silhouette with one door where Isolde comes out, and a tower in which Brangaene is watching

"Lohengrin"—Act I.—This has usually been a big scene, showing the Scheldt River. At the (stage) right was the high throne of the King. Urban has only one big oak tree; the King's Oak, on a natural rock platform. The Royal Council ("Königliche Richterspruch") is held under the shadow of the oak. A high point of the scene will be supplied by the bright lances and swords of the knights and judges



"Lohengrin"—Act II.—Previous conceptions of the Castle scene were generally fantastic and unrelated to the old German castle of the year 1000. The principal idea expressed by Urban is the House of Ladies and Knights separated and connected by a single loggia. Urban has reconstructed the genuine old German castle from miniatures, legends and songs. Nothing grows in this castle

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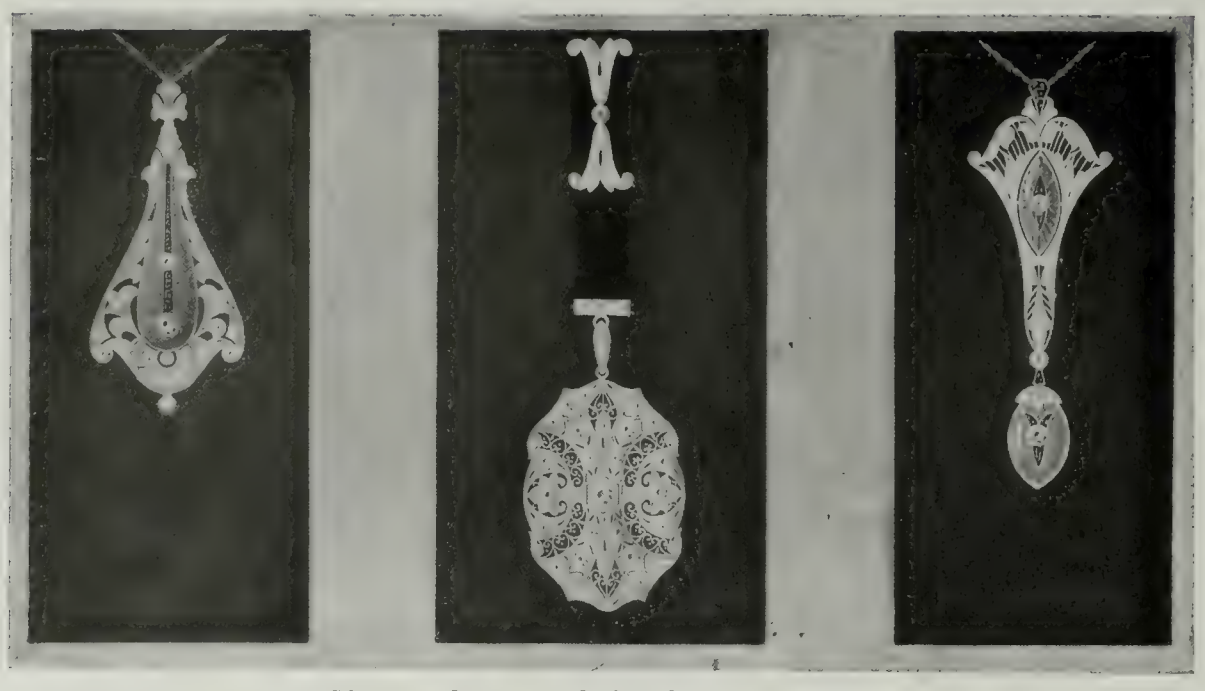

Three pendants typical of modern art in jewelry

Art in Jewelry

In Conformation with the Mode of the Period

By ESTELLE ARNOLD

THE desire for personal ornament has ever ranked among the higher aspirations, and in the designing of jewelry the modern idea of dress is an inspiration to craftsmanship, as there is no longer one mode of a period that is followed, but many, and to this may be attributed the charming appearance of our fair women.

Might it not be truly said that those same passions that were the first instructors of the Arts are as prevalent today as when, to represent divinities, the rudest symbols were constructed, such as the three white stones, the first representation of the Three Graces. How gradual did they assume the form of their present beauty is for the student in sculpture.

And it is for the counterparts of such graces that Art in its every form of dress and its ornamentation has been perpetuated, and is still moving, sometimes forward, often in a cycle, and then again it retrogrades; fortunately, however, the ship is never allowed to move so far from the shore that it can never be brought back again.

Whether Cleopatra was a great beauty, or that her charm established this reputation for her, we do not know. It is as different countries and different eras regard the standard for beauty, but this we do know, that Egyptian influence, presumably a mode that added to Cleopatra's charm, is seen today in a form of coiffure that has given to the designer inspiration for much that is beautiful.

Two brooches of excellent design

There is the bandeau with its jeweled ornaments, also the long pendant earrings that are an added embellishment, falling from the ear's pink lobe, which is quite hidden by the softly waved hair.

We retrospect—those earrings in their modern mode give the lovely profile effect desired, and that which Egypt's fair queen derived by ornaments that fell directly from the bandeau, or headpiece, and while from time to time Dame Fashion has sleepily forgotten the earrings, every existence, they have been the source of wonderful dreams to the designer.

Without reserve they have been worn alike by men and women, and they return to us with a piquancy, chic, dignity and character all their own, while the designer, bringing into his work the study of cause and effect, or rather the habits of life that give expression and bodily carriage, has ignored the day when jewelry ornamentation was based on mature beauty and dignified surroundings, has studied its different form—in say the past half century—and is compelling notice.

Strange that in this last half century the world, literally, has encountered two periods of reconstruction. In its beginning, the result of the Civil War in the United States, and now the result of the World War. In all this Art has played its part—very much so.

Note the minds of a people, the trend of the times, and you have the evolution of a fashion. Also it is not the fashion seemingly originated by criterions of good taste, applying this, that or the other ornament until the required effect is obtained, and thus for a time established, but the ideas brought from different climes pass, as it were, through a crucible and result in a conformation, the original of which we barely recognize.

The great Centennial Exhibition in 1876 brought to the doors of the United States the art of the world of that period, and among other personal ornaments jewelry was a noted feature—the proof is here.

Expressing admiration of a fine personal collection of jewelry—full sets composed of brooches and earrings, also separate pieces, the latter mostly earrings—a few of these were specially noted.

The owner of this collection, displaying a pair of earrings, some two and a half inches in length, in two pieces, the smaller one close to the ear and to which piece was attached by a connecting ring the long pendant, remarked:

"So many people have taken these colored settings for enamel work, but if you will take the glass you will see what a wonderful piece of mosaic work it is. These were brought from Italy for the Centennial and purchased by the original owner of this collection. I have never seen anything like them, and these"—holding up another pair of earrings, perfectly modeled, not too slender urns, suspended to the ear piece by tiny chains, all beautifully wrought Etruscan gold work—"at the same time were brought from Egypt along with this scarab set." The green scarabs with outspread hawk wings of fluted gold on either side were reminiscent of the fan-shape earrings of the Aztecs.

The same collection boasted some wonderful cameo jewelry of the same period, the almost fringe-like hangings on the gold mount-

(*Continued on page* 254)

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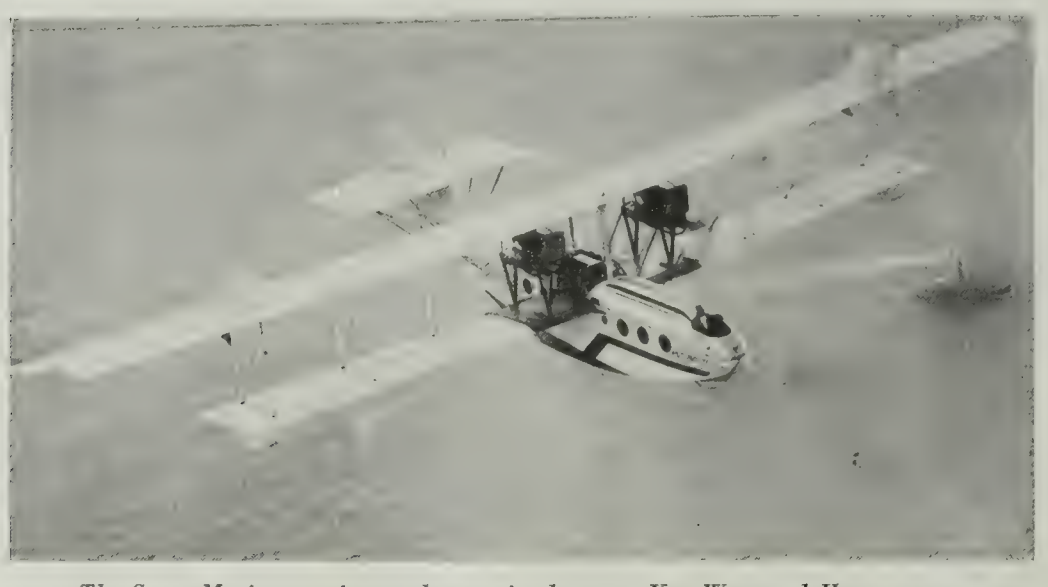
A HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE HAS BEEN PREPARED

Luxury in Air Travel

Aeroplanes for Business as Well as Pleasure

By BLAKE OZIAS



The Santa Maria, now in regular service between Key West and Havana

ON last Thanksgiving Day some thirty thousand people gathered at Mitchell Field, near Garden City, Long Island, to watch an aeroplane race in competition for the Pulitzer Trophy. This vast throng was not out to enjoy the sunshine, for it was a raw, cold day—they were there because an aeroplane race interested them. And yet the great majority of the people of this country have not accepted the aeroplane as a practical and a useful thing, except, of course, in war. Ask a dozen people you meet on the street if they would like to fly and ten might say "yes," having in mind a five- or ten-minute "joy ride," but put them to it, say "very good, come with me tomorrow, we shall fly from New York to Boston," and ten out of the same dozen would plead lack of time or a previous engagement. They would back out. We have not yet accepted the aeroplane. We shall accept it one of these days, no doubt; but since America gave the first successful aeroplanes to the world, it would seem that we are rather slow about it.

Captain Mosley, who won the race on Thanksgiving Day, established a world's record for speed on a closed circuit, covering 132 miles at the rate of 178 miles per hour, in a machine designed and built by the U.S. Army Air Service. It was a notable performance. It was a beautiful sight. It proves that we can build aeroplanes, that we have the designers and the pilots, who should enable us to take a foremost place in this most interesting and important field. But there is a hitch somewhere—something is lacking. We possess all of the requisites of success—perhaps of leadership—but we are lagging behind, if not as regards the designing and building of aeroplanes, certainly in the utilization of them.

The use of aeroplanes for the transport of mails, passengers and express packages has been greatly stimulated in England and France because of that choppy stretch of water that lies between those two countries. To go from London to Paris by rail and boat requires eight or nine hours. To go by air two hours or less. Passengers by the air route are saved the annoyance of the change from train to boat and again from boat to train and the tiresome waiting at both these transfers. One motors comfortably from one's hotel in London to the aerodrome, spends two hours in the air, and almost before one can realize it is motoring in to Paris. A letter by aerial mail is much quicker than a telegram between the two capitals and the parcel so much desired arrives two or three days sooner than it could by the old route.

Statistics recently given out by the British Air Ministry show that $3,000,000 worth of freight has been transported by aeroplane to and from the United Kingdom this year. This freight went to and came from France, Belgium, Denmark, Spain and Holland. During the last fifteen months airplanes operating to and from the British Isles have made over 48,000 flights, have traveled more than a million miles and carried 82,000 passengers. These records show also that the danger in commercial flying is very slight—in fact, less than almost any other method of transportation. In the last fifteen months there was only one fatality for every 40,000 passengers carried.

Interior of the new Handley Page passenger plane

A woman prominent in New York society, and incidentally a patron of the fine arts, was, something over a year ago, a fellow passenger of mine in an aeroplane from London to Paris. It was not her first trip, and we fell to comparing notes on our air travels. My experience had been limited to numerous flights between the two capitals, all quite in the regular course of business, but she had done a stunt or two. A few days previously she had lunched in Windsor, motored up to London, taken the air route to Brussels, had tea there and had returned by air to London for dinner. Between luncheon and dinner she had gone to Brussels and back, crossing the English Channel twice and covering a total distance of over 500 miles. And in doing this she had employed the regular air service, with no special arrangements. Anyone else could do the same, and you could do it today if you were in Lon-

Airco 18, a new 8-passenger plane in the London-Paris service

don. To go from London to Paris and return in the same day is not at all unusual, and many a smart London modiste serves her exacting clientele in exactly that way. Some of the gowns you see worn at the Opera in London left Paris, you may be sure, after noon of that same day.

The aeroplane is an accepted thing in Europe—a mode of travel and transport taken for granted and enjoyed in a dozen ways by all kinds of people. Not only is the air route the preferred one between London and the nearby Continental cities, but there are several organized all-land routes in England itself; and with Paris as a starting point one may travel daily to Brussels, Madrid, Geneva and other cities. Four or five different companies compete for business between London and Paris, and very often it is impossible to book a passage on the day of leaving—all the machines of all of the companies being filled to capacity.

The London-Paris service had its birth, of course, during the war, when rapid communication between those cities was hourly an absolute necessity. A corps of experienced pilots were assigned to this communication service, and at the end of the war many of these were available for the commercial companies.

Interior of the Santa Maria

That no such geographical advantage, in the shape of a water barrier, exists in this country has no doubt much to do with our case of arrested development. The distance from London to Paris is almost exactly the same as from New York to Boston, but it takes eight or nine hours to do it by any except the aerial route—with the channel crossing thrown in to make the journey as unattractive as possible. We can go from New York to Boston by rail in five hours with no changes—so why go by air in two hours? The same incentive does not exist with us and we have permitted the lack of incentive to let us lag behind. Incentive is the mother of progress. But there is one "jump" on this side that offers this incentive—the gap of water that lies between Key West and Havana. This journey by boat takes from ten to twelve hours and is frequently quite as uncomfortable as the English Channel crossing. Today you can do it by air in one hour and fifteen minutes. On November 1st the Aeromarine West Indies Airways Company began a regular service between these two points. Six eleven-passenger flying boats have been put on the service, and they are said to offer a maximum of comfort. This company has the U. S. Government mail contract, and maintains a regular daily schedule, the machines leaving for Havana shortly after the arrival of the East Coast train at Key West and returning in time for the departing trains.

Airco DH-9, 4-passenger, used in the London-Paris service

The cabins of these aerial cruisers have been handsomely fitted up and attractively decorated. Upholstered wicker chairs are placed in two rows, with an aisle between, and each having its own observation window. These aeromarine cruisers are of the type so successfully used by the American Navy during the war—in fact, the first two boats put into the service are Navy F5L boats, converted into passenger-carrying machines and named Santa Maria and Pinta, recalling the caravels of Columbus. The pilots chosen for this service have all been drawn from the Army and Navy and all have had a very great amount of experience in the air.

This service ought to be attractive to every one traveling between this country and Havana, and as it proceeds it will doubtless be very largely patronized. It ought to be, because air travel is safe and comfortable. The saving of time and the elimination of many of the annoyances of rail and boat routes are much desired things. Very few people who have once made the London-Paris trip by air go back to the old land and boat route, and I shall be surprised if the same is not true as regards the Key West-Havana route. The only regret is that the same advantage does not apply to two larger cities in this country, between which there is so much greater intercourse. A more or less experimental service has been operated between New York and Boston, but here the advantages are much less. Flying boats are used in this service and they must follow over the water all the way, and consequently the trip takes more time than would be required by a land machine flying in a straight line between the two cities. This company, known as Aero, Ltd., has established an excellent record during the past year, having carried 4,500 paying passengers without a single accident. These operations include the winter season of 1920 along the Florida coast and between Miami, the islands of Bimini and Nassau, and the summer season operating around New York.

The greatest aerial achievement in this country has been the U. S. Aerial Mail Service. The following mail services are in daily operation: New York to Washington, New York to Cleveland and Chicago, Chicago to St. Louis, Chicago to Minneapolis and New York to San Francisco. These services are maintained constantly, with entire disregard of weather conditions, and probably constitute the most successful aerial mail service on earth. In this branch of practical aviation we are perhaps the leaders, but all those of us who are interested in the rapid development of the science are hoping that the general public will soon come to a realization that the airplane is a useful means of passenger transportation—the cleanest, fastest and most comfortable method of travel. For while we have been wondering about it and hanging back in timid fashion, Europe has taken it for granted and has made tremendous progress in every direction.

We are actually at the dawn of the era now when Europe should grow so small from the point of view of the time taken to travel from point to point, that an alert business man, leaving London in the morning by air, is able to visit and do business in several Continental cities before he returns to London in the evening; while a night-flying organization, on a unified scale in all countries, should permit mails, newspapers and goods which are put into the air in London at night time reaching European cities hundreds of miles distant in time for delivery the following morning.

THE aerial highways are ready for constant use; surely it is for us to provide that relatively small amount of land organization which will enable us to use this wonderful natural "speedway" for regular express transport by night as well as day.

Handley Page W8, 2 Napier 450 H.P. engines, recently completed for the London-Paris service

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How Is a Costume Created?

The Inspiration, the Gown and the Lady

By M. D. C. CRAWFORD

AS this story was originally planned, my part combined dignity with scholarly leisure.

In the beginning, an old camel thief from Bokhara possessed a costume of singular charm, admirably suited to his particular needs. Stewart Culin, Curator of the Brooklyn Museum, secured this document in the Far East, by methods not for the moment under investigation. Miss Miriam Bouslogue, using the joint efforts of camel merchant and savant, designed and made a costume. All that I had to do was to tell the story. I congratulated myself on this opportunity, but have since had occasion to revise my ideas.

The first problem was to explain why men, so obviously interested in the results, pretend indifference regarding the details of feminine apparel. A little psychology, a little psycho-analysis and a little anthropology made this very simple. In these days few special writers but are so equipped. (Note: All writers are special.)

The results of my deductions were as follows:

In primitive days, certain matters involving creative effort, such as pottery, agriculture, weaving and the making of costumes—in short, most hard work requiring intellectual coordination—were relegated to the women. They were assumed, and quite correctly, to be best qualified to perform these services. Man's lofty attention was directed towards hunting, eating, philosophy, story-telling (special writing), and kindred elevated and dignified pursuits. Certain supersensitive godlings were assumed to have under their special care the work of women. For men to interfere was regarded as bad taste; sure to result in ill-luck.

It is curious how little changes the years have wrought in these fundamental ideas.

Modern man's habit of ascribing his sartorial indifference to a lack of personal vanity is a rather shallow attempt to evade scientific deduction. Vanity, fortunately, is about equal in both sexes. It is an evidence of self-respect.

A Montana cowboy, a professional ball player, a soldier, and a captain of industry, have at least one trait in common—individuality and smartness in costume.

History demonstrates that the masculine one-eighth of the eternal equation was always much the same.

The Spartan warrior at Thermopylæ oiled his hair and arranged his costume, while Persian Xerxes prepared to furnish his first impetus towards immortality. A generation ago the Philippine bolo-man earned an enviable reputation for himself as an abrupt, if rather unconventional fighting man. With pride this chocolate-colored "tornado" wore a red suit when he could prove to his elders that he had accounted for ten of his enemies. A Sioux brave, the cavalier of Prince Rupert, the dusky followers of Mohammet, took an equal interest in their own appearance as in mussing up that of their opponents. Pirates, Spanish conquerors, prize fighters—in fact, all types of men essentially masculine are, were, and always will be interested in clothes. At basis, man is the truly decorative sex. If this proves anything it proves that man's modern reluctance to discuss costume is due to the fact that the superior sagacity and frankness of the woman of this age have robbed him of one of his greatest pleasures and distinctions. He is naturally peeved.

Miss Miriam Bouslogue and her assistant comparing her creation with the original document

The finished gown inspired by the original document

(You will see how easily I disposed of these subjects.)

Mr. Culin was in Europe, and consequently could take no active part in the following discussion. The original owner of the costume has not been heard of since Mr. Culin collected it. I was justified at least in the assumption that he was even more remote than the curator. Therefore, I could explain their attitudes and thoughts quite simply. They were ideally amenable to the needs of special writing.

I must be frank, if ungallant, and say that my chief difficulty was Miss Bouslogue. She is here in the flesh, and she persists in looking upon her profession with deplorable common sense. All attempts to create a literary effect, to suggest temperament, occultism and mysticism have failed. It is with difficulty, and only after a long series of arguments, that I prevailed upon her to drop the word "dressmaker" and accept that of "artist-designer"—and even now she has periods when she recedes to her former position. It is very trying.

We at length reached this agreement: We would jointly select a single basic idea. From this idea Miss Bouslogue would design a costume, taking careful note of the inception and growth of the ideas. This we did after the following manner:

We met in the Brooklyn Museum, and Miss Bouslogue picked out, without a moment's hesitation and without consultation or suggestion, the Bokharan gown. "The rest," she said, "is very simple. I will make another gown based on this inspiration for a particular woman, myself. It has already served as an inspiration for quite a pleasant little family of costumes. Now, you go ahead and write the story."

This will give you an idea of the character of support I received. I modestly questioned the reasons that determined this selection. After a cross-examination, Miss Bouslogue said:

"The lines of this dress are almost universal in their application. It has charm, a structural relationship to the figure and a service value. If any type of costume could be standardized, it would be very much like this one. The ornament is well placed, beautiful in color and harmony, and has a piquant charm seldom found in more sophisticated attempts."

The taste of the original camel connoisseur was exquisite, or perhaps his luck colossal. For every artist who sees this costume admires it. Some time ago Miss Ilonka Karasz, an Hungarian artist, selected it for a fancy dress pageant. A most distinguished jury, including painters, decorators and plain citizens, awarded her, or rather the combination of her and it, the first prize.

I wonder if any of the old clothes of this time and age will ever be accorded a similar distinction?

Miss Bouslogue represents an interesting

(*Continued on page* 232)

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Courtesy Daniel Gallery

New England, by Charles Demuth

At the Galleries

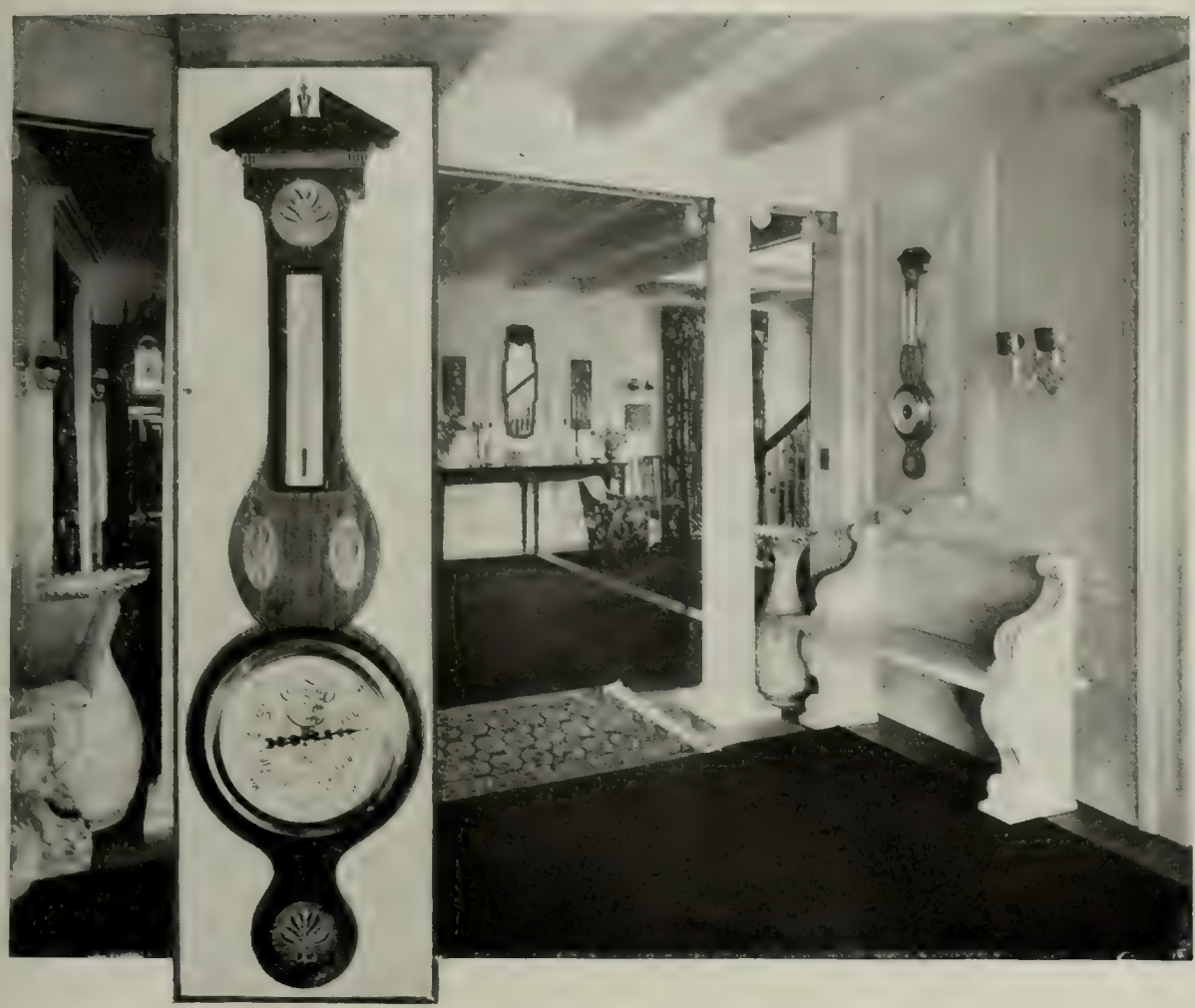
(*Continued from page* 215)

rather mural paintings. The third dimension apparently interests Matisse much less than do brilliant, clear, singing color, subtly changing rhythms that, almost lost, are picked up again without heavy insistence, and originally designed surfaces.

The Macbeth gallery keeps the world posted on the work of arrived and budding Academicians. Following the December exhibition of "Intimate Paintings," an exhibition of Old Salem Doorways by Felecie Howell, together with a group of recent pictures by Chauncey Ryder, will open January 2. The annual exhibition of Thirty Pictures by Thirty Artists, beginning on January 18, will continue for three weeks. On February 8 a one-man show of the work of Emil Carlsen starts and this exhibition will in turn be followed by a group of canvases by Elmer Schofield, the first exhibition that Mr. Schofield has held in New York since he went to England, five years ago, to join the English army. Mr. Macbeth's list of exhibitions also include a display of the work of Jonas Lie, opening on March 22, and of water colors by Paul Dougherty, painted during the past summer in Spain.

Following the annual exhibition of the work of Mary Cassatt at the Durand-Ruel gallery, which during December gave so much pleasure to the admirers of this distinguished artist, the Grolier Club will hold in January an exhibition of the most complete exhibition of Miss Cassatt's black and white and color etchings that has ever been brought together. The club has been at work for a long time on this undertaking. The Avery, Robert Hartshorne and other collections will be drawn upon. Work is also advancing on the complete catalogue of Miss Cassatt's prints which will be brought out by the Grolier Club. Miss Cassatt's etchings, though for many years admired by artists, were slow in winning the approval of the more conservative collectors, but with the announcement of the deserved tribute which the Grolier Club is paying to Miss Cassatt by bringing out a complete catalogue, the tardy collectors are rushing to obtain examples of her art.

Following the Nevinson exhibition at the Bourgeois gallery, Mr. Nevinson returned rather unexpectedly to England. The next exhibition to be held by Mr. Bourgeois will consist of the work of Alfeo Faggi, an Italian sculptor who settled in Chicago some years before the war, where he executed a number of commissions. Mr. Faggi returned to Italy to fight for his country in the war, and on coming back to America joined the colony of artists at Woodstock, N. Y. The exhibition, which opens in February, will be his first one-man exhibition in New York, although some small pieces were shown in 1917 at the Whitney galleries.



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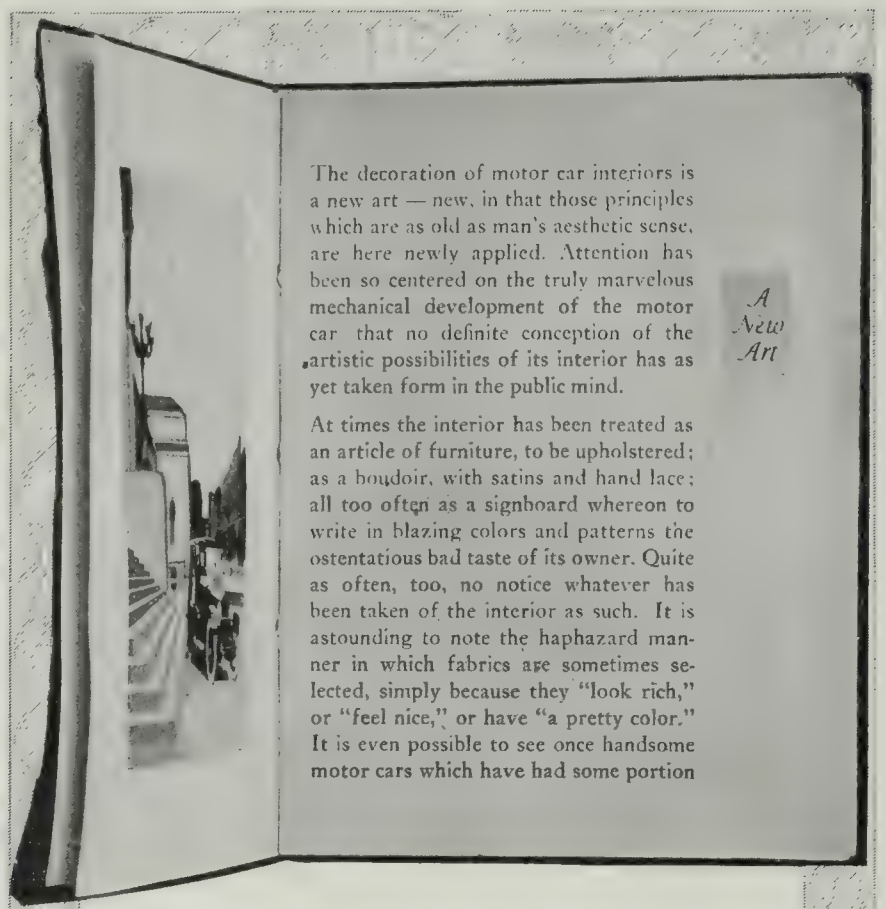

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How Is a Costume Created?

(*Continued from page 228*)

and important professional element in America. She was born in Indiana; became a dressmaker to earn a living, and afterwards studied sculpture for amusement, to fill an idle summer. She found, to her surprise, that it materially helped her professional understanding. She is one of a small number of designers who make costumes for the woman who dresses with discrimination and without undue reference to cost. She is the designer of Joseph, of Fifth Avenue.

IN America there are three divisions of the costume industry. The first treats costume as an industry, and through efficient use of machinery; highly organized and specialized labor turns out costumes almost on the principle and with all the beneficial results that Ford turns out automobiles. There is a second group that treats clothes as a craft, with a very strong leaning towards the individual and artistic presentation. In these organizations handwork largely takes the place of machinery, and the only difference between them and the third class, or the specialty shop, lies in the fact that they make clothes of a more general character, and study rather types of women and general activities than individual cases.

The specialty shop, here and abroad, is devoted to the costume needs and whims of individual women.

In Paris there are a round dozen internationally known dressmakers. They are accorded an almost equal artistic rating, and an infinitely higher financial standing than the painters and the moulders of clay. Before the war, to these establishments came the titled ladies from Central Europe; half-Oriental princesses from Russia; millionaires from South America, and leaders of fashion and stage favorites from America. They came to secure not alone the finest clothes and textures, but to confer personally with the designers on matters of costume.

The war interrupted this golden stream of wealth and ideas, and while it has been resumed to a large extent since hostilities ceased, the American designers in the interval were able to demonstrate the solidity of their own position.

The designers of 57th Street and Fifth Avenue would be the last people to disclaim the tutelage of the French. With few exceptions, important members of these organizations make seasonable visits to Paris. They buy models, purchase materials, and absorb French ideas. At the same time it must be admitted that in many respects the American designer possesses a greater knowledge of the individual taste; has a more complete sympathy with the ideas and ideals of her American sisters, and has demonstrated a cultured independence that in many instances has raised her to the basis of equality with the French masters.

In this story I have discussed only documentary ideas. Museums, while not used to the extent that they should be or might be if adequate facilities were offered, are still one source, and a valuable one, of inspiration. In the Brooklyn Museum this fact was considered with great care, and a special room filled with costumes and fabrics from many parts of the world placed at the disposal of the costume and theatrical designers.

The Theatre Guild's play, "The Faithful," and Belasco's success, "The Son-Daughter," owe something of their authenticity and charm to careful research in this room. Many of our prominent costume designers have used it for the last two or three years, with telling effect. Miss Bouslogue has been a consistent and very successful student of the materials here represented.

The room itself has none of the formalities of a museum—none of the aloofness. It is as intimate as an individual studio, and as free from restrictions, except good taste and a sense of propriety. But it is only an adjunct to professional designing—a kind of documentary library in which the designer, with experience, taste and craftsmanship, may select certain motifs and silhouettes, that may ultimately become useful in contemporaneous designing.

TO a large degree the success of the specialty designer depends on her ability to dress perhaps fifty women acceptably. These women, occupying leading places in the social and theatrical worlds, are followed by other women who admire their attainments, or are influenced by their taste and position. These individuals are by no means amateurish in their attitude towards clothes, and the designer needs to be well equipped and possess not only sound judgment, but great tact, in order to satisfy their critical judgment.

The original document, a combination of midnight green linen, rich, mellow embroidery, showing a reminiscence of late Greek and Oriental influences, and executed with patient and almost perfect craftsmanship, is very beautiful.

The Bokharan camel driver furnished the inspiration; an Oriental scholar of taste and discrimination brought it to America; a great Museum offered its resources and organization to assist the costume industry, and a designer with skill and knowledge interpreted the inspiration, and justified the activities of the scholar and the vision of the Museum. I can only add that I am happy to be named "among those present."

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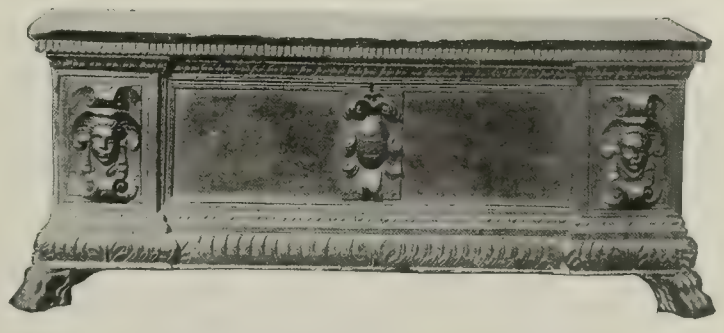

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Portrait of Leo Ornstein by Leon Kroll

Musical Futurists of the Past and Present

By ROLAND WOOD

GENIUS means vastly more than painstaking; more than technique and taste and scholarship. A genius must create at least new forms. The uncreative mind at best has talent.

All men of genius have been pioneers. They have paved ways and opened up new worlds. They are what might, in a big sense, be called Futurists. This does not mean that they are freaks or cranks, mere mockers at time-honored modes and laws in art, in politics, in sociology and in letters. It does not mean that they are cheap sensationalists, like certain painters who made such a stir here years ago, at a much talked of and most interesting Post-Impressionist Exhibition.

There have been futurists for centuries past in music, as in all the other arts. They were the forerunners, the inventors of new styles, the men of genius, who had visions of their own, and could not bring themselves to walk in beaten roads.

Bach, in his own day, was a futurist. So those early Florentine composers, Peri and Monteverde, when, with their "Dafnes" and their "Orfeos," they invented opera.

What was the sneer most often flung at Wagner? Did not they scoff at his marvellous music-dreams as the music of the future?

Yes. Richard Wagner, now ranked with the gods of his high art, was, for long years, a futurist. So was Debussy. So, to most, is Schoenberg. Debussy had to brave the public fury. And yet today he is an acknowledged master. A work he sent from Rome was thought so wicked that its performance was forbidden by the authorities who judged such efforts. The production of his "Pélléas" in Paris caused near-riots. Those who applauded were denounced as degenerates. If he was very lately branded as a futurist, he now almost, if not quite, ranks with the classics. By thousands, here and elsewhere, the composer of "La Mer" and "Pélléas" is even sneered at as an absolute back number. The futurists of the hour are often insolent. Their turn may come.

"The music of the future." Wagner wrote it. In Italy itself he has won fame. Yet, in my callow youth, I also shied at Wagner. Even "Lohengrin" distressed me by its strangeness. Saint-Saëns, if I mistake not, scorns Debussy, though he was quicker than all other French composers of his early days to grasp and realize the magic of "The Ring." Pol Plançon (who was only a great singer) pronounced "Pélléas" infamous. To thousands that *chef d'œuvre* is still a mystery. There are musicians here who gibber at Ravel, and think his "L'Heure Espagnole" quite anti-musical. "So many men, so many minds," is always true.

STRAUSS — even Richard Strauss—has ceased to satisfy a number of our younger musical modernists. They borrow from him freely in their scores. But they disown him, as a man behind the times. There is some base alloy in nearly all his works; yet to deny him his right place in art is childish. Why not discriminate a bit between false and true? Why rail at yesterday because we live today? Can we not recognize the work of Strauss without ceasing to admire d'Indy and Albeniz?

If he did nothing else, Strauss helped the ultra-modernists to make their futuristic tones endurable. Had we been forced to pass straight from Gounod to Stravinsky we might have found the transition rather hard. But, after listening to the "Sinfonia Domestica" our ears accept "Petrouchka" as quite restful. They might not shrink from operas by Prokofieff.

Alas, poor Richard Strauss. His

(*Continued on second page following*)

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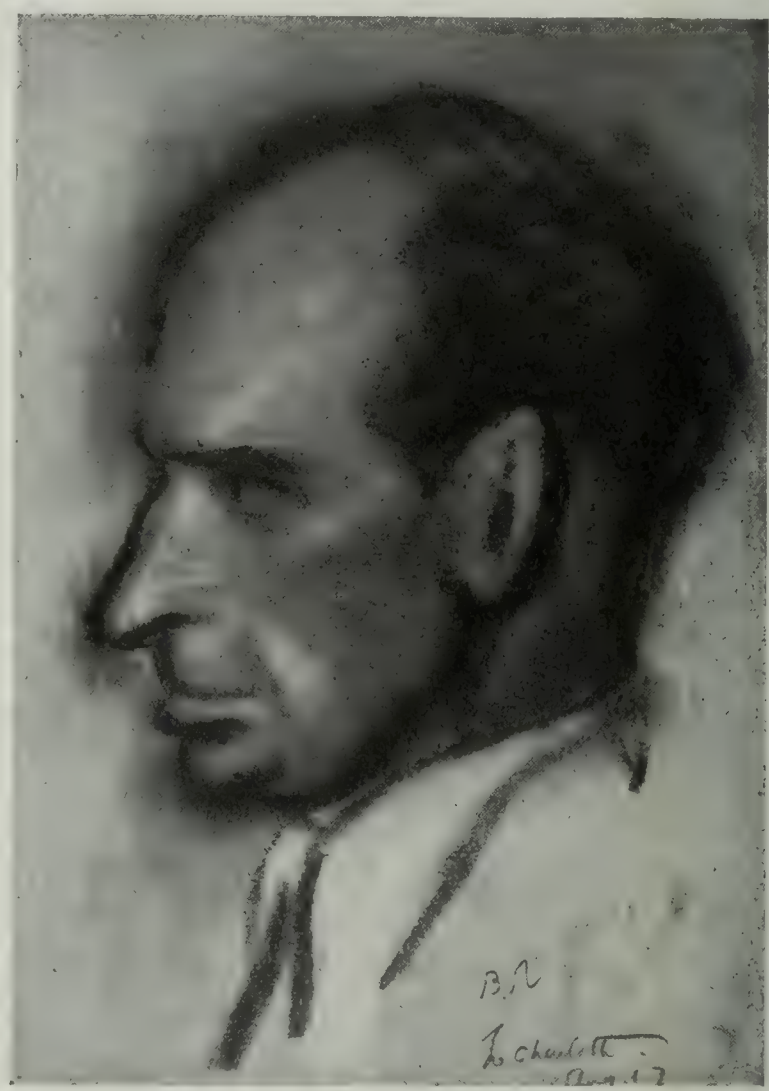
(*Continued from second page preceding*)

day is done. The Russians and the Spaniards have displaced him in the public heart. For the nonce, the Russian and Spanish schools are in the ascendant. The Russians most discussed just now are not Tschaikowsky, with his drab "Eugene Onegin," nor Rubinstein, with his "Demon," nor even Moussorgsky, with his wonderful "Boris Goudonow"; but Prokofieff and that Stravinsky who devised "Petrouchka." Here is a published futurist worth studying. A man who has new things to give the world. "Petrouchka" is much better than it sounds—at first—to those who worship Massenet and Puccini. The harmonies of Stravinsky grow on one. They begin by vexing and they end by winning. This is, in some sense, true of other harmonists, and notably of Strauss. Stravinsky, though, is more than a mere harmonist. Like Moussorgsky, but in a new way, he has interpreted the emotion of his people. In "Petrouchka" he presses curious things, pathetic, tragic, moving and ironic, all plainly Russian, to a Russian ear. We may not wholly understand his tones, but we do feel that they are thoroughly characteristic. Crude, sometimes, to the lovers of suave sounds, and, here and there, barbaric in effect. But eloquent, sincere, impressive, new, as neither Rubinstein nor Tschaikowsky ever were.

STRAVINSKY has had many ups and downs. Not long ago we heard of him in Russia. He had been picked by the Bolshevist authorities as a great artist whom they bowed to. The Bolshevists, we heard, had voted 50,000 rubles, more or less, for a new work of his. Then something happened. When we next heard of him, Stravinsky was in Switzerland, an exile, almost starving, disenchanted. And now another rumor comes our way. Stravinsky is in touch once more with Moscow.

Can they love art, then, after all, these Bolshevists? Or is their patronage of music only policy? If we could get at him, Stravinsky might clear up this dark and much disputed problem. Rachmaninoff (who has no love of Bolshevists) would laugh if you suggested that Lenine and Trotzky really care for art. I hope, for all our sakes, they care for music. If they would help Stravinsky to compose at ease, he might delight us with works greater than "Petrouchka."



Portrait of Charles Ruggles by Boardman Robinson

The futurists of today and yesterday will be succeeded by the futurists of tomorrow. They may be Spanish, English, French or Jugo-Slav. They may — audacious thought—be Americans. The foreigners have advantages in their folk songs which our composers lack. Moussorgsky, Dukas, Albeniz, Stravinsky, can draw upon those songs for inspiration. Americans have a few Creole melodies—enough at most to inspire perhaps three operas. What melodies they write they will have to invent unless the themes with which they deal are frankly foreign. It will not matter, if they give us human music, expressive of emotions shared by all. Love, passion, aspiration, sorrow, dreams—these men and women know throughout

(*Continued on second page following*)

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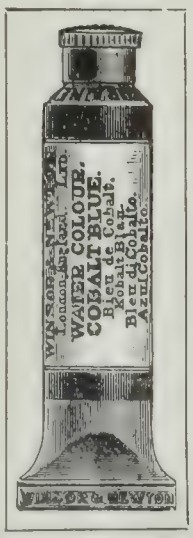

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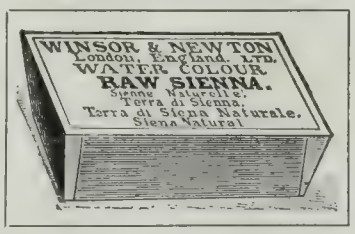

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(Continued from second page preceding)

the world. They are the foundation of all symphonies and operas.

While we wait for our own futurists to reveal themselves, we have much to hope for from the foreign schools. We have not yet heard Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Mlada" and "Snegourotchka." Of the melodious Czech school we know only "The Bartered Bride." They may be short of futurists in Italy, but France has futurists of today and yesterday who still knock vainly at our churlish doors.

SOME day, I do not doubt, we shall awake to find we have at last some great composer. He may not fit in with the public taste. He may be mocked at, like most men of genius. But here and there, be sure, a few will cling to him. He will dismay the critics who hate all things new. They will deride him as another anarchist. And yet—and yet—if he can but fight on, the time must come when he will win his crown. There is a future for our native music. Don't laugh at even our American "futurists."

The poorest of the composers in this country was once Leo Ornstein. Friends helped him in his early days of pain. He qualified, first as a pianist, then as a musician. And then one day he married a rich woman. He has one quality of genius, but lacks others. He can invent, in a queer, freakish sort of way. But how he strains! Some songs and piano works of Leo Ornstein are certainly unlike those of his rivals. They are not beautiful, indeed, but they seem new; though one would need to study all the Russian music to be sure of that. The effort to amaze and daze and startle is too evident in his work, as a composer, and at times as an interpreter. It makes one hesitate to admit his claims to fame—it checks the ardor of his sincere admirers.

THERE is a composer living somewhere near New York for whom his friends predict a quite unusual future. He has been chiefly known thus far as a conductor. For years he was the director of a symphony society. Not in New York, but in the wild Northwest, to which, outside of a few populous cities, good music still seems a bewildering mystery. His first great work will shortly be completed—a lyric tragedy, with a poetic theme. I have been privileged to hear parts of this tragedy. Bold work but baffling to old-fashioned ears, accustomed to the rhythms, modes and formulas of Massenet and Puccini. Baffling to even some who respond to Debussy. The fact that few have seen Charles Ruggles is neither in his favor nor against him. Nor should his homely name disturb one's judgment. It is a plain, New England name, as good as many. Dickens is not a pretty patronymic. Yet when he wrote his novels we forgave it. What's in a name, if Ruggles is a rose? This much, at all events, is true of him. His music is the creation of his brain.

In his more confidential moods, with his few intimates, Charles Ruggles rather prides himself on being a futurist. Which must not be confounded with an anarchist. For, in the lyric work of which I have heard fragments, he sticks to melody of a peculiar kind. His harmony—aye, there's the rub. It puzzles, charms and thrills. It rouses anger. In places it defies severe analysis. The man is as unusual as his music, quaint to a fault, aggressive and emotional. An emotional composer in America who dreams of music, lives and slaves for music. I have tried to trace his themes to other musicians and have always failed. The score of his one opera (or, to be accurate, his lyric tragedy) is full of color, new and ingenious tonal combinations, and deliberate dissonances. But the composer cares much less for harmonies and for color than for melody.

His "melody," however, is not of usual kind. It has not even a remote relationship to conventional "tunes." To musicians versed in modern idioms it will be clear enough. But to the public it may not at first be clear. To requote James Huneker, one needs new ears to enjoy new music. We had to adjust ourselves to Wagner and Debussy. Some have not done so yet. To some, Stravinsky still spells only discord. And many might be puzzled both by the melody of Ruggles and by his artful, well thought-out, but unusual dissonances.

WHAT should appeal to us in our modernist composers is not their mere horror of conventional ideas, but their attempts to give us others in their place. If, as a substitute for melody they produce only discord—if, as an alternative to formal beauty, they invent only ugliness—they will be swept away. In painting we have washed our hands of Cubism. It had its passing vogue and died, like all such fads. But, among the men who pose as futurists in music there is some sincerity, some earnestness of purpose. It has taken years and years for Charles Ruggles to perfect his lyric tragedy. And he is only one of many who are toiling, quite unaided, hardly recognized, to put new meanings and new values into music.

We have not been slow to appreciate, in the concert room, the genius of Debussy and Ravel. We have taken up Stravinsky's suites and ballets and Moussorgsky's "Boris Goudonow." But to the composers of our land, of whom many have at least unusual talent, while one or two may have the vital spark of genius, we close our ears. To have a foreign name seems more important here today invention. But all high efforts in music than to have boldness and the older lands of Europe.
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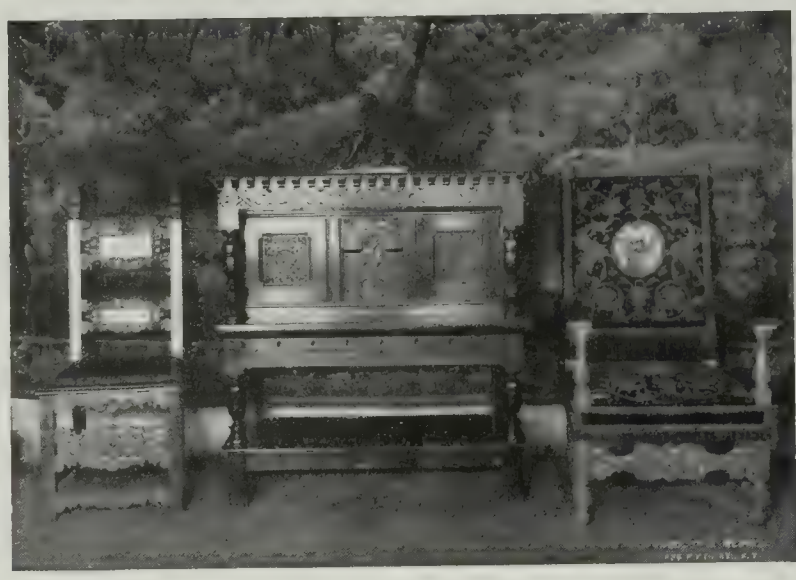

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"Heartbreak House" and Other Plays

(*Continued from page 213*)

the performance. Albert Perry lent ruggedness and a touch of honesty to the improbable part of the old sea captain. And the Zeppelin had the terror of reality to those who had heard bombs burst over Europe.

It might be worth while for one of our art theatres to dig up two or three of Gilbert's plays; to pit them against all that Shaw has given us, and watch the outcome. Long years have passed since Gilbert charmed our fathers (and perhaps our grandfathers) with "The Wicked World" and that delightful work "The Palace of Truth." What should we think of them today, I wonder? Would they seem out of date, as some suppose, or would they please? For my part, I believe they would endure the test, and make G. B. S. look a little cheap. For Gilbert did not wield a satiric bludgeon. He scored his points by brilliant rapier thrusts. His ironies went home. They hit the mark. But they were fine and keen and delicate. They realized the ideal of comedy, expressed in *Castigat ridendo mores.*

Gilbert was quite as impatient of conventional tosh as Shaw when he wrote "Pinafore" and "Iolanthe." We laughed at both of them not long ago. We might find much to laugh at in "The Wicked World." And Gilbert's fantasies would give great scope for modern settings of the rarest kind.

The more I see of men, the more I love dogs, said someone. The more I hear of Shaw, the more I admire Gilbert.

IN startling contrast to the ironies of Shaw is the romanticism of a play called "Just Suppose." A play in which we see the Prince of Wales (carefully modelled on the Edward whom we know) fall honestly in love with a Virginian maid, for whom he offers to renounce his royal birthright. A story of a never, never land, too fanciful to be true, but pretty. As an antidote to "Heartbreak House" I liked it. So may you, if you are not too grim to put yourself back for an hour or two into a youthful mood. You must do that, though. You must be willing to admit that youthful princes may have hearts; that they do not always shrink from escapades; and that, just now and then, they do grow sick of etiquette and flummery and flattery.

Nor need you strain so very much to "just suppose" that a Prince of Wales like Edward (in the play he is George) might have adventures of the kind described in the comedy of A. E. Thomas now current at the Henry Miller Theatre. There have been hints and more than hints of love romances which concerned— Shall we say Edward's ancestors? They were all denied. But—that proved little.

The third and last act in this play is superfluous. But it is touching and does not undo the romantic charm that marks the earlier passages. And the chief characters are very well interpreted, especially those of the old, dictatorial, able British Ambassador, an inimitably finished bit of acting by the veteran, Fred Kerr; the Prince of Wales, played with boyishness by Godfrey Kerr, his son; the attaché, which in some way is still better, of Leslie Howard; and the Mrs. Carter Stafford, of Mrs. Whiffen.

AFTER failing (very rightly) with its own venture, Halbe's gross and uncalled for "Youth," the Greenwich Village Theatre has grown prosperous again, thanks to the production (under the auspices of Mr. Arthur Hopkins) of a by no means perfect, though effective, three-act play (from the Danish of Sven Lange, by Samuel Grossman), entitled "Samson and Delilah." It is a retelling, in a modern form, of the old Bible tale, with a second act in which we watch a rehearsal, at the Thalia Theatre, of the chief episode in the tragedy of Samson—his betrayal to the Philistines. The story is a simple bit of symbolism. The Samson stands for poetry and ideals. The Delilah is the stage which murders poetry. And in the Philistines they see the stupid public. The parallel is rigidly observed, both in the outer drama and the inner play. No one seemed shocked by the absurdity of certain details—as, for example, the return in the last act of the Delilah with her lover to her husband's rooms, where she is liable of course at any moment to be trapped and killed.

But here, for once, the play is not "the thing." For the unquestioned triumph of this "Samson and Delilah" Mr. Hopkins may give thanks to a young Jewish actor, name Ben-Ami, who, after winning praise for two years on the Yiddish stage, made his appearance for the first time as an English-speaking artist.

"Rollo's Wild Oat," produced some time ago at the Punch and Judy Theatre, will doubtless draw well for a time. Clare Kummer, in her old field, has no rival. She laughs at form and at accepted stage conventions. But she has lightness and a host of minor merits which have made her popular.

Of Mr. George M. Cohan's latest, "Mary," now doing fairly well at the Knickerbocker, and "The Meanest Man in the World," at the Hudson, it is enough to say that they may be agreeable to the average playgoers. A fantasy by F. H. Rose, "The Whispering Well," has replaced John Galsworthy's much over-rated work, "The Mob," at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Of this and other plays I may have more to say.

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A Calendar of Current Art Exhibitions

Ackermann Galleries, 10 East 46th Street, standing exhibition of sporting prints.

Ainslie Galleries, 615 Fifth Avenue, standing exhibition of paintings by George Inness.

American Art Association, 6 East 23rd Street, sale of oriental objects from the Art House, January 3-8; sale of the paintings of Jacques Seligmann, January 27.

Anderson Galleries, 489 Park Avenue, sale of the Chamberlain books, afternoons of January 5, 6 and 7; Japanese prints, evening of January 7; the da Silva furniture, afternoon of January 8; the Brickses and Wilmerding books, afternoons of January 10, 11 and 12; a collection of paintings, evening of January 14; O. A. Hawkins books, afternoons of January 18 and 19; G. D. Smith books, evenings of January 20 and 21; the Edgar sale (Part 2), evenings of January 24 and 25; collection of a New York Connoisseur, afternoon of January 26, afternoons and evenings of January 27 and 28, afternoon of January 29.

Arlington Galleries, 274 Madison Avenue, exhibition of paintings by Robert Vonnoh, January 6-22.

Arden Galleries, 599 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of ritual and theatrical masks and decorated costumes, January 3-15.

Babcock Galleries, 19 East 49th Street, exhibition of paintings by Joseph H. Boston and Albert P. Lucas, January 3-15; by Hugo M. Fisher, January 15-31.

Bourgeois Galleries, 668 Fifth Avenue, standing exhibition of old and modern paintings.

Daniel Galleries, 2 West 47th Street, exhibition of paintings by Lawson, Glackens, Prendergast and Henri, January 1-31.

Dudensing Galleries, 45 West 44th Street, international exhibition of paintings, January 1-31.

Durand Ruel Galleries 12 East 57th Street, exhibition of paintings by Sisley, January 8-22.

Ehrich Galleries, 707 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of Spanish paintings, January 1-31; paintings by J. Stuart Barney, January 24-31.

Ferargil Galleries, 607 Fifth Avenue, standing exhibition of American paintings.

Folsom Galleries, 104 West 57th Street, exhibition of paintings by Henry M. Hoyt, January 11-24; by Harry de Maine, January 26-February 5.

Hanfstaengl Galleries, 153 West 57th Street, fantastic paintings by Mary E. McCauley, January 1-31.

Hispanic Society, Broadway and 156th Street, collection of Spanish works of art, including paintings by El Greco, Velasquez and Goya.

Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, exhibition of paintings by Old Masters.

Howard Young Galleries, 620 Fifth Avenue, standing exhibition of American and foreign paintings.

Kennedy Galleries, 613 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of six Boston etchers, January 1-31.

Kingore Galleries, 668 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of paintings by Nicolas Roerich, until January 15.

Knoedler Galleries, 556 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of English landscapes and portraits, old English sporting prints, and prints by Bohn, Whistler, Durer, etc., January 1-31.

Kraushaar Galleries, 680 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of modern French and American paintings, January 1-31.

Keppel & Co., 4 East 39th Street, exhibition of Whistler lithographs, January 15-31.

Levy Galleries, 559 Fifth Avenue, standing exhibition of paintings by American artists.

Macbeth Galleries, 450 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of paintings by Felicie Howell and Chauncey Ryder, January 2-18; annual exhibition of thirty pictures by thirty artists, January 18-February 8.

Milch Galleries, 108 West 57th Street, exhibition of portraits by Albert Delmont Smith, December 27-January 8; paintings by Brush, Crane, Hassam, Metcalf, Murphy and Doing, January 8-31.

Montross Galleries, 550 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of paintings of China by Frederic Clay Bartlett and sculpture by Janet Scudder, January 12-31.

Mussman Galleries, 144 West 57th Street, exhibition of paintings by Matilda Brownell, January 1-31.

Museum of French Art, 599 Fifth Avenue, fourth official loan exhibition of Porcelain of France, January 19-31.

Museum of Natural History, Columbus Avenue and 77th Street, permanent collection of works of art. Open weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Avenue and 82d Street; open daily 10-5, Saturday until 10 p.m. Admission Monday and Friday, 25 cents; other days, free.

National Arts Club, 119 East 19th Street, annual prize exhibition for painter and sculptor members, January 5-27.

New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, "American lithographs of to-day," until January 15.

Pen and Brush Club, 134 East 19th Street, general exhibition, January 1-31.

Powell Galleries, 117 West 57th Street, exhibition of the work of twenty artists, January 1-15.

Rehn Galleries, 6 West 50th Street, standing exhibition of American paintings.

Schwartz Galleries, 14 East 46th Street, exhibition of colored etchings by T. F. Simon and paintings by George H. Traver, January 17-29.

Scott & Fowles, 590 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of 17th and 18th century portraits and landscapes, January 1-31.

Society of American Fakirs, 11 East 44th Street, exhibition of American illustrations and commercial art, January 1-15.

Wildenstein Galleries, 647 Fifth Avenue, exhibition of paintings by Paul Helleu, January 1-31.

A Current Musical Calendar

Carnegie Hall—January

1—Aft. Symphony Concert for Young people.
1—Eve. Violin Recital by Toscha Seidel.
2—Aft. Philharmonic Society.
2—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.
3—Aft. Song Recital by Joseph Schwartz.
3—Eve. Toscanini and La Scala Orchestra.
4—Eve. Thanis Classic Dancer with Symphony Orchestra.
4—Eve. Philadelphia Orchestra.
5—Aft. Philadelphia Orchestra Matinee.
5—Eve. Song Recital by Frieda Hempel.
6—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra.
6—Eve. Boston Symphony Orchestra.
7—Aft. Violin Recital by Rudolph Bochco.
7—Eve. New York Symphony Orchestra.
8—Aft. Boston Symphony Orchestra.
8—Eve. Philharmonic Society.
9—Aft. Song Recital by Werrenrath.
9—Eve. Burton Holmes Lecture.
10—Aft. Burton Holmes Lecture.
11—Aft. National Symphony Orchestra.
11—Eve. Banks Glee Club.
12—Aft. Lecture by H. G. Wells.
12—Eve. Schola Cantorum of N. Y.
13—Aft. National Symphony Orchestra.
13—Eve. Philharmonic Society.
14—Aft. Philharmonic Society.
14—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.
15—Aft. Piano Recital by Josef Hofmann.
15—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.
16—Aft. Philharmonic Society.
16—Eve. Burton Holmes Lecture.
17—Aft. Burton Holmes Lecture.
17—Eve. Violin Recital by Mitnitcky.
18—Aft. Lecture by H. G. Wells.
18—Eve. Piano Recital by Rachmaninoff.
19—Aft. Lecture by H. G. Wells.
19—Eve. Song Recital by Anna Case.
20—Aft. National Symphony Orchestra.
20—Eve. Philharmonic Society.
21—Aft. Philharmonic Society.
21—Eve. Violin Recital by Albert Vertchamp.
22—Aft. Violin Recital by Zimbalist.
22—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.
23—Aft. Philharmonic Society.
23—Eve. Burton Holmes Lecture.
24—Aft. Burton Holmes Lecture.
24—Eve. Piano Recital by Alfred Cortot.
25—Aft. National Symphony Orchestra.
25—Eve. Chicago Symphony Orchestra.
26—Aft. Metropolitan Musical Bureau.
26—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.
27—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra.
27—Eve. Philharmonic Society.
28—Aft. Philharmonic Society.
28—Eve. New York Symphony Orchestra.
29—Aft. Symphony Concert for Young People.
29—Eve. Chalif School.
30—Aft. Philharmonic Society.
30—Eve. Burton Holmes Lecture.
31—Aft. Burton Holmes Lecture.
31—Eve. Mecca Temple.

Aeolian Hall—January

1—Aft. Song Recital, Lambert Murphy.
1—Eve. Song Recital, Francisca Catalina.
2—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Soloist; Albert Coats, Conducting.
3—Aft. Piano Recital, Yolando Mero.
3—Eve. Violin Recital, Joseph Fuchs.
4—Aft. Song Recital, Marguerite D'Alvarez.
4—Eve. Concert, Beethoven Association, Eva Gauthier, Mezzo Soprano, Efrem Zimbalist, Violinist.
5—Aft. Violin Recital, Gustave Tinlot.
6—Aft. Song Recital, Royal Dadmum.
6—Eve. Song Recital, George Meader.
7—Aft. Piano Recital, Ignaz Friedman.
7—Eve. Song Recital, Marion Armstrong.
8—Mor. Children's Concert, New York Symphony Orchestra.
8—Aft. Piano Recital, Ignaz Friedman.
8—Eve. Concert, The New York Trio.
9—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra, Albert Spalding, Soloist.
10—Aft. Violin Recital, Daisy Kennedy.
10—Eve. Sonata Recital, Mr. & Mrs. Alexander Bloch.
11—Aft. Song Recital, Frieda Klink.
11—Eve. Concert, New York Chamber Music Society.
12—Mor. Lecture on "Current History in the Making"; Jessica Lozier Payne.
12—Aft. Piano Recital, Harold Morris.
13—Aft. Piano Recital, Edward Morris.
13—Eve. Song Recital, Elizabeth Gibbs.
14—Aft. Song Recital, Birgit Engell.
14—Eve. Song Recital, Yvonne de Treville.
15—Aft. Piano Recital, Alfred Mirovitch.
15—Eve. Benefit Concert by the Society of M. S. of San Cataldo.
16—Aft. Concert, The Society of the Friends of Music, Orchestra and Chorus.
17—Aft. Piano Recital, Maurice Reeve.
17—Eve. Concert, Schumann Club of New York, Cond. Percy Rector Stephens.
18—Aft. Piano Recital, Arthur Shattuck.
18—Eve. Concert, Flonzaley Quartet.
20—Aft. Joint Recital, Hambourg Trio, Campbell McInness.
20—Eve. Concert, The Singers Club of New York.
21—Eve. Piano Recital, Rudolph Ganz.
22—Aft. Piano Recital, Ernest Hutcheson.
22—Eve. Cello Recital, Daisy Jean.
23—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra, Elie Robert Schmitz-Soloist.
24—Aft. Song Recital, Knight MacGregor.
24—Eve. Song Recital, Edgar Schofield.
25—Eve. Concert, Letz Quartet.
26—Mor. Lecture on "Current History in the Making"; Jessica Lozier Payne.
26—Aft. Piano Recital, Olga Samaroff.
27—Aft. Song Recital, Marguerite D'Alvarez.
27—Eve. Song Recital, Grace Kerns.
28—Aft. Violin Recital, Kathleen Parlow.
29—Eve. Piano Recital, Marguerite Volavy.
30—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra, Guy Maier, Lee Pattison, Soloists.
31—Aft. Song Recital, Roderick Benton.
31—Eve. Piano Recital, Bernece Kazanoff.

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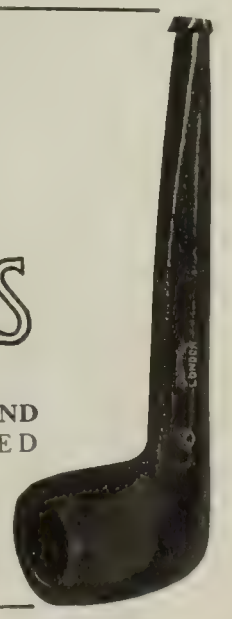

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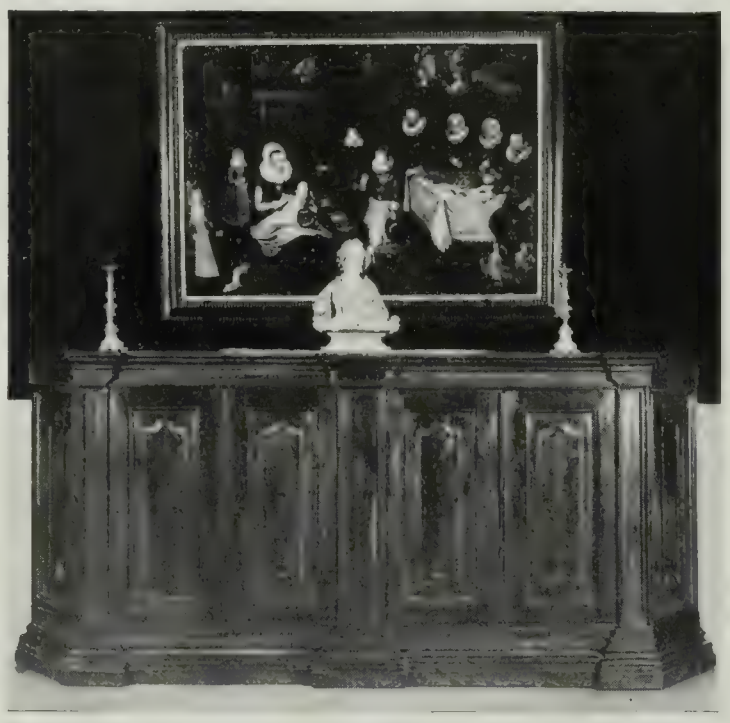

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Figure representing Time

A Remarkable Fountain Group for Chicago

IF people who visited the World's Fair held at Chicago in 1893 and saw the "Midway Plaisance," the home of all the side shows of the big Columbian Exposition, should visit this famous street today they would see a marvelous transformation well under way. From a freak avenue into the most artistic boulevard in the world is a stupendous jump, but that is what is being accomplished, although the plan is so huge that years yet will be required to complete it.

The Midway of today is a beautiful grassy strip a mile in length and a thousand feet wide, connecting Jackson Park, in which the World's Fair was held, with Washington Park. Through the centre of this strip is a depression about three hundred feet wide, and on either side are boulevards, bridle paths and wide sidewalks, with the imposing buildings of the University of Chicago on the north side. It is proposed to run a canal, connecting the lakes of the two parks, through this depression, and to span it with three ornamental bridges, dedicated to Art, Science and Religion, respectively, while at each end of the boulevard will be a monumental fountain, all the work of Lorado Taft, Chicago sculptor, who is in reality the father of the entire scheme.

Mr. Taft has just completed, after more than four years' work, the "Fountain of Time," which stands at the west end of the Midway. This notable work of art was suggested to Mr. Taft by Austin Dobson's lines:

"Time goes, you say? Ah, no.
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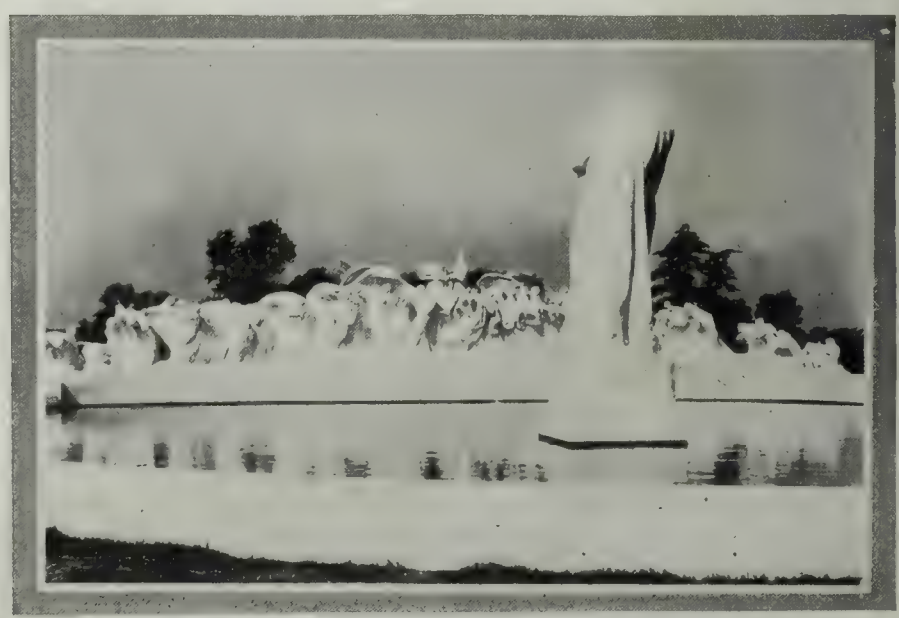

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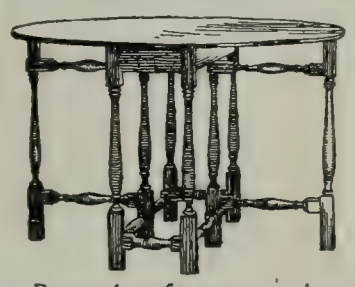

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Wallace Morgan. Americans Mopping Up at Cièrges

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The Last Works of Renoir

A FEW critics and a good many dealers have circulated the report that in his last years Renoir never did anything comparable to those works of his prime which earned him a supreme place among the artists of our time. A circumstance which lent color to this opinion was that he was known to have been, more or less, crippled by rheumatism for many years before the end. A visit to his house at Cagnes which I was enabled to make by the kindness of his son, M. Jean Renoir, convinced me of the incorrectness of this view. The pictures which remain there represent the results of what are ordinarily called his "declining years" and surely there was never so surprising an efflorescence of creative power as is there displayed. I doubt whether even Titian or Rembrandt who both attained maturity at fifty, made such amazing progress at the very end of their lives as Renoir did in his last decade. With the cunning which comes of a lifelong application to a single pursuit, he actually found how to turn his physical disability into an advantage for his art. Subtlety and finesse of drawing being denied to him, he was bound to conceive his forms with such amplitude, such simplicity of contour as his crippled hand could still express readily. This is, of course, in line with the ultimate development of all great art. A forced and schematic simplicity is a disastrous pitfall, but the synthesis which comes from long familiarity with the varieties and intricacies of form is the last perfection of art. Renoir would no doubt have attained to this in any case. He was tending towards it throughout his career, but in the end was forced to make the step more completely and more whole-heartedly than any other modern artist.

RENOIR'S attitude to life was too simple, his enjoyment was too direct and immediate to force him to any curious investigations into the possibilities of design. He had none of the passion of a Poussin or a Cézanne for unforeseen architectural possibilities. With him, sensation always predominated over the reflective faculties. So that, while he was always a superb painter, he was, for the most part, not a great or original designer. That is to say that while his design was always extremely competent, well balanced and adequate, it was not by his disposition of the masses, and their relative proportion that he most excited the imagination. By a natural inclination he adopted the simplest possible relations of plastic masses, namely, that of a bas-relief. Each mass is so modelled that the highest light tends to fall on the most prominent part, and the receding planes retire not to infinity but only, as it were, to the common plane from which all the masses emerge. In his latest work this tendency to simplify the plastic relief is even more marked than before, but more than this, with the growing necessity for simplification of contour there followed, inevitably, a great amplification of all the forms, and the whole design tends to be filled with a very few prominent masses. And these masses are disposed with such perfect understanding of their relations to the picture space that in the end Renoir became what he had scarcely ever been before—a great and original designer. As examples of this, one may cite the two superb seated nudes seen from the back with their heads slightly turned towards the spectators, which are reproduced in M. Andreé's book on Renoir. I doubt whether painting has ever gone beyond this point in the realization of plastic relief, and this without any loss of the fullest intensity of color; for to Renoir, as to Cézanne, relief was to be attained not by degradations and negations of color, but solely by the perfect apprehension of the differing color sensations of the various planes.

The last great composition which Renoir executed was a very large canvas with two nude women reclining in a sunlit landscape. The rhythm of the two figures is perfectly haramonized, and the modelling of the forms is pushed to its utmost limits with an audacity which is almost startling. It has a plenitude of life and a voluptuous richness which Rubens might have envied.

THERE is also a composition of "Baigneuses" in which Renoir has taken up again, and with fuller power than ever before, a subject which had always haunted his imagination. And here the interwoven sequences of limbs and torsos fill the whole composition. So masterly is the design of this *melée* of nude forms that without any sense of crowding every part of the surface seems drawn into the general movement; every touch contributes to the plastic enrichment of the design. And here perhaps more than elsewhere Renoir's color attains its completest and richest expression. Like so many of the primitives he worked by preference at the red end of the spectrum—in his extremely limited palette he found room for two different kinds of vermilion —and this composition seems to attain to undreamt-of intensities of red and yellow. It starts, as it were, where Rubens left off and finds a richer and more resonant chord of the highest, most penetrating notes of the scale. But this is attained by the subtlety of the transitions and not by a brutal display of positive color. Thus

the intense brilliance of the yellows in this, as in all Renoir's recent work, is obtained without the use of any brighter color than Naples yellow.

WHEREAS Cézanne undertook his indefatigable research for the perspective of the receding planes, Renoir seems to have accepted a very simple general plastic formula. Whatever Cézanne may have meant by his celebrated saying about cones and cylinders, Renoir seems to have thought the sphere and cylinder sufficient for his purpose. The figure presents itself to his eye as an arrangement of more or less hemispherical bosses and cylinders, and he appears generally to arrange the light so that the most prominent part of each boss receives the highest light. From this the planes recede by insensible gradations towards the contour, which generally remains the vaguest, least ascertained part of the modeling. Whatever lies immediately behind the contour tends to become drawn into its sphere of influence, to form an undefined recession enveloping and receiving the receding planes. As the eye passes away from the contour, new but less marked bosses form themselves and fill the background with repetitions of the general theme. The picture tends thus to take the form of a bas-relief in which the recessions are not into the profound distances of pictorial space, but only back, as it were, to the block out of which the bossed reliefs emerge, though, of course, by means of atmospheric color the eye may interpret these recessions into distance. This is clearly in marked contrast to Cézanne's method of suggesting endless recessions of planes with the most complicated interwoven texture.

RENOIR'S drawing takes on the same fundamental simplicity. An Ingres arrived at the simplified statement necessary for great design by a process of gradual elimination of all the superfluous sinuosities which his hand had recorded in the first drawing from nature. Renoir seems never to have allowed his eye to accept more than the larger elements of mass and direction. His full, rounded curves embrace the form in its most general aspect. With advancing years and continually growing science he was able, at last, to state this essential synthesis with amazing breadth and ease. He continually increased the amplitude of his forms until, in his latest nudes, the whole design is filled with a few perfectly related bosses. Like Titian's, Renoir's power of design increased visibly up to the very end of his life. True, he was capable at all periods of conceiving large and finely co-ordinated compositions, such as "Les Parapluies" and the Charpentier family; but at the end even the smallest studies have structural completeness.

RENOIR belonged to the European tradition of the Renaissance: he had not felt the wave of Oriental influence which affected so deeply his younger colleagues. Color with him is color as it was understood by Rubens, by Rembrandt even, and most of all by Watteau. That is to say that though he has purified and intensified the notes, the effect aimed at is of an enveloping atmosphere of color—through which and by which all the forms are revealed. He had no use for that Oriental, primitive and quite modern conception of the direct opposition of masses of more or less uniform color. In his technique, too, Renoir ranged himself beside the old masters. It is true that he never adopted the deliberately planned approach and systematic execution of a Rubens. His system allowed room for the inspiration of the moment and in this he came very close to Watteau, who at a time when the rules of technique were more rigidly fixed was regarded as casual and unsystematic. Like Watteau, too, he felt his way round the forms by innumerable small strokes of color. Here and there he had an *empâtement,* generally of pure white, which subsequent touches would veil and modify. In general he used so much medium that the color was transparent or opalescent. It is no doubt this method of using paint almost transparently, like a water-color, on a white ground which gives his pictures their extraordinary brilliance and luminosity. But this is also due to the fact that he used his colors almost pure, the intermediate tones and transitions being more the result of superpositions on the canvas than of previous mixture on the palette. The final development of this method was, no doubt, dictated partly by Renoir's physical disabilities. The method of feeling round the modelling by innumerable touches, no one of which need be absolutely decisive and final, eliminated the necessity for exact skill of handling. On the other hand, it was a method which put all possible strain upon his sensibility. Only in the hands of an artist, as learned in sensation as Renoir was, would it be possible to create so full an illusion of mass and relief by a method which tends to leave the forms merely suggested and indicated.

Few artists have ever been as fortunate as Renoir. His temperament left him enough points of contact with the ordinary man for his work to be accepted when that of all his colleagues was still taboo. He was never recondite or abstract or peculiar in any way. He had the most normal, the most healthy appetite for life, and he had the extraordinary gift of communcating his own joy in life, so directly and simply, that the ordinary man could take pleasure in works which the most exclusive æsthetic was also forced to accept.

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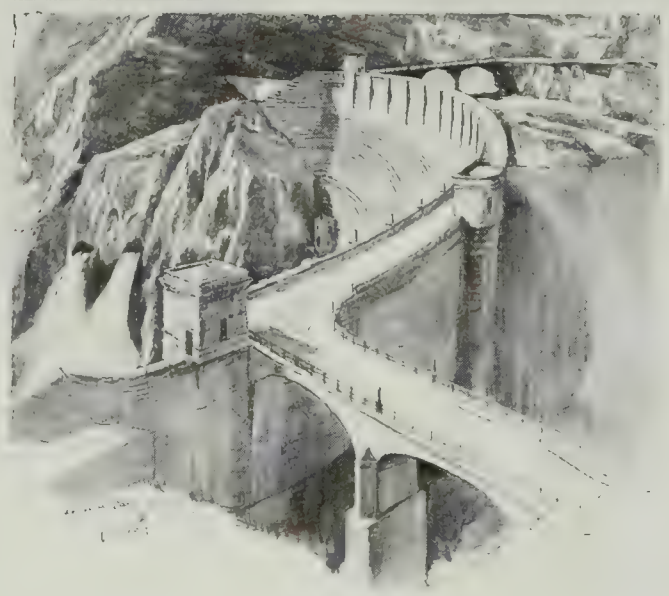

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Europe Capitalizes Art in Industry

(*Continued from page* 209)

has been executed largely through the harmonious working of architects, painters and sculptors. The old artists intend to have the work exhibited according to the nature of the raw material.

All art industries in general, and all art and craft shops have been raised to a high level through the assistance of the modern artists. They are turning out not only art goods, but locomotives, elevators, etc., through the assistance of art advisors connected with the various manufacturing industries. There are smaller and larger corporations of craft workers which are united on different bases. The largest of all is the organization known as the Munich Expressionist Shops, located in Munich. The organization is composed of about one hundred and fifty of the leading artists, craft workers and architects of Europe, and intends to unite all artists, architects and craftsmen who work from the spirit of expressional art with the assistance of each other to an international world art community. These shops are incorporated as a productive and distributing corporation of arts and crafts, and also act as advisors and distributors for new markets, and as importers of raw material for their members and associates. The organization intends to establish branches of arts and crafts workers, shops, exhibition rooms and art-craft colonies in many other countries.

IN 1918, a British Institute of Industrial Art, to encourage still higher art standards in all British manufactures and to protect British trade, was organized by the combined work of the Board of Education and the Board of Trade. This is financed by the National Treasury, until such time as it shall become self-supporting. A majority of the important art bodies or organizations in England have offered their support and cooperation. A permanent exhibit, representing current products of British manufacture, has been arranged in London. Other important exhibits are also being held in most of the larger cities of Great Britain. In addition, special industrial exhibits—potteries, metal work, jewelry, textiles, etc.—are being sent to foreign countries, notably South America. A commission has been sent to Germany to investigate the work of the German Werkbund, and the reorganized and newly established arts and crafts schools and shops. Arts and crafts shops, based on the principles of William Morris, are turning out excellent work; the largest of these organizations is known as the "Decorative Art Group, London Center."

France is improving and remodeling its old academies. Even the Fine Arts Academy of Paris has changed its program. The craft schools are also being reorganized on a more modern basis. Paris is now preparing for a large arts and crafts exhibition in 1922. To prove the vital national importance of art to France, in November, 1914, three months after the beginning of the war, an urgent appeal was made for funds to educate the children of designers and craftsmen fallen in battle in order that, "within two years these boys and girls may be able to take their fathers' places, and thus maintain France's commercial ascendancy in artistic products." The Soviet Government has reserved a large piece of land to develop an international art colony. Russian representatives are also trying to exchange exhibitions with Germany. According to the above, and to the former quality of Russian art and workmanship, it is clearly to be seen that when Russia enters the world market she will be a strong competitor.

Through the influence of the modern painters, the Italians are trying to remodel their art education, and to build up the national arts and crafts. The German Werkbund was invited to Rome for a conference. Poland is also endeavoring to develop its arts and crafts. The well-known Polish painter, Stanislaus Stugold, was called to organize their arts and crafts. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, also Switzerland, have developed art communities similar to the German Werkbund, and are paying serious attention to their peasant art. Hungary is also building up its home art and industries, and organizing its peasant work for export. A number of young students are being sent to Austria and Germany for their education. Roumania is holding exhibitions, and offering every encouragement to schools of arts and crafts.

The National Academy of Design

OWING to the fire which destroyed the Exhibition Galleries in the American Fine Arts Society Building last spring, the National Academy of Design has been without an Exhibition place. Last April, through the courtesy of the Trustees of the Brooklyn Museum, who offered the Academy the use of the Museum Galleries, the Annual Exhibition was held there, but next spring the Academy will be "at home" again in the Fine Arts Building, 215 West 57th Street.

The Galleries are now being rebuilt and will be in readiness at that time, but on account of unavoidable delay in reconstruction, the Academy has decided to omit the usual "Winter Exhibition" for this year.

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America Needs Co-operation

(*Continued from page* 208)

art as an economic as well as an æsthetic factor. Some of our art schools have even progressed so far as to make of their studios also a factory and a shop. It is a big step in the right direction. Why beauty, why create a design, if it cannot be used and enjoyed by us all? As far as the few "applied art" schools of which we can boast are concerned, they, too, are strengthening their programs and activities, and increasing their practical service by preparing designers more directly for the factory, and by enlisting the interest and help of manufacturers, dealers, Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce, and so securing the bridge between art and industry. Possibly, hopefully, from these beginnings, these examples, the great applied art schools, state supervised and financed, for all our industries—metal work, ceramics, leather goods, textiles, jewelry, house furnishings, furniture, clothing—will be founded. At least, the way is opening.

AT the same time, and in much the same way, art federations, leagues, alliances, associations, increasing in number, power and influence, are working toward the same end—the training of our native art talent and the use of this talent in American industry, with greater appreciation for, and more confidence in American art on the part of the buying public. Creators, producers and users of art make up these bodies. Educators, artists—arrived and struggling, giants of industry, dealers, bankers, public-spirited men and women swell the membership lists. Working hand in hand with art schools, with industry and with the public, these organizations are spreading the gospel of American art in trade. Artists are helped and placed. Industry is supplied with talent, and the value of high art standards in commercial products of every-day use is preached. Through lectures, exhibitions, meetings, pamphlets and periodicals public interest is roused, standards of taste are raised, and the confidence of the people in American design and products is gained. To show what progress has been made, four years ago one of these art associations, in holding an exhibition of textile designs created by American talent, was overwhelmed with its three hundred entries. One month ago this same organization, in giving a similar exhibition, accepted considerably over three thousand entries quite as a matter of course. Not the least significant fact, however, about these organizations, numerous and varied as they are, is their growing spirit of cooperation—a spirit so necessary to the final realization of our art aims. "All for one and one for all" seems to be the motto of the day. Working, in a great degree, as partners, or, better, complements of each other, they have the most cordial interest in each other's aims, efforts and accomplishments. So much so, in fact, that a number of the most prominent organizations have already joined forces towards the establishment of a common or cooperative art center, for the coordination of ideas, to prevent duplication of effort, to centralize a highly trained service. That this is not only a practical step for the present, but portends the future alliance—national and international—of industrial art interests, with consequent common benefits, I believe. In substantiation of this we have, in addition to our own spirit of cooperation illustrated, received overtures from Europe regarding an exchange of courtesies, representatives and experiences in behalf of industrial art. Europe concerned with American art, and its use in industry, surely this is advancement!

Again, in precisely the same way, the attitude of the trade—our big manufacturers and dealers—is gratifying in the extreme. These men, in ever increasing numbers, not only recognize the dollar and cents value of the art element in industry, but admit the value of high art standards, of sound design against poor, and the value to America as well as to themselves of the use of native talent and craftsmanship as against foreign. In proof of this, we have instance after instance of the manufacturer who is endorsing and giving financial support to our art schools, who is cooperating with these schools in supplying materials for experimental work in practical design, who employs graduates of these schools in his factory and shops, who even goes out into the world and discovers buried talent—the neglected mountain boy who draws with an instinct he cannot down, the girl with an ideal and a color sense—and gives it a chance to see the light and to grow. He it is, too, who makes an art school of his factory, who adds a museum room, a shelf of reference books, a great painting, possibly a rare porcelain as incentives, as a source of inspiration for his workers—and regards it all only as a necessary part of his working equipment. And he it is, too, who takes the time to find and know the potential genius of his flock, and gives him a chance, a little praise, a lift—some reward—knowing full well that his own reward is the greater, material just as much as spiritual. This is not a picture created by wish or hope, it is a picture of the American manufacturer as I have clasped hands with him. Should his patriotism be checked by a cold, governmental shoulder? Is it right? Is it wise? Will it pay?

OUR art museums, too, have taken a position undreamed of

(*Continued on second page following*)

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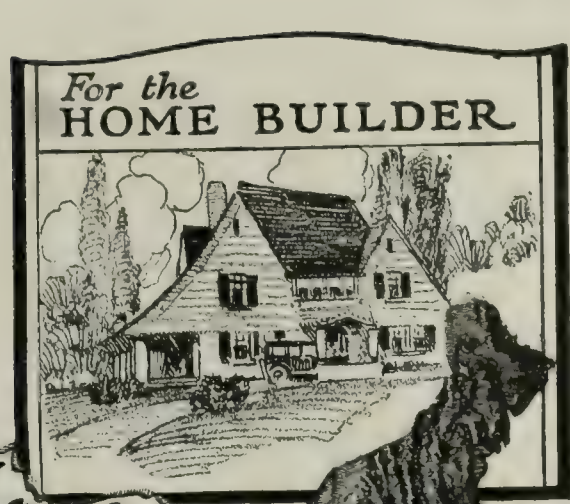

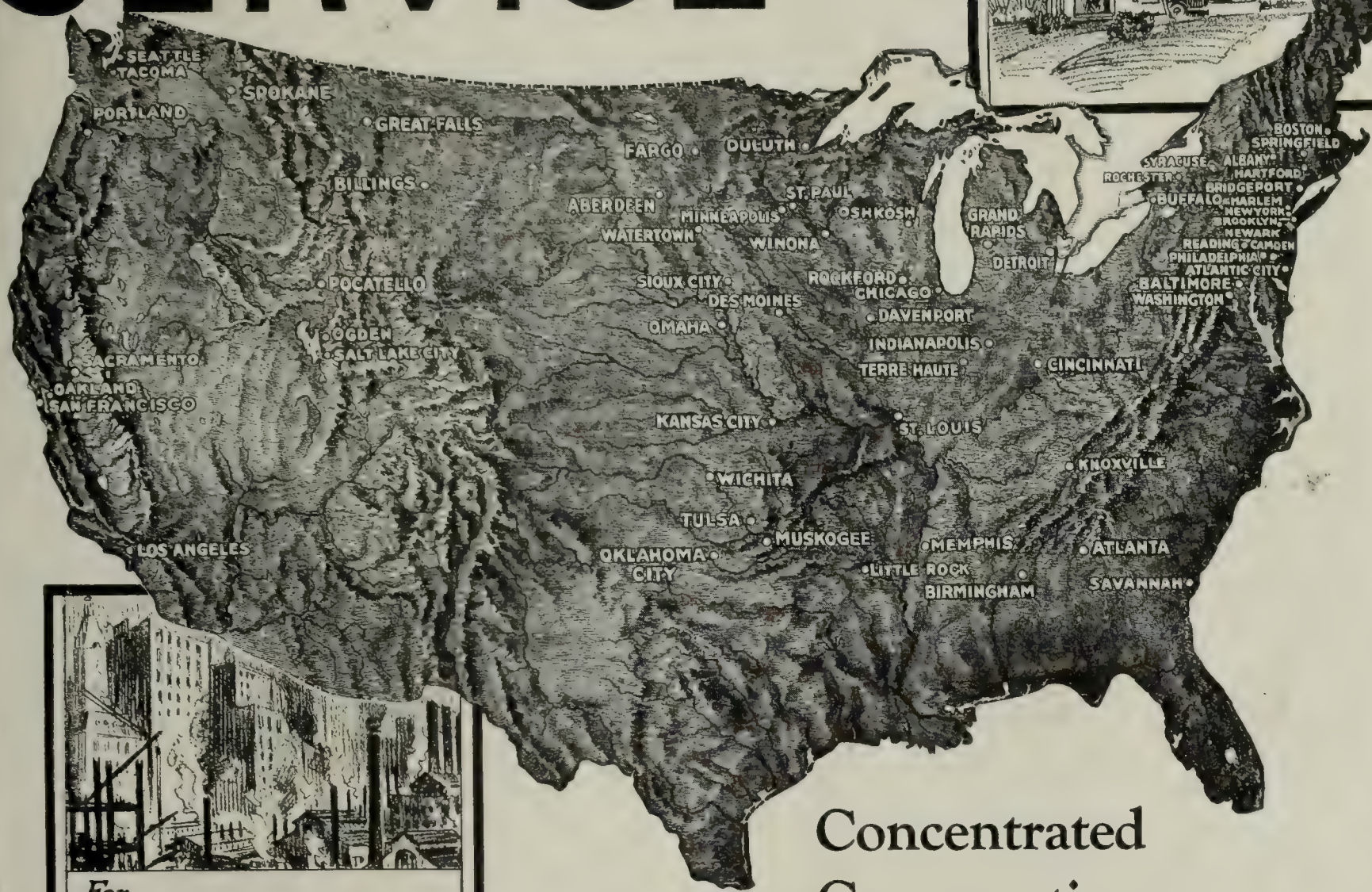

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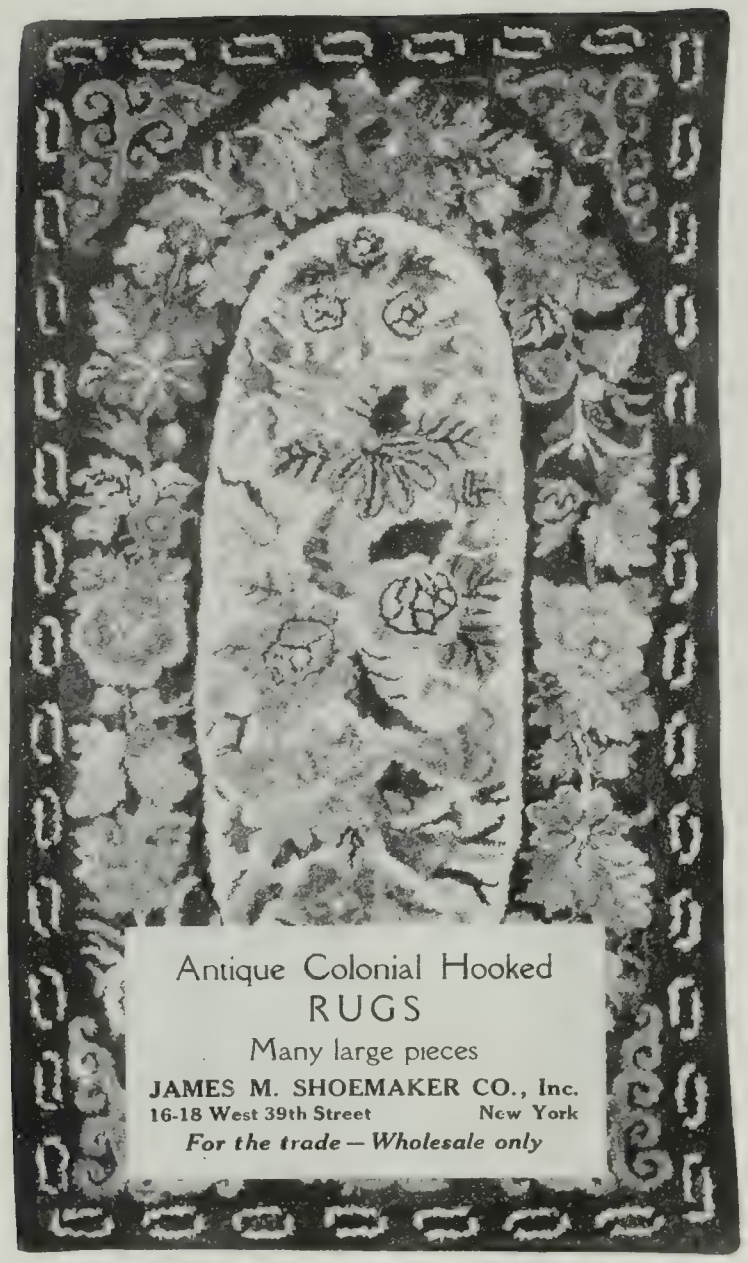

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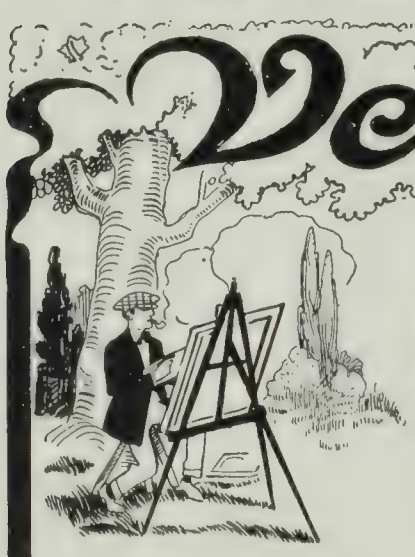

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(*Continued from second page preceding*)

ten years ago. From pleasure galleries and curio palaces they have become an art force active in public service, aiming to teach our people better understanding of life, with keener enjoyment in living, by assuming as a duty the raising of our standards of æsthetic taste. Awake to our great industrial art need, appreciating fully the benefits—economic as well as cultural—to be derived from our national acceptance of art as a fundamental of industry, together with the training of our native art talent, the new museum, as we have come to think of it, has opened its doors wide to all industries in which artistic design is a dominant element. It has, in fact, offered itself as a definite aid in the solution of our industrial art problem. It has openly allied itself with the industries of the country by encouraging the use of its possessions as sources of inspiration for better design in current commercial products, and by offering its rooms as exhibition space to the trade. It is, in cases, adapting its collections to local industries. It is, at the same time, through more carefully selected and arranged collections — now modern as well as ancient—through interpretative lectures, gallery talks by leading manufacturers, the showing of industrial process films, and the service of special instructors, making itself felt as a practical school of art and design for the public, with service to children emphasized. It is thus becoming the needed link between our art schools and art industries—the creators and producers of design—on the one hand, and the people—the consumers of design—on the other. Art and trade working side by side, for common good, in a harmony that demonstrates so clearly that art and our great industrial machinery, art and every-day living, cannot be separated—surely this is progress!

This outline is not intended to be complete or final, nor are the details, I know, entirely accurate. That each force noted has its limitations and its weaknesses, its own peculiar difficulties, disappointments and failures, I admit, but each nevertheless in its own good way, and all with a common aim and loyalty are working steadily, and with results that cannot be ignored, towards the solution of America's industrial art problem. What I have intended to convey is this: That in looking back over our creeping progress of the last few years, and in analyzing very carefully the last five, we must see that, in spite of the fact that industrial art as a great national asset and need has not been recognized by the nation, it has been recognized by various forces and innumerable agencies within the nation, and that each force and agency has done its work with credit as far as it can go without government aid, and that a point has now been reached where a union of these forces backed by national authority is essential. At this point, I believe, it would take very little fanning in the shape of some concrete help from government headquarters to start such a blaze of enthusiasm for the cause throughout the country that practical accomplishment of nation-wide importance and inestimable economic value could not be checked. Why our government cannot see this it is difficult to understand. Possibly we need a still stronger force to the fore, possibly a still stronger agency to lay the case before the powers that be, so that the government can and will see, and must act.

CARLETON NOYES, in "The Gate of Appreciation," tells us that "we have penetrated the ultimate mystery of art when we realize the inseparable oneness of art with life." I believe this. And I believe, too, that when we as a nation shall come to understand the simple truth and the full value of this thought, and, with the aid of our representatives at Washington, shall bring about the inseparable oneness of American art with American life—living—a great end shall have been gained and a great beginning reached.

Interiors and Novelists

(*Continued from page* 212)

hind; and the tall iron lattices admitted on occasion more than enough of the Italian sunshine. The place, moreover, was almost luxuriously comfortable; it told of habitation being practiced as a fine art. It contained a variety of those faded hangings of damask and tapestry, those chests and cabinets of carved and time-polished oak, those primitive specimens of pictorial art in frames pedantically rusty, those perverse-looking relics of mediæval brass and pottery, of which Italy has long been the not quite exhausted storehouse. These things were intermingled with articles of modern furniture in which liberal concessions had been made to cultivated sensibilities; it was to be noticed that all the chairs were deep and well padded and that much space was occupied by a writing-table, of which the ingenious perfection bore the stamp of London and the Nineteenth Century. There were books in profusion, and magazines and newspapers, and a few small modern pictures, chiefly in water-color." A purist in interior decoration might object to the modern notes introduced into this otherwise quite perfect interior in the Italianate manner. But the defect of a period is that to live up to it some measure of modern ideas of comfort must be sacrificed. Possibly it is a tacit admission of this element in life that makes our novelists' descriptions of rooms fall by this much short of perfection.

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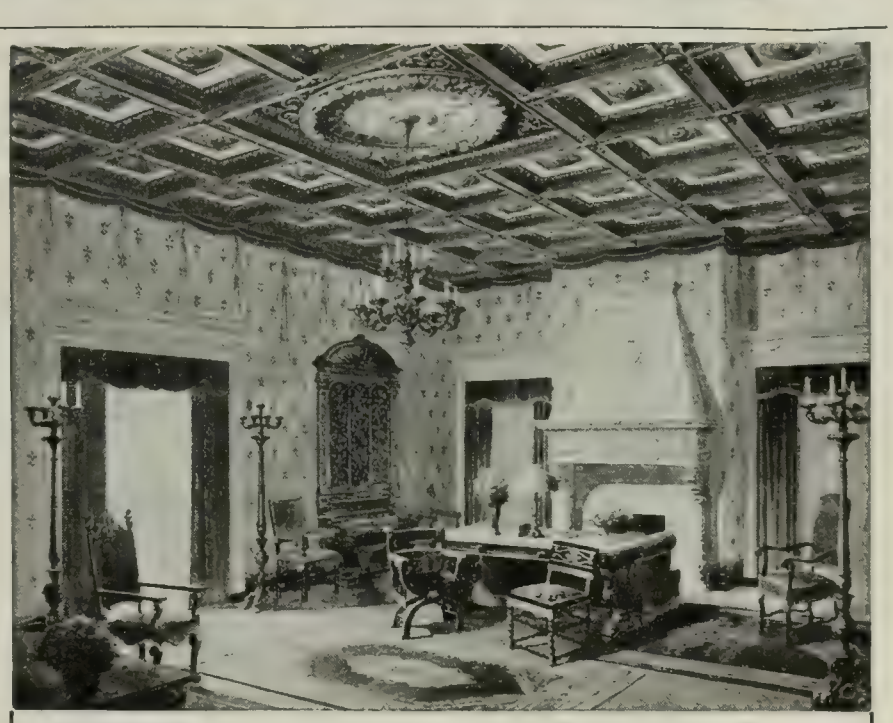

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Ernest Chausson

(*Continued from page* 210)

monically iridescent the scales of our new musical fish.

In the old Russian fairy tale the lazy idiot Emelyan, forsaking his warm couch upon his peasant stove, rose to power and riches by softly repeating the cabalistic phrase, "at the pike's command and at my desire," whenever impediments obstructed his progress. The apparent simplicity of this method of social ascent is hardly less naive than that employed by certain of our present-day composers in their attempts to ensnare a passing fame. If the magic charm functions, why follow the devious paths that hitherto have led the plodding ones to the glittering shrine? But a study of the lives and works of the truly great creators of music proves this a false philosophy. What more conclusive proof than the achievement of Ernest Chausson? Falteringly he traced his course, at last too shy to announce himself in the outer circle of the chosen ones; and yet Time, that leisurely dispenser of rewards, sought him out and favored him. In view of his extraordinary development during his short productive period, there can be no doubt that had he lived he would have bequeathed to us many works of noble calibre. Let us not, because of the comparative smallness of his musical legacy, neglect to administer it with a full appreciation of its rare worth.

Art in Jewelry

(*Continued from page* 222)

ings of one particularly handsome set of black and white onyx was composed of small diamonds and pearls, so that the earrings were almost three inches long.

However, the love of gems, bright and sparkling, wrought a great change in jewelry, especially ear ornamentation. The diamond drop earrings, *en solitaire,* became quite popular. Then the fancy turned toward two diamonds, a small one close to the ear, the larger one below, but set closely together, and a firm loop of heavy gold that held the gems rigid was substituted for the wire hanger. This same effect was carried out with a pearl and a diamond, the pearl predominating in size.

Then again there were, and are still worn, to some extent in the large pearl or diamond, *en solitaire,* what is termed the screw, or stud earring. The designing of the original screw earring varied but little, an arrow with a single small diamond center mounting; a gold buttercup with a small diamond center mounting, but for the most part the stud earring that has held the field for the greatest length of time is the diamond or pearl, *en solitaire,* frequently of a size to cover the lobe of the ear, and in rivalry of these were clusters of smaller white gems and the colorful gems surrounded by diamonds or pearls.

Then earrings were lost sight of by the ultra in fashion until an artist designer, soaring in the realms of fancy, fashioned the various inch-length strands of platinum and diamonds holding in place the pear-shape diamond or pearl, the strands varying in pierced mountings, delicate and intricate; one beautiful idea followed the other, such as the slender ribbon strands of platinum and diamonds, one shorter than the other, the upper connecting diamond band leaving much of the strands free; perhaps the flash of a bright eye gave daring to his thoughts and so he fashioned the gypsy circle of diamonds, and the many others *en mode* today.

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What's On in the Book World

THE TRADITIONS OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE FROM HOMER TO DANTE. By BARRETT WENDELL. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE post-war period is bringing to our library shelves book after book dealing with the subject of history in some form. In an age of discovery and invention, with the development of transportation in the shape of railroad, steamship and aeroplane, and men of all nations going constantly "to and fro upon the earth," a changed relationship of mankind follows of necessity. The new books on history are providing "backgrounds" needed in this period of creating world-citizenship. One of the latest is "The Traditions of European Literature From Homer to Dante," by Barrett Wendell, Professor of English Literature at Harvard University.

In spite of the condensation which is necessary in such a work as these lectures, now produced in book form, the groups of great personalities, who dominated the period of the particular poet or philosopher of whom Professor Wendell speaks, stand out as though painted on great canvases. They are strong and clear. With them are shown the forces of the time—the interaction of thought upon thought as nation drew nearer to nation—down through the centuries of the material reign of the twelve Cæsars of Rome to the spiritual reign of the twelve Apostles, who, in founding the Christian Church, spread their faith throughout Europe. Through the minds of the poets and writers is traced the story of the nations from Homer's songs of Helen, the half-divine queen of Menelaus, and the wars of the Trojans, to Dante's Beatrice, the holy lady, and the four habitations of humanity — transitory Earth and Purgatory, everlasting Hell and Heaven—of his "Divine Comedy."

FURNITURE FOR SMALL HOUSES—A BOOK OF DESIGNS FOR INEXPENSIVE FURNITURE WITH NEW METHODS OF CONSTRUCTION AND DECORATION. By PERCY A. WELLS. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE little house in America is generally "bungalow" and its furniture chiefly consists of "wicker" and its mantelpieces are frequently constructed with cobblestones. It is as though this type of house nestled so close to the woods that the outdoors seems to creep indoors and a "woodsiness" is apparent in all of its appointments. This is not the case in the modern English "little house," and which has ever the stateliness quite in keeping with its surroundings. Thousands of well-planned cottages or "villas" are being built, and to meet the need for inexpensive furniture with "new methods of construction and decoration" comes the book, "Furniture for Small Houses," by Percy A. Wells, head of the Cabinet Department of the Shoreditch Technical Institute.

It is readily admitted, as Mr. Wells claims, that the great bulk of cheap furniture has been flimsy and ugly; and that but little thought has been given to suitable proportions and dimensions for the small rooms. While there is in America the bungalow and the distinct type of interior, there is also the apartment, and to the needs of which just such furniture described in this book can be adjusted. This is especially true when simplicity of design has been considered "in case of moving and cleaning," as the author puts it.

FRENCH FURNITURE UNDER LOUIS XV. By ROGER DE FÉLICE. Translated by Florence Simmonds. New York. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

ANOTHER book of the season on the fascinating subject of furniture is "French Furniture Under Louis XV," by Roger De Félice, translated by Florence Simmonds. With the rapidity in which the automobiles of today change in style and are replaced year after year by the "new car," so did the people of France in that period discard their furniture almost as frequently for the "newest design." To a time when "to possess all the most beautiful things that the elegance of the day has been able to imagine" was a prevailing ambition, we owe the variety of "Louis Quinze" chairs, cupboards, commodes (chests of drawers), couches, beds, dining-tables, work-tables, clocks, ornaments, etc., which so well portray the luxury and the art then existing.

Part of the evolution in furniture design from the Louis XIV furniture to Louis XV furniture was the *rocaille* style, which Mr. De Félice calls the "juvenile" or the "sowing of wild oats" style of the latter period. In regard to what was meant by *rocaille* he says: "The contemporaries of the Regent Philippe of Orleans knew nothing of this term *rocaille,* or rather they never applied it to that sinuous style they had seen developing before their eyes. What they meant by *'a rocaille'* was a fantastic structure, a rustic bathroom on the ground floor of a country mansion, or an artificial grotto in a park, decorated with natural stones of irregular shapes and colors, stalactites, madrepores, petrifactions, masks, and other ornaments made of shells stuck together. The most famous of these *rocailles,* which had been in vogue some two hundred years at the time, were constructed by Bernard Palissy; he made his of 'carved and enameled terra-cotta in the form of a rugged, irregular rock of various strange colors.' The term *rocaille* was also applied to a rock, represented in its natural state in bronze, plate, or china, and serving as a base for a clock or a centerpiece for the table. The use of

(*Continued on second page following*)

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the word to denote the manner of Meissonier, Oppenord, and Slodtz dates only from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, and is not particularly happy."

Mr. De Félice does not agree with the opinion that the Louis XV style owes its lack of symmetry of its ornamentation and the sinuous character of its borders to the influence of lacquers, porcelain and "printed papers" from China, and claims that the style should be "bracketed" with Gothic and, therefore, considered thoroughly French. Through the story of the making of gay furniture to feed the fancy of a pleasure-loving people can be seen the strong influences of the artists and sculptors, and that of the famous Madame de Pompadour, who, Mr. De Félice states, had exquisite taste, in spite of her humble birth, and that the Louis XV furniture owes much to her for the extreme refinement and return to simplicity which marks its final phase.

THE REIGN OF PATTI. By HERMAN KLEIN. New York. The Century Co.

IT is fortunate that Adelina Patti requested Maurice Klein, the author of "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London," to be her *collaborateur* in her autobiography. In "The Reign of Patti" he tells of her request and also of the delays which occurred preventing their collaboration so that the work was never started. Feeling the responsibility of the task, however, he prepared himself to write her biography, which has appeared within a year after her death.

The life-story of the prodigy, the heroine of song, and her remarkable career—the "longest record for legitimate artistic longevity known to musical history"—is also the history of Italian opera in New York and in London. The difficulty of securing reliable information concerning Patti's childhood confronted Mr. Klein, but he has been exceedingly successful in portraying the personality of the sensitive child, the "born singer," for Patti says of herself, "I think that I was trilling when I came into the world." At seven years of age she made her début in a concert in a small New York building known as Tripler's Hall. In the following year, with her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch, and Ole Bull she toured the United States, singing every night.

There is one anecdote in the book which shows a shrinking from a semblance of artificiality on the part of the great "Queen of Song." This was her aversion to the gramophone, a "new-fangled toy." The leading gramophone companies tried every available device to induce her to follow the example of Melba, Caruso and others in giving what has been most irreverently called "the canned voice." Finally, in despair, she referred a persistent petitioner to her solicitor, Sir George Lewis, who imposed the conditions which he phrased as follows: "You will have to take your entire apparatus down to Craig-y-Nos Castle; have it ready for immediate use; and wait there from day to day until the Baroness says she is willing to sing for you." It was done, but many days passed before Patti declared herself ready. "Then," says Mr. Klein, "with her accustomed ardor, she threw herself heart and soul into the business, and did not desist until she had made eight or ten excellent records. These are the only ones she ever made, and the royalties on them were regularly paid through Sir George Lewis, whom the world has probably to thank for being able still to hear even so much of the voice that once was Patti's." Happily, her feeling changed towards the gramophone from the moment that she first heard her own records. Two or three days after the records were finished the gramophone was placed in the hall so that coming down the stairs to *déjeuner* she heard the tones of her own voice. One who was present related that she stopped, turned pale, clutched at the banisters, but when the piece was finished she ran quickly down the hall, and exclaiming, "Oh, you darling!" threw her arms round the horn of the gramophone.

VOCAL MASTERY. By HARRIETTE BROWER. New York. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

TO enable students to compare the methods employed in their study by the present-day masters, Harriette Brower, the author of "Piano Mastery," has written up interviews with seventeen famous singers and teachers under the title "Vocal Mastery." In doing this she gives "pen portraits" of the popular artists, as in characteristic manner each of those interviewed meets her questions and explains his or her ideas. There is much to learn from the little book.

Galli-Curci claims to have learned much from the birds, so she tells Mrs. Brower, in improving tone quality, or "about what not to do and what to do." She says, "The lovely dark tone of the nightingale has the most exquisite quality in the world." Tetrazzini also mentions the birds as teachers, but she also lays great stress on the study of languages for the American student. While all of these voice-leaders consider "breathing" as next important to the voice itself, David Bispham does not believe that it is necessary to understand anatomy in "too great measure" to gain breath control. Apparently he fears self-consciousness as the result of too much consideration of the "bone and muscle" affecting the human voice. In discussing the matter, he said to Mrs. Brower: "You might as well talk to a gold-fish in a bowl and say: 'If you desire to proceed laterally to the right, kindly oscillate gently your sinister dorsal fin, and you will achieve the desired result.' Oh, Art, what sins are committed in thy name!"

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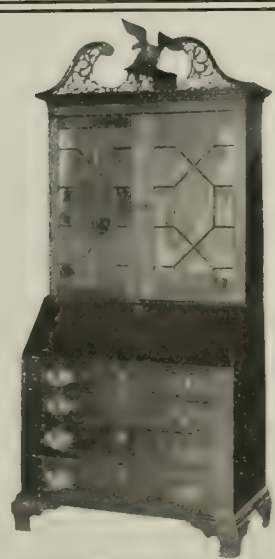

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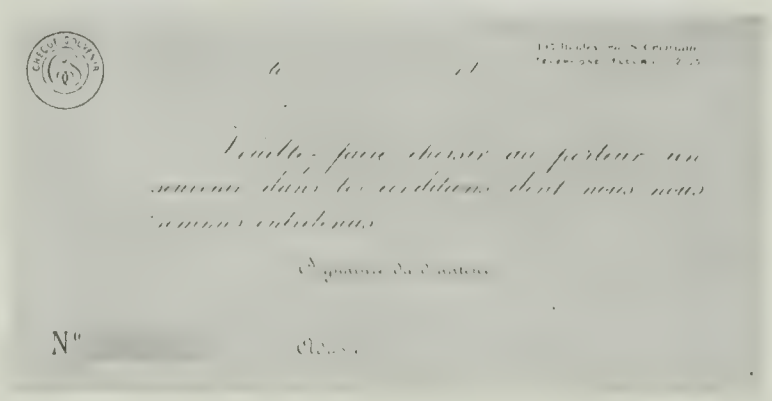

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A Rendering by Rockwell Kent

Architectural Impressions

(*Continued from page* 203)

way. He has not confined himself to any particular medium, but is equally at home as a pencil draftsman, as a penman, or an artist in pastels or a painter in oils. He has the quality of drawing trees which look like trees to the inartistic, although they conform to the color scheme he has adopted for the particular picture in which they occur. It is surprising how little we realize that our liking for pictures is based upon a comprehension of the convention which represents cubical objects in two dimensions. It is said that the Japanese find our painting as interesting and as difficult to understand as we do theirs, simply because their art has been based upon a different conventional method of representation. Some years ago visitors to the current exhibitions came home with wonderful tales about purple trees, blue pigs and other seeming aberrations of the impressionistic school. Today a purple tree creates no excitement whatsoever; we have become accustomed to the convention which permits all objects to be painted in their *relative* rather than their *actual* colors, and this idea of keying up their color schemes far above those of nature as ordinarily seen. Mr. Long does occasionally wander from the conventional idea of trees green and skies blue, but normally he works in so simple a manner that his drawings do not appear forced or strained or unreal to the most simple minded of people, although they are in themselves such excellent works of art that even the painters who can see little else than the impressionistic school do not disdain them because they adhere to the accepted conventions of a hundred years ago.

As in the case of every notable artist, whether in rendering or in mural painting, Mr. Long's work has been the foundation of a school, and many of our best architectural draftsmen are today imitating his renderings, or perhaps it would be better to say basing their renderings upon his with such individual variations as their personalities may require. Among these men the one who has perhaps been most successful and who has perhaps also departed furthest from Long's style is Mr. Floyd Yewell, who, like Long, came to New York as an architectural draftsman and, like Long, has remained as a renderer of perspectives. Mr. Yewell has drawn from a number of various sources the elements which he has blended into a strong and beautiful style of his own. The influence of Mr. Maxfield Parrish's work is obvious in his treatment of skies and of wall surfaces. From Mr. Eggers (of whom I will speak later) he has adopted the use of the air brush so characteristic of all Mr. Eggers' work, but he had given us a number of drawings of great excellence which are extremely faithful forecasts of executed work.

Mr. Otto F. Eggers is an old student in the Beaux Arts ateliers of New York, and very many years ago he and Walter de Mari were accustomed to share between them the honors in every *esquisse-esquisse* (quick sketch competition) held under the auspices of the Society of Beaux Arts Architects. He was at that time a draftsman in one of the large New York offices, but was accustomed to supplement his salary by making renderings which were remarkable for the novelty of his method as well as for the beauty of the results that they accomplished. His drawings, as a rule, are far more careful than those of most renderers and very little of his architectural ornament is indicated; it is almost always carefully drawn and modeled, although his skill is so great that the rendering never becomes an agglomeration of details but remains always a picture, carefully painted, it is true, but still a single picture. His renderings of Mr. John Russell Pope's competition drawings for the Lincoln

(*Continued on second page following*)

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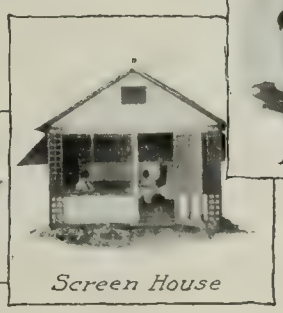
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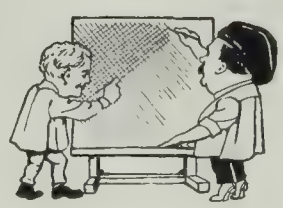

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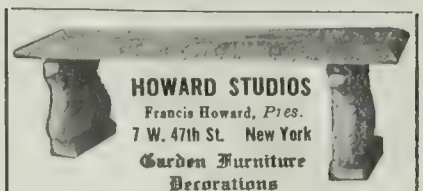

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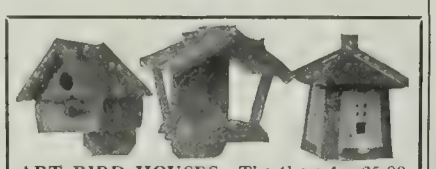

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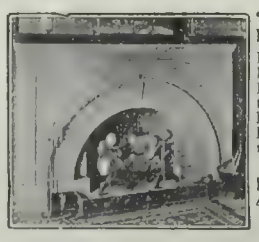

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(*Cont. from second page preceding*)

Memorial in Washington represent, perhaps, the greatest height to which an architectural renderer has aspired. The photographs of them seem rather like photographs of great easel pictures than an architect's drawings of a contemplated project. The dignity, serenity and power of certain of the pictures of the Lincoln Memorial can hardly be surpassed. The air brush is his favorite medium; where other renderers prefer to use the flat washes, sometimes transparent and sometimes opaque, he prefers to build up his tones by wash after wash applied with the air brush, so that his skies have a luminosity and his trees a vibrancy which the impressionists have regarded as the end and aim of all painting. He is, moreover, an architectural designer of vigor and delicacy.

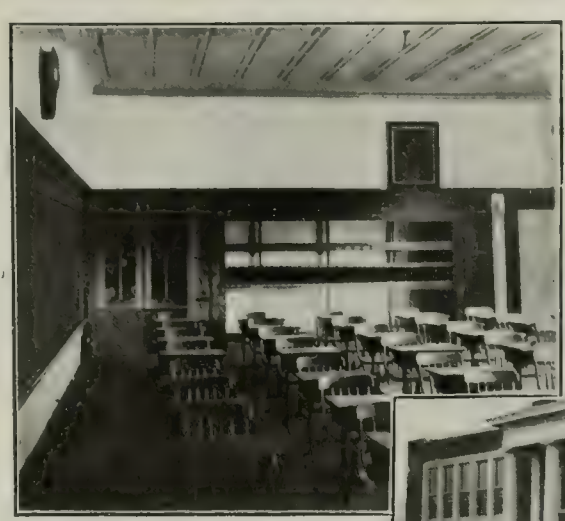
Mr. Rockwell Kent, on the other hand, began life as a painter, studied architecture and worked as a draftsman for a number of years, painting as an avocation rather than a vocation, but constantly employing his talents as an artist in the making of architectural renderings. Now he has given up architecture entirely for painting and is one of the leaders in the so-called "new" school of art, but the architectural world is the richer for the inspiration which his vigorous and independent spirit has given from his occasional renderings. Unfortunately, in making these renderings, he was not always careful in his choice of paper and of color, regarding them probably as ephemeral efforts, which have, alas, in many cases lost their brilliancy and color.

TWO men of late have engaged the attention of the architects: Francis Kealey and Mr. Chester Price. Mr. Kealey works usually in pastel, a medium which has been little used for architectural renderings, probably because of the difficulty in handling pastel drawings, but the quality which he obtains through the use of pastels has certainly seemed to justify the time spent in protecting and transporting drawings of this kind. Mr. Price has worked for the most part in water color, and his method of rendering is different from that of most of the renderers, in that he has conventionalized the surroundings of his buildings and the foliage to a degree which no one has previously attempted. It is distinctly a painter's method, but one which needs a very great familiarity with architectural subjects, as well as artistic ability to use. Obviously, in a drawing which is intended to show a client what a house is to look like, one cannot simplify the architecture beyond a certain point, and Mr. Price's work is remarkable in that he is apparently able to work up the buildings with considerable detail and simplify his surroundings to the last degree and yet have the entire picture look as if it were a single picture. I know of noth-

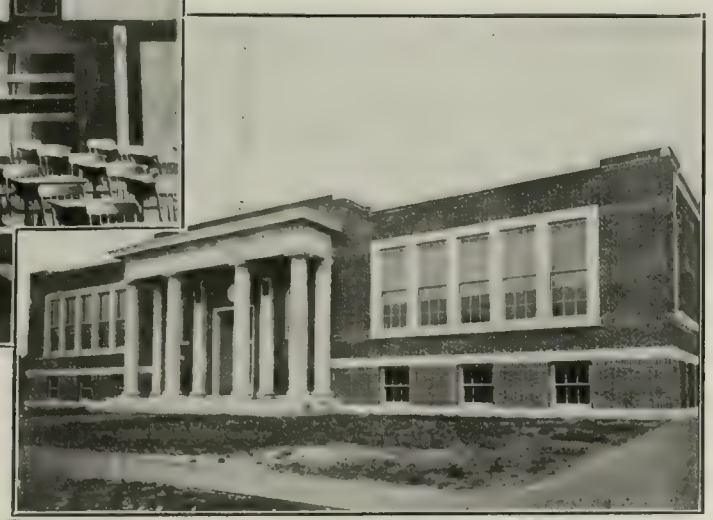
ing which is more difficult to do—a combination of the conventional and unconventional carried to the last extreme, and yet as practised by Mr. Price it appears as simple as one, two, three.

Mr. Webb has specialized as a renderer of interiors, a work which requires the utmost care in details and color, because every woman is fussy about what her furniture looks like, although she may not worry at all about her trees and garden. He has a singular talent for realism; and carries the rendering of surfaces and details of ornament as far as did Gabriel Matsu, and, like Matsu, succeeds in presenting singularly warm homelike and convincing interiors.

These names by no means include the entire list of noteworthy men in rendering in New York; new men are constantly taking up this work, others do rendering for a while and then slip away into illustration or painting or architecture, and some, alas, have died. In this last category is that best of all of them, the late Thomas R. Johnson, who was for so many years associated with Mr. Cass Gilbert. As an architectural renderer there was no one who has ever surpassed him. He was equally at home in all mediums and in all types of work, and those who were fortunate enough to know him realized that when Johnson died we had lost not only the prince of renderers but the kindest and most helpful comrade.



A Classroom in the Nichols Avenue School



Nichols Avenue School at Stratford, Conn.

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French Influence *on* English Gothic Styles

HOW the destruction of a single building can influence a nation's architecture is a fact attested by history; and the Canterbury Cathedral fire in 1174 provided a notable instance.

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French forms had become dominant. Thenceforward, for a space in both countries, the early pointed arch developed into the geometrical style and this in turn to the later decorated style. And France it was always who led the way—a fact clearly illustrated by the choir and transepts of Le Mans Cathedral (1217-1254), the choir of Amiens Cathedral (1244-1288), the choir of Beauvais (1225-1270)—these all being of earlier period than English buildings of corresponding style and undoubtedly influencing them.

In 1338 occurred yet another determiner of architectural change. The Hundred Years' War was ushered in and England's troops, led by their sovereign, Edward Plantagenet, third of his name, invaded France. Now this invasion unquestionably had—through the impressions formed in minds of King and followers—notable reactions upon England's structures. And these impressions were to bear fruit, to quote a single instance, in the Chapel of Saint Stephen in the Palace of Westminster—the magnificent conclusion of which the St. Chapelle of Paris inspired Edward to accomplish.

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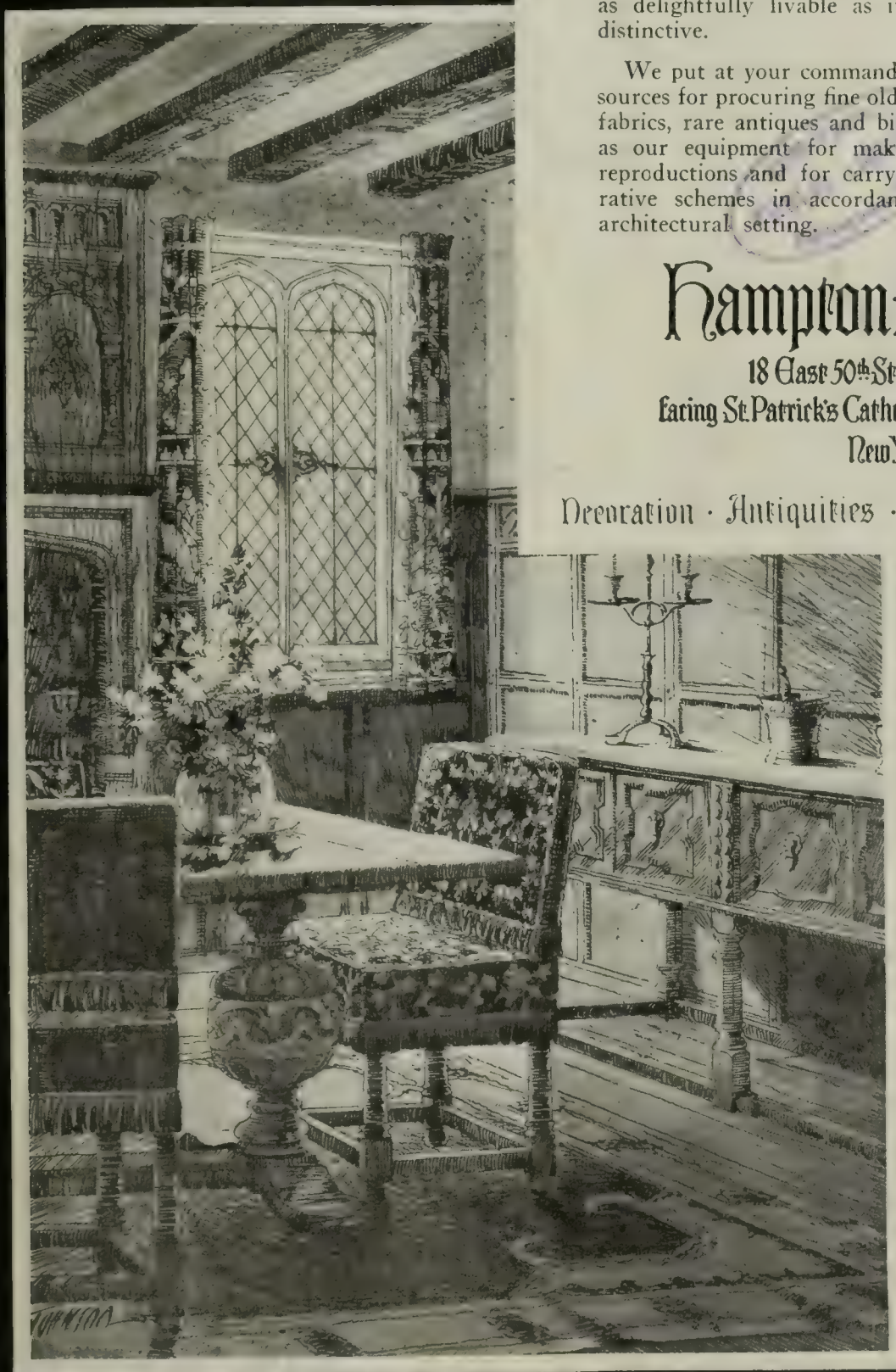

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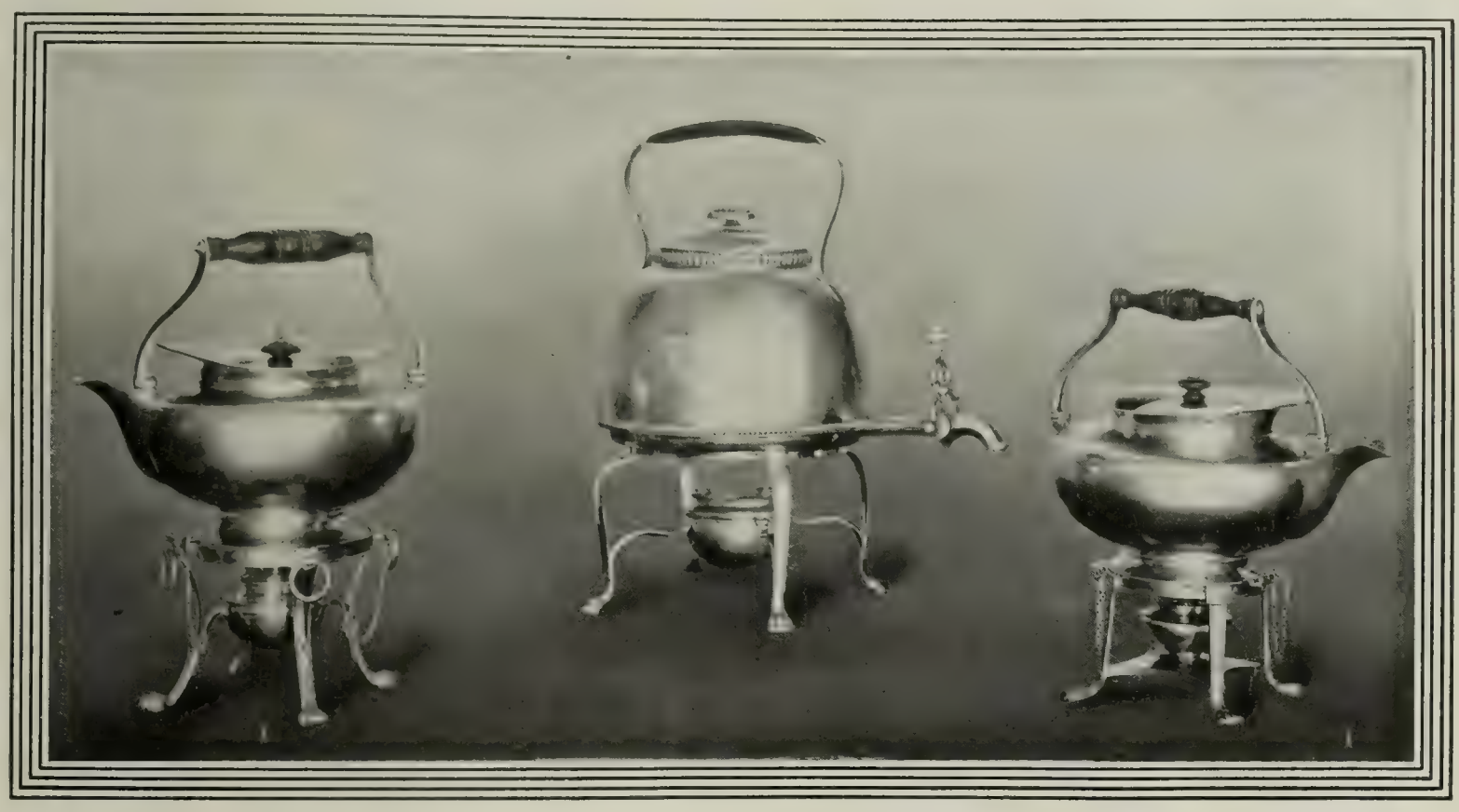

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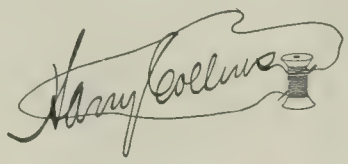

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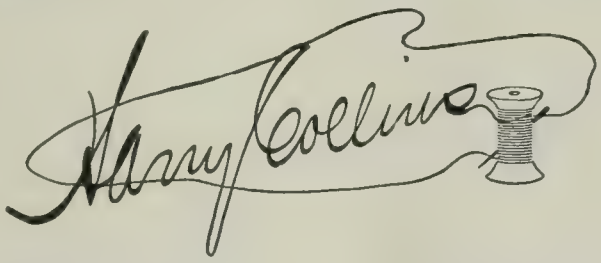

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THE NOBLE SLAV, BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN

The Noble Slav, by Rembrandt Van Rijn, has recently been acquired by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, through the William K. Vanderbilt bequest. It is one of the finest pictures in this collection, which forms a very important addition to the Museum.

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ARTS & DECORATION

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Guest Conductors

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

THIS is a season of guest conductorships. Mr. Gabrilowitsch has brought to New York his Detroit Symphony Orchestra, young but already far beyond the awkward age; Mr. Albert Coates, of the London Symphony, has given three concerts with the orchestra of the Symphony Society of New York; Mr. Arturo Toscanini has brought the La Scala Orchestra to us; Mr. Stoch is to bring his Chicago organization; and some of the concerts of the National Symphony Orchestra have already been conducted by Mr. Willem Mengelberg. From the quantitative point of view this is bringing coals to Newcastle; New York has already too many symphony concerts. Many of these, however, are mediocre in quality; and probably there is not one of the visitors who will not teach us something. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, indeed, is a really great conductor, an artist of the fullest technique put always at the service of deeply poetic and dramatic conceptions. Mr. Coates is gifted with a strong sense of rhythm and a command of dynamic climax that inspired the splendid orchestra at his service to outdo itself, so far at least as brilliance and energy are concerned. To Mr. Toscanini's precision of purpose and dominating will an audience cannot but respond as obediently as an orchestra. Of the others, it is not yet time to speak.

THE guest conductor plan, then, has genuine artistic value, as well as the more obvious and questionable appeal to national enthusiasm and to curiosity delighting in the exploitation of personalities. But it has also its dangers and its temptations. It tends to stimulate the attitudes of showing off in the artist, and of wonder and gaping admiration in the audience, at the expense of that impersonal ministration to beauty, and that absorbed contemplation of it, which true art exacts of performer and listener. It tends to substitute the spirit of exhibition and acclaim for the spirit of mutually self-forgetful participation in an æsthetic experience. And since those qualities best suited to exhibition and acclaim, most obvious, most widely appealing, most easily comprehensible, such as virtuosity, brilliance, strong contrast, are by nature inimical to the restraint, reticence, moderation, and delicate sense of balance dear to true art, it tends, by encouraging them, by tempting the performer to ever greater exaggerations and extremes—a more break-neck speed, a more breathless pianissimo, a more ear-breaking fortissimo—to deaden the sensitiveness of performer and hearers alike to finer, subtler traits which are easily, almost imperceptibly lost, and yet with which departs, however unnoticed, whatever art might have had of true joy and permanent solace. Romain Rolland has described modern German music as "losing from day to day its intimateness," and has characterized it as "often melodramatic, or at least entirely external—music on parade, seeking constantly for effect." Alas, this loss of intimateness is not confined to Germany, but may be observed all over the modern world, wherever the spirit of parade conquers for any reason its immemorial enemy, the spirit of art. And since intimateness is, after all, the most indispensable of musical qualities, wherever it is menaced music itself is menaced.

It would require, at any rate, a keener sense of the poetry of music — of what Rolland calls its "intimateness"—than Mr. Albert Coates apparently possesses, to resist the temptations of the guest conductor. While Mr. Coates, even at home, is doubtless a man rather of active than of thoughtful or profoundly emotional temperament, in New York, called upon, so to speak, to stand and deliver, what he found to give was almost of necessity "entirely external—music on parade, seeking constantly for effect." Of vivid dynamic contrasts, of surging, sweeping rhythms he gave generously, and his audiences received gratefully. But in this swirl of sometimes almost incredible speeds, in this class of conflicting sonorities, the still small voice of music was too often lost.

TAKE, for example, his treatment of Elgar's "Enigma Variations." The element of orchestral virtuosity in the work was seized and exploited to the utmost. Such variations as the fourth, portraying a "strenuous" personality, compared by Mr. Walter Damrosch to that of Roosevelt; the seventh, taken at a breathless pace, and the eleventh, representing, as Mr. Coates told the orchestra in rehearsal, a bulldog barking with anger at falling down an embankment, went with a rush that was dizzying, and a sonority in which the orchestra —rare instrument that it is, especially in the wood-wind—outdid itself. In all this Mr. Coates amply earned his plaudits. Yet somehow the blare of brass and the crash of cymbals in the finale, stressing, as it did, the bumptious, common side of Elgar, gave so obviously a distorted view of his curiously mixed nature, that one saw in a flash what had happened—how all had been exaggerated and hardened, how the poetry, the shy and reticent emotion so truly English in this composer, had been ignored or overlooked, and his portraits thus turned into caricatures. The quieter, more contemplative variations all suffered in one way or another. The delicate grace of the "Friend at Sea" variation (No. XIII, "Romanza") was marred by a matter-of-fact, almost jigging tempo; "Dorabella," that exquisite intermezzo, was also too fast, and the hesitation on the first note of each group, carefully marked by the composer, was countermanded by the conductor; as for "Nimrod," the noblest, tenderest page in the entire work, and the quintessence of the thoughtful Elgar, it was omitted altogether! What emerged was naturally, then, a piece in which variety, depth, tenderness and thought had been sacrificed to brilliancy, a hardened and vulgarized "Enigma Variations," however glitteringly "effective."

IT was while meditating the causes of this disconcerting transformation that had taken place in a familiar and well-loved piece at the touch of a conductor who, whatever his temperamental limitations, was certainly a musician of unusual skill and of an even, exuberant vitality, that one went a few evenings later to the much-heralded concert of the La Scala Orchestra, imported from Italy with its conductor, Maëstro Toscanini. The figure formerly so familiar at our Metropolitan Opera House has aged and, as it were, shrunk. This slender, erect, baldish, angular man is a type divertingly opposite to that of Coates, with his six feet of athletic if slightly obese vigor, his generous gesture, his reaching, waving, perspiring ardor. If the Englishman is like a friendly mastiff puppy who might easily knock you down with a caress of his paw, the Italian has rather the caution of the cat, its economy of movement, its cold calculation, its self-contained efficiency. There is an indefinable something about him that recalls ancestral, even mediæval types—priests in old monasteries, precise kapellmeisters, the thin lips of Paganini and the parsimonious habits of Arcangelo Corelli. This, one would say, is the perfect mediæval pedant come to life again. One is not surprised, therefore, to find precision, finesse, and rhythmic exactitude the outstanding qualities of his conducting. He must be a marvelous drill-master. From

(*Continued on page* 340)

Mural painting from the house of Louis C. Tiffany

The Year at the Tiffany Foundation

The Progress Made by This Unusual New Development

By JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD

JUST how possible is it for an art school—though the Tiffany Foundation sharply resents the intimation that it is an art school—to spring full panoplied from the brow of Jove or Mæcenas and function smoothly and with full efficiency in its first season? It is a complex question.

From the cave paintings of Africa and the carved temples of the Maya to the Sistine ceilings and Benvenuto's inspired craftsmanship was a journey that required something more than a deed of gift.

It is about a year now since I went to the Tiffany Foundation at Oyster Bay to make a catalogue—for instructional use—of a collection of Oriental rugs. Work was just beginning on the reconstruction of buildings set apart for the art colony. The great house, filled throughout its innumerable rooms with all the forms of cunning artistry, was deserted and cold and strangely solemn. Down quaint steps and covered ways leading from the height one went to the stables, where blue-nosed workmen were busy among piles of lumber and débris, making over a huge round carriage barn into a studio and glazing tall sliding doors to let in the north light loved of artists. The stables at the far end of the long corridor were being repanelled for a club room and a row of box stalls in a space beyond this, with heavy half doors of mediæval thickness opening on the *patio,* compound, *hasar* or whatever it is that horses have, were in process of transmutation into bedrooms. The physical genesis of the Tiffany Foundation was a cold and cheerless labor.

For all the scenic loveliness of the place, the wealth of work—old work—in marble and glass and clay and silk and wool and ivory and enamel and paint, gallery after gallery of it, one wondered just how and with what ritual Art was to set up her shrine and keep the fire burning on an altar then so uncomfortably cold.

Just now I have been to Laurelton again, drawn by a curious desire to see the completed temple and know what harvest had been reaped from so chilly a seed time. The winding drives still thread the bare forest of locusts, climbing vines have clutched more closely the timbers of long arbors that shelter the roadway, and the hanging gardens, topped with shining pines that grow from giant urns, look out from their stilt-like structure of unhewn logs over the wind-swept bay. It is all as still as ever. The little waterside buildings of the harbor are over there shining whitely in the winter sunlight, but the yachts and catboats and glistening motors and gay bathing folk that make a North Shore summer have gone to hug the radiators in town houses. And still, although the season was supposed to end on the first of November, log fires burn at the Foundation, and men whose fingers and toes artistic fervor keeps forever warm are sitting bundled in wool before easels in the leafless Laurelton woods, painting as if the thermometer were only a figure of speech.

Chinese dragon garden ornament

Outwardly the picture has not changed, but one feels that some subtle thing has come to pass here—something the importance of which I do not believe is altogether apparent to those who have had the most to do with it. The year has rolled round. Its net result, as far as one can divine it from casual conversation, seems to be a realization that Art is long. To the outsider, on the other hand, comes instantly the reflection that there is at first nothing melodramatic in the action of yeast. Perhaps to the fulfillment of such a purpose as Louis Tiffany had in his mind nothing is so vitally essential as patience, nothing so stimulant as insistence on the value of little things.

There are a great many people who might think the fruit of the first year's endeavors small in proportion to the capital represented and the expense of maintenance, for this is the measuring stick by which effort and outlay are gauged in a world that is business-ridden, burdened by bonds and crying for production. But in dealing with this undertaking it is necessary to revise the standard. For the present the premium is not on "output." Probably it never will be. In determining the value—actual or potential—of a departure so distinctly unique, it must be recognized that its essence lies in the relation of Art to Life, in the new world which seems now to be forming. Accomplishment here cannot be measured as it might be in an advertising campaign for a new perfume or a brand of underwear. When a man sets on foot a plan involving so many subtleties, it is simply impossible to "put it over big." Quick and uproarious popularity would be the most dismal and most fatal of failures. Art is not that way. And Art, though in a material age it may be turned to popular uses, must have its stages of growth, or else it is merely business.

After passing a day at Laurelton, now that its year's work is done and it is in the winter

of retrospect and reflection, one connot help but feel that it has been successful; this, despite a comparatively small roster of resident artists and the echo of some minor disappointments. That we cannot bring back the *Cinquecente* seems to be no good reason why a sane and generous attempt to straighten out the thinking and widen the vision of the men who create should not prove of large value.

Of course, it is a material age. Mechanism may be, as we are tirelessly told, encroaching upon the field of individual creation. For the sake of conversation it may be admitted that it is a soulless age, of brutal utility even in Art. Let us concede even that the artist is greater whose art brings him Pierce-Arrows and recognition in the social gallery. Art may be developing what the social reformers call the "double standard." So much greater the need of a place where the artist may resort to refresh his inspiration and correct his spiritual compasses and set a new course.

It seems rather too much to expect a painter to build a Chinese wall between himself and the world he lives by. Once upon a time, when democratization had not progressed so far, purchasers were fewer, perhaps greater, and personally more discerning. The patron knew art when he saw it and paid for it nobly to signalize his discernment. To a considerable extent the many still labor to enrich the great. The difference is that money is better distributed and there are no longer enough real creators to go round among those who are able to sign checks.

Macaroni was cheap in Tuscany in the Fifteenth Century. Fruit and a leaf and a fragment of cheese washed down with wine at a copper a litre was food for the highest inspiration. Genius cannot live even in Greenwich Village today without selling a picture every now and then. Its merchandise must be portable and the price commensurate with the high cost of profiteering. It is the natural outgrowth of present conditions that the artist who cannot keep a balance at the bank passes from the skyline of the exhibitions to the comfortable mediocrity of shoe salesmanship and the world counts him well lost.

Time, which was so inexpensive in Renaissance Florence, has been squeezed by the efficiency engineers into the pitiless cost accounting schedule. The artist and his art go to swell the "labor account." Soul is the handmaiden, the competitor of the machines, rather than their master. Art must catch the subway to be prompt at the office of the corporation that puts its children into posters. It takes bravery greater than the soldier's to abide with an ideal in an attic until it is full born into a masterpiece. And the rent collector is forever at the door.

The Tiffany Foundation was not perhaps fully understood at the beginning. It did not set forth to be a "school of painting," as the slipshod world supposed. Its purpose was to help artists get out of ruts, to break the monotony of grinding production, to furnish a quiet by-way of new inspiration and offer to the track-weary feet of genius a bridge into the Never-Never land of creation. Greek women, in the sensitive months of expectation, lived in the presence of the most perfect marbles in order that they might bring forth offspring with beauty birthmarked in their souls as well as in their bodies. I doubt not there was some such thought as this in the ideal which led to the Tiffany Foundation, which one calls an "art school" because it is nothing of the kind. It is so different that as yet there is no name for it, but it is a place where beauty, both natural and artistic, is meant to permeate the mind of a man and find record in the work of his hands. It was manifestly the aim at Laurelton to preserve an asylum for the artist, a restful and beautiful backwater in the current of hard-working life, where he might forget the time table and the landlord and open his soul to higher and richer impulses; a retreat where artistic effort and new birth should take the place of fruitless fasting and prayer.

In this view it has succeeded, because in its initial year it has begun to do the thing it was meant to do. All told, there were seventeen men who worked at the Foundation between May and November, and of those who were there in the second half, six have stayed on into the winter season. All the work was confined to four fields—Painting, Sculpture, Jewelry and Decoration. It is one of the most interesting developments of the first year's experience that the lesson which seems to have fixed itself in the minds of all alike is that decoration is the inevitable objective of all creative effort, whether it professes that purpose or not.

General view of the house

Again, it may be said that the first year's work was successful in that it has registered unfadingly, even in the minds of the older men, whose habit and whose status were fixed by years of work, the truth that the mission of painting and of sculpture as well is decorative. It has brought forward anew what the old masters so clearly recognized when they spread their greatest works on the walls and ceilings of cathedrals and monasteries and public buildings from one end of Italy to the other. The church in our time, mostly a pauper in decoration, struggles on in threadbare and matter of fact battle against the devil, but mural painting is beginning again to have encouragement in spots where materialism has achieved its most shocking triumphs, and there dawns upon understanding the truth that art, to do any good to a crowded world, must be where somebody can see it.

An even more significant feature of the Foundation's accomplishment is that it was not the fruit of "instruction." There is no instruction. The word "student" is *tabu*. It is the first article of faith that the Foundation is not a school. It was and is the purpose at Laurelton to leave every man untrammelled. He is left to choose his own subjects and work them out in his own way, with criticism and suggestion only at his own request. That a perceptible change in viewpoint, among the men in residence, has come as the result of environment rather than suggestion, tells its own story.

I do not know how long this dream of an art center had been cherished in the mind of its founder. One might say, to look at Laurelton, that it was a long dream. For despite the money that has been spent there in the creation of buildings, in assembling the work of artists of all ages, and clothing the rocky slopes with trees and shrubbery, there is apparent a studied deference to Nature at every step. There are estates where gardeners seem to have superseded God, where the topiary *djinni* with offices on Fifth Avenue have put Nature in shackles and tortured the hills and valleys into forms of manicured precision as beautiful as an Eastlake bookcase. But these are no places for artists. When the house at Laurelton was built, with its inspirational disregard for convention, the Long Island natives must have stared out of the gable ends of their prim traditions with eyes of stark wonder. Time has softened the daring masses of cut stone and concrete, Nature has filled the chinks with growing things, little and large. In twenty years the strange, rambling buildings have grown into a marvelous soft setting of green, and from their place above the Sound look out with the face of mellow age, like an ancient Moorish seat, across the blue of the Mediterranean. But in amongst the maze of locusts and rhododendrons and imported trees from everywhere there still flourish, cared for with costly devotion, the ancient apple trees which took root along the slopes when Washington was playing tag with the British over the Long Island country. It is of singular noteworthiness that in much of the best work that has been done at the Foundation in the year that is past the gnarled old apple trees have found a place, to the exclusion of a multitude of exotics.

The more alert of the men who came to Laurelton took in with alacrity the lesson that the place so strongly impresses, and altogether the best work of the year leans toward the decorative. To take at random an example of the work of this sort, any of the collection of several tempera studies by Mr. MacLaughlin, is fairly illustrative of the trend which the place gives to men possessed of decorative feeling. Representative men like Paul Manship and Daniel Chester French, who are closely allied with the Foundation, urged the wisdom of studying decoration from Nature, which was the founder's basic idea, both in the creation of Laurelton and in the planning of the center, and which the majority of the artists who came there had never had opportunity to do before. To this the environment lent every aid. The keynote in the arrangement of the collections and even more in the decoration of the house itself, had been to bring outdoors into the indoors. The idea seems to have influenced the work of sculptors and painters alike, who came there tuned only to the doing of the old things in the old way.

Early in the sessions there arose inevitably the ancient question of models. The sculptor was lost without this hitherto indispensable crutch. The Laurelton idea required some time for assimilation. Models could be had in Fifty-seventh Street or Greenwich Village. In Laurelton there was something not so easily accessible, free access to Nature, with its wealth of models of a different sort. It was one of the "humors of the campaign" that a sculptor who came there to work suffered long and keenly under this deprivation and declared he could find no subjects. He fell back on Nature in total despair. By the end of the

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Hercules and Omphale, from the Pinturicchio ceiling recently placed in the Metropolitan Museum

Institutional Versus Individual Collectors

A Polite Plea for the Abolition of Committee Rule

By FORBES WATSON

THE late Mr. Frick is said to have begun his collecting by buying a commercial story-telling picture. Recently a firm of art dealers has taken the trouble to obtain possession of this historic canvas again, reasoning, no doubt, that it has at least a talismanic value. If the late steel magnate, far from saying farewell to art when he had bought this picture, became a dealers' gold-mine, why should some of our modern oil magnates not be tempted to travel the long road from Ridgeway Knight to Giovanni Bellini?

Soon after Mr. Frick's naive beginning, word was passed to various members of one of the dealer combinations in New York, London and Paris, who protect the tender ambitions of multi-millionaires when the latter choose collecting as a means to immortality, that only the "best" was to be offered to Mr. Frick. Accordingly, only the "best" was offered to Mr. Frick, and America, greatly enriched thereby, was consequently deprived of the pleasure of knowing whether Mr. Frick, starting from Ridgeway Knight, would ever have achieved of his own volition, either the immortality vouchsafed to him by Messrs. Bellini and Rembrandt, or the innocuous safety prescribed for him by Messrs. Carrere and Hastings.

When Mr. Frick's possibilities, from the dealer's viewpoint, were assured, it became worth while, perhaps, to select a single mortal from the group of interested firms to watch over the budding collector's welfare, and to bring directly to the rich man's notice the works of art designated, conceivably, for this special purpose by the combination's experts. And should the chosen agent or salesman have found, after a winter season in Florida in the company of the great master of steel, to cite imaginary circumstances, that a single old master had been sold through his own assiduity, the profits of the sale would have compensated him abundantly for the expenses incurred.

Portrait of Lady Guilford by Holbein

The son of one of Mr. Frick's rival collectors is credited with the classic remark, when asked about a quite exceptional modern picture which had been withdrawn from his father's collection, that "Pa had left the ten thousand dollar class and gone into the fifty thousand dollar class." Mr. Frick, it is safe to say, after escaping the rough spots of the Knight period of his artistic education, jumped right over the fifty thousand dollar class. He took no chances with his immortality, although a few modern pictures found the shelter of his collection. For the most part he dealt only in the kind of old masters which make dealer-experts rich and dealers richer. Such pictures cost more than a paltry fifty thousand dollars.

Only recently there was lent to the Metropolitan Museum's Fiftieth Anniversary Exhibition an Italian painting of the early Sixteenth Century, which cost Mr. Frick's latest successor in acquiring old masters more than half a million dollars. When magnates in quest of immortality follow the dealer-experts to these imaginative financial heights, the Museum has only one course of action left. It can gracefully congratulate the magnate on his good taste and good fortune, elect him to a trusteeship, interest him in the ambitions of the institution by borrowing his pictures from time to time, and asking his advice deferentially, as well as by put-

Two details from the Pinturicchio ceiling

ting at his disposal the expert knowledge of the Museum curators, and await hopefully the gift or the bequest of the great work. Perfectly obviously when paintings reach these rare monetary altitudes, either through intrinsic merit or by clever dealer-expert manipulations, the Museum cannot compete with the multi-millionaire, and must wait upon the bequest.

That it does not always wait in vain is shown not only by the gifts of the late J. P. Morgan and Benjamin Altman, but by the more recent William K. Vanderbilt bequest, which came to the Museum in 1920, and was recently arranged as a collection in Gallery 25. Several of these pictures are reproduced herewith, and the others are too fresh in the minds of the public to require detailed description. The portrait of "Lady Guilford," by Holbein, and "The "Noble Slav," by Rembrandt, both of which have been loaned to the Museum on more than one occasion, are distinguished examples of the universally acclaimed and sought-after old masters, which in the present state of the picture market can only be obtained by museums through the generosity of the very rich. No other pictures in the bequest are as important as these, but of their kind and period the Gainsborough and Reynolds portraits are first-rate specimens. Practically speaking, the only unhappy spot on the walls is furnished by the small uninteresting Greuze. Altogether, this bequest makes a notable addition to the Museum's collection of old masters. But this was not all that the Museum added in the year 1920, for it also purchased the handsome Zurbaran, in which the celestial episode is rather disturbing while the lower portion is splendid. Another purchase of the year, which has been well described as a solid historical addition to the Museum collection, is the Girolamo dai Libri, reproduced some time ago in ARTS & DECORATION as a frontispiece.

This short summary of the Museum's additions in a single year, to which the Pinturicchio ceiling, first exhibited in January, might be added, although it was purchased some years ago, is sufficient to indicate that the Museum, while it cannot compete with the great magnate in the open market, does march forward in a quite extraordinary manner in the acquisition of paintings preceding our own much-discussed period.

The defeat of the Moors by Zurbaran

A portrait by Gainsborough

If we compare the methods of a Frick with the methods of a museum, we shall find that in the case of the museum the purchasing committee makes the final decision to buy or not to buy, whereas the individual collector works without the aid or the obstruction, as the case may be, of a purchasing committee. Not alone has the magnate a financial advantage, and the advantage of being freed from committee rule. He is also much more of a specialist than the museum, and, although he may seek public approval of his taste, he does not depend on it. While the museums are trying to satisfy the demands of Orientalists, Egyptologists, textile manufacturers, classicists, historians, archæologists, the great story-loving public, and finally, far in the distance, a handful of artists, the magnate buys what his dealer-expert advises him to buy as guaranteed bonded art investments. Probably every old master now in the Frick collection would have been gladly, even eagerly, passed by the purchasing committee of the Metropolitan Museum, if the funds on hand had made it possible to consider competing with Mr. Frick's prices. The type of collector, who might be described as a dealer-expert's collector, successfully competes with the museum, not because the museum is hindered by a committee, but because the individual in this case has greater means.

But there has also grown up in America a very different type of collector who is more interested in art as a living issue than as an accomplished fact. The late Henry Havemeyer was such a collector, and today we have, among others, such ardent enthusiasts as Mr. John Quinn and Dr. Albert Barnes. If Mr. Frick could be described as a dealer-expert's collector, these others might be called artist-collectors. They are the close friends of many artists, and eager students of the art of our day, and, as generally follows in such cases, of the underlying principles of art rather than the great names of art. Comparing what these collectors have achieved with what the Metropolitan Museum has achieved we are brought face to face with the problem, since the word failure is not quite polite, of the museum's purchasing committee.

When Mr. John Quinn goes to look at a new Matisse that he has bought, or thinks of buying, it is extremely doubtful whether he invites to the feast such guests as Messrs. Francis Jones, Edward Robinson, Daniel Chester French and George Blumenthal. He would be much more likely to invite Mr. Arthur B. Davies, Mr. Walt Kuhn and Mr. Marius de Zayas. In a word, he does not try to force people who do not like modern art to try to like it, but on the contrary he shares his own enjoyment with artists who are known to be passionately interested in moden art.

The Museum appears to reason along quite other lines. If a banker who is by way of being a dealer's collector, and is unsympathetic to the expression of our time, is faced with any one of the works of the great modern painters, how can the Museum expect him to vote for the purchase of this work? How can the Museum expect a sculptor like Daniel Chester French or a painter like Francis Jones to vote for modern art? They have stated their position in their own work.

The Museum has lagged far behind the private collectors of America, in the case of modern painting, not because it has not had experts of its own in this field, but because its experts have been blocked by the purchas-

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A portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

Field of Joy, by Jerome Myers

A Bowl of Plums, by Chardin

The Duncan Phillips Collection

Modern Paintings Which Are to Be Presented to the Nation

By GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

COLLECTIONS of pictures, like pictures themselves, are reflections of their creators. This, of course, when they are successful. We have had many kinds of collections in America, from the worst to the best kind. Undoubtedly, the latter kind was reached by us in less time than with any other people. We have a remarkable assimilative faculty. We learn from others readily. In this our collectors are not behind our painters. And they are like our painters also in that they have suffered from motives which can be described only as aside from the subject in which they deal.

We have had a great many quite unimportant collections. Collections that meant nothing at all; that were carried on with an unconscious acquisitive frenzy, in which it seemed that the collector sought to acquire more and more things without asking himself whether he liked them or whether they were in any way likable. These seemed to be entirely barren of any consciousness, of any intelligence. Only a very few of these collections remain standing. They leave only a rather heterogeneous impression, one of footlessness upon the beholder. They were succeeded by one in which every effort was directed toward the portrayal of power or, which is the same thing, of wealth. The question of taste in both these modes was considered entirely negligible. One asked, apparently, solely that the painting be hand painting and the other that the painting be the authentic work of a known master who lived at any time and place providing that he did not live after the Eighteenth Century.

In neither case were pictures bought because they were good. Pictures, in this sense, were not bought at all. The first of these modes may be described as the French Salon mode, which was carried on to the great profit of men of the stamp of Bouguereau and Meissonier and Cabanel; the second to the great profit of a few enterprising dealers. It was in this period that the word authenticity began to be written in capital letters. It has to a large extent also past. Bouguereau is no longer bought at all, and only a few bad Rembrandts are bought merely because he was known to have painted them.

Lillian Woaks, by James McNeill Whistler

Collections of the order of the one formed by Mr. Duncan Phillips, of Washington, D.C., are becoming more numerous. His in any case points a new direction. It is the collection of an art-lover, and, specifically, of an American art-lover. He has placed no conscious limitations upon his adventure. He buys as he likes. He has no historical interests. He owns a Bellotto, a Chardin, a Puvis, a Ryder, a Monet, a Whistler. He is not lured, like print collectors, by the rare or unique example, and although his collection contains, for the most part, only well known names, the nature of the works by which they are represented are proof that he does not care for names; or, to be more precise, that names alone are insufficient. He may have certain doubts, for he is not reckless. He is quite the reverse. He has certain timidities. He is essentially an American collector. But the quality of his collection as displayed by the few things shown within a year at the Knoedler and Century Association Galleries is of a very harmonious character. One quality welds all its units together or as much together as is possible with so many different expressions. There is a single strain running through all these things, a definite painter-quality, a definite softening of the raucous, a definite expression of the character of the collector. He is the host. And these guests of his are assembled because they will lend variety to the Salon, but also because there is a common ground on which he may meet any one of them.

This is not always casually explicable. The American pictures, for an example, go in romanticism and symbolism and subtilty as far as Arthur B. Davies, and, in the other direction, to the realistic literalness of Gari Melchers. The French pictures might be said to begin with Puvis de Chavannes, who, archaically as you please, was a true romantic, and to end with the literary affectations of romance that are made by Rene Menard. Perhaps Menard and Melchers are in the same category. They both have an isolated interest in paint, though it explains itself differently enough; an interest in color values merely as color values. This lends preeminence to the crafts-

man in them, which means, in the final summing up and crudely, the subordination of the artist. Few other pictures here do this. Few other pictures here are the work of artistic carpenters. Most have that quality of subtilty which Mr. Phillips, as a refined American, will like above other qualities.

His admiration for J. Alden Weir, about whom he has written at least one brochure, and Twachtman and even Hassam will at once explain what is meant here. Few men in the world of art are subtiler than Weir and Twachtman. Perhaps they are more representative of Mr. Phillips's America than that much more often cited proof of the existence of a national expression, Winslow Homer — here with "Rowing Home." The same is true to some extent of Davies. But there is an English or a Welsh strain in Davies which in leading him to the telling of stories has, at least superficially, set him apart from the majority of our painters. I have always thought of Weir and Twachtman as whisperers, as extraordinarily sensitive and modest men, always afraid that the sound of their speech might be mightier than the weight of their message. It is a full whisper that they give us. It might be an empty shout. George Bellows has often run this risk, along with Paul Dougherty and Leon Kroll and Jonas Lie and Charles W. Hawthorne. (Kroll and Lie, by the way, are not represented here.)

Pan and the Wolf, by J. Alden Weir

It is quite possible that a few of the entries in the collection are sentimental. William M. Chase's "Outskirts of Madrid" as an example. Every collector of American pictures, almost every American artist, owes something to the man who did more than anyone else to introduce art to America. And Mr. Chase did more than that, for he was the initiator of the present vogue for American pictures. W. L. Picknell—"A Cottage by the Sea" — is old fashioned and belongs here rather as a stepping stone than as a goal. He is at the beginning of the present wave of American art.

It is a question whether Albert P. Ryder is a mature expression of that same wave. He is a mystic and there have been only a few here, to which group I sometimes wonder whether Davies really belongs. Of the realist, George Luks, there can be less doubt. His "The Dominican," which is probably the largest picture in this collection, is a truly Catholic picture. One reads mysticism in it between the lines of a very real matter, a matter which is, apparently, in no way subverted to that end, a matter which with the slightest bit less dignity would savour of the fleshly and the vulgar. Luks avoids nothing. He is a long way from the temerities of Twachtman and Weir, a very long way from the unimaginative literalness of Melcher's so over-conscientious "The Smithy."

But it is impossible in this space to carry this analysis into any lengthy conclusion. The collection is too varied for that. There are, by Whistler, "Lillian Woaks" and "Arrangement in White"; by Daumier, a truly fine bit of his satire called "The Lawyers," and by Monticelli, "As You Like It," a canvas whimsical in color, line and form. Monticelli is at one end of this collection and Puvis at the other. This means that the Americans are between them. But if they are, they are so only loosely. They go beyond, quite often, at the Monticelli end; they go beyond to a more tangible expression, as in the instance of Ryder and of Luks, who have less whim and greater vision. Puvis is a kind of High Priest, a dealer in eternal profundities, a man whose aloofness from the petty play of contemporary fashion was entirely unaffected, sincere and real. We do not arrive very readily at that state of mind. We are very young. We have arrived, so far, only at pompous imitations of the great French mural painter's attitude. Mr. Phillips has wisely avoided those imitations. But there are touches of a Puritanism, as in Hassam, Twachtman and Theodore Robinson, which, though bare of Puvis's austerity, is also without that warmth or floridity which has made so many materialists adopt the palette of Rubens.

The Barnyard, by A. P. Ryder

Knitting for Soldiers, by J. Alden Weir

These Americans are nearer, of course, to Monet—represented by "A Little River" and "The Road to Vetheuil"—nearer physically, but I am thinking rather of a spiritual likeness, and with less human weakness they might sit on the same throne.

The collection is destined to form the Phillips Memorial Art Gallery, where they are to be shown in "carefully chosen groups."

Modern Silks

The First International Silk Exposition at the Grand Central Palace

By M. D. C. CRAWFORD

At the Grand Central Palace on the 7th of February will open the first International Silk Exposition. This is more than an industrial exhibition. It is the exposition of an industry. A well-planned, sincere effort has been made to arrange in intelligible sequence all the activities, historic, artistic, technical, industrial and commercial, required to enable you to buy a silk cravat, a yard of chiffon or spool of sewing silk.

Unlike many other industrial exhibitions, there is nothing to sell, except the Idea. The silk industry hopes to prove to you that in bringing silk from the class of precious and costly objects they have not diminished its luxury value; in placing it among the necessities they have not lowered its standing of ages as the medium for conveying each age's conception of beauty.

Art Was Industry. Industry May Become Art

We have heard a great deal about art that is fine, about art in industry; perhaps this exposition will establish the fact that art and industry are terms used with too restricted a meaning. For example, an industrial fair in Fourteenth Century Italy would, if shown in New York today, be justly proclaimed as art.

Until we the public (and everyone outside of each particular industry is to this industry the public) begin to grasp something of the mechanics, the spirit and the possibilities of modern industry, we may as well forbear discussions of a national or any other kind of art. We waste our time, our money, and the enthusiasm and the means of better people on a useless, pompous association or meaningless or endless propaganda. The plain truth is that industry of yesterday is art today, and industry today may and probably will become art tomorrow, and industry is the contemporaneous method of satisfying our needs, our whims and our desires. Is an art more? That one age had a higher desire, standard, was more sensitive in expression, more skilful in creation, ability to interpret than another, is beyond dispute; but this has nothing to do with the media of expression, and it is curious to remark that as each age arose beyond its predecessor in complexity of method, there were never wanting critics winning golden laurels by praise of an elder age and dispraise of their own. For five centuries of Japanese literature the writers of each age lamented the great artists of the past age and sighed at the debasement of craftsmanship in their own. From the genius of the dead critics we reluctantly drag the evidence that the causes that lead to the highest æsthetic expressions are a little more subtle than current criticism suggests.

Each age has its own thoughts to express, its own ideals to reflect and its own methods of expressions. Our medium is the machine. And our salvation lies in the frank acceptance of this fact.

The Machine a Tool the Artist Can Direct

The first International Silk Exposition will prove to you that machinery is, after all, but a new kind of tool; that organization and specialization in mill and counting house is but

Poster for the Silk Show

the modern expression and continuation of systems hallowed by ages. Silks made on a modern loom moving with incomprehensible speed can have the same charms as if made by the tedious technique of inserting each cross thread by hand. Silk printed on a modern roller printing machine can have the same quality of drawing and color as silk decorated laboriously by hand from blocks of teak wood.

Modern Silk as Interesting as Ancient

The history of silk is voluminous, the interest in silk is universal. And everyone knows something about this interesting fibre. But we know more of silk in China, Japan, France or Italy than about the silks that enter into our own lives. But silk in Connecticut, in New Jersey and in Pennsylvania is of more importance to us and has an equally interesting story.

Bridal Satin doll in the costume of a bride of the Moyen Age, designed by Miriam Bouslogue, of Joseph's

Seventy per cent of the raw silk exported from the Orient is spun and woven in the United States. Approximately 150,000 men and women are employed in our silk mills. The money value of this product was in 1919 over three-quarters of a billion dollars. Later in this article I will give an outline of the history of silk in America, and historically it dates from before the Revolution. But the greatest development has come during the last generation, as is proven by the brief record of the Silk Association of America. This is the oldest industrial association in continuous existence in the United States. It was founded in 1870 with 86 establishments, employing 6,649 workmen, with 1,251 looms and 12,040 spindles. In 1919, the last year of which the official statistics are complete, the Association contained 1,318 members, employing 142,444 workmen, spent $174,680,000 in wages and salaries, and employed 98,889 looms exclusive of ribbon looms and special jacquards and 3,307,481 spindles. Ramsay Peugnet, secretary of the Silk Association of America, said: "The object of this Association is to serve the general interests of the entire silk industry. We keep an accurate record of all importations and exportations of raw and finished products. We watch carefully all legislation and all departmental rulings concerning silk. By mutual agreement, we furnish arbitration boards for disputes arising between members of the Association. We encourage the elevation of standards, clarity of contracts and give assistance both moral and financial to the improvement of growing and reeling of the raw fibre. We have been especially active in China lately in this respect. During the war this Association cooperated with the Government in allocating spun silk yarns so badly needed for weaving cartridge cloth."

Industrial Development of Silk Manufacturing

The city of Paterson, New Jersey, produces more silk than any city in the entire world. However, a great many silk centres grew up about the steel mills in Pennsylvania. Here there was no employment for women and the silk mill came as a practical answer to periodical unemployment. Unlike textile centres in Europe, there was no traditional aptitude among these people for mill work. It was, therefore, essential that the American machine be highly developed and require, comparatively speaking, little attention. This placed a very high premium on expert management and also encouraged American machine makers to devote their ingenuity to the invention and perfection of labor-saving machinery of miraculous delicacy, speed and perfection. The first attention of the industry was unquestionably directed towards cheap and medium-priced standard merchandise, but it was very early discovered that a little attention given to the training of labor and the creation of conditions that made for perma-

nent employment developed quality. A few years before the war a courageous group of concerns in this country began to specialize on quality and style fabrics.

These pioneers soon felt the need for exclusive designs. That had a direct relationship to conditions and sentiments in America. And so the American design artist grew with the industry. Last year Women's Wear Annual Design Contest received 3,500 designs from 1,000 artists in thirty-four states. And the ideas were excellent.

Giving Modern Exhibition a Traditional Background

Howard Greenley was retained by the executive committee to decorate the Grand Central Palace in a fitting manner. Mr. Greenley's experience with the Architectural League and other exhibitions is an assurance that this task will be performed with professional distinction. Mr. Greenley will transform the ground floor into a street in old Bagdad and make a foreground and a suitable background for the display of the finished fabrics. There will be, at each performance, a pageant lasting from twenty minutes to half an hour. On a stage suggesting a temple entrance there will appear a group of Chinese peasants offering a sacrifice before an altar. In answer to their prayer the Spirit of Silk, impersonated by Desirée Labouska, the well-known dancer, will interpret the birth and spirit of the beautiful fibre. There will then be a pageant of the Brides of All Nations, and finally the modern woman, starting with the now quaint period of 1890 and ending in the dominant fashion that will be worn in the summer of 1921. This pageant has been developed under the guidance of Mr. Alexander Leftwich, stage director for Daniel Frohman. Mr. Leftwich said: "I shall always keep in mind the public rather than the professional reaction to this pageant. Every professional in the audience will know more about the technical secret than the public. But I am not at all concerned whether the professionals like or dislike the pageant; what I am concerned about is its effect upon the public, and the pageant has been arranged with that viewpoint firmly in mind."

Jack Twohey, Chairman of the Pageant Committee, said: "We agree with Mr. Leftwich. We could have staged our own pageant and shown every detail of silk. It would have cost about $1,000,000, and before it was well started the audience would have died of starvation. Leftwich is wrong only in one particular — the professional silk man will like the pageant. It is just what he has been trying to tell the public all his life."

This is the first time in my recollection that an industrial exhibition hired an architect to tell how it should look when dressed and a stage director to tell how it felt. These are hopeful signs.

A single swallow may not make a summer, but ideas make an industry, and industries make a people.

History of Fairs, Religious and Secular, and Modern Expositions

Charles H. Green has charge of the entire exhibition. His is one of the most interesting of professions. It is that of staging industrial exhibitions. He told the writer that for years he had tried to arouse the interest of the silk industry in presenting an international exhibition, but there had always been some reason advanced for delaying the project. But once they had agreed to the idea, he never knew a body of men so eager and so willing to sink personal ambitions and combine enthusiasm, brains and money in a common cause. Mr. Green said:

"Expositions justify themselves best upon educational grounds. According to their fitness, excellence and comprehensiveness, do they become effective.

Plan of decoration of the main floor of the Grand Central Palace for the International Silk Exhibition. Designed by Howard Greenley

"When they cover the three great divisions —production, distribution and consumption— they become broad in character and show forth the material industries of men. When made international in structure, they disclose the resources of countries, wealth of nations and civilization of peoples.

"Beginning centuries ago in religious festivals, expositions have passed through a long intermediate formative period as commercial fairs, and since 1850 have come to be international in scope and plan, and educational in purpose.

"In this exposition there is a definite departure from the old plan of promiscuously collecting exhibits of everything and from everywhere. Every exhibit has been carefully and intelligently selected with a view to avoiding duplication and insuring a standard of quality in each that will be readily appreciated alike by manufacturer and visitor.

"To give the world ideas in manufacture by an exhibition of resources and mechanical accomplishments loses none of its beneficence because it has commercial advantages. Moreover, it is in such an exposition as this that capital justifies itself before all schools of thought through maximum production at minimum cost. We have only to walk through Grand Central Palace to understand that the genius of all the past, as well as the science of the day, is embodied in every single article. The stored-up labor or capital of numberless generations is expressed in every method, machine and product.

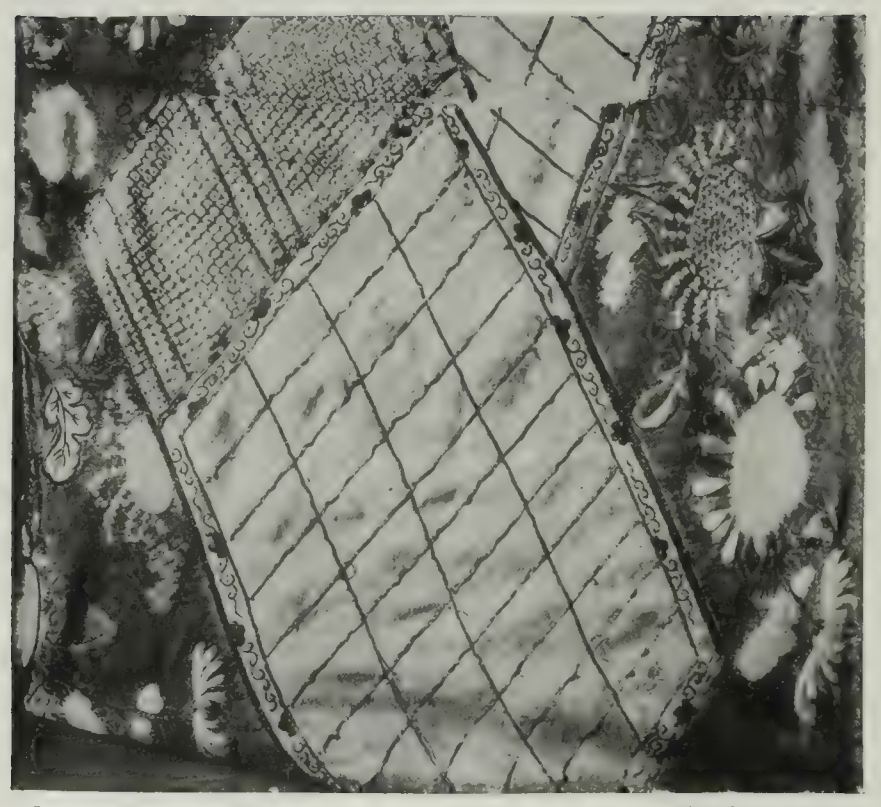
"Now, there cannot be a convex without a concave. The manufacturer, being taught, becomes a teacher. By seeking his own self interest he is conferring a favor upon others, and it is a truth too little appreciated in modern discussion that the business man, despite even himself, is a public servant and benefactor."

Romance of Modern Commerce

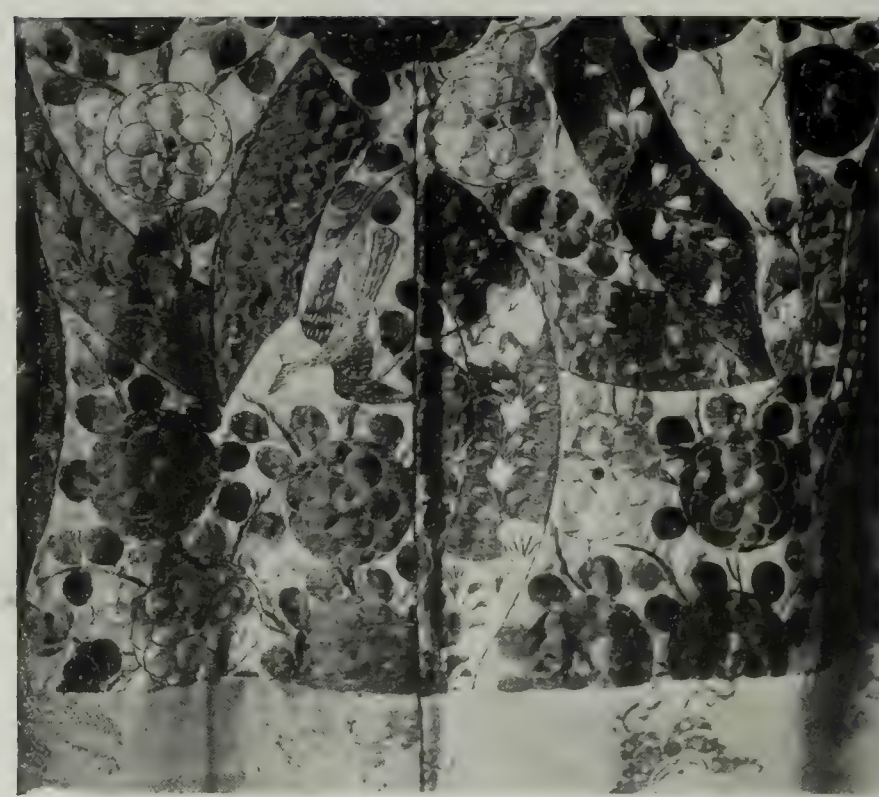
Properly presented, industry is the most interesting subject. It is the art and science of human genius, reacting from natural forces.

All exhibitors have a common general interest, but each concentrates on some particular phase. One man sees it in terms of international finance, the coordination of modern banking systems with the age-old methods of barter and exchange of the Orient. To him silk is a series of calculations involving raw fibre in thousands of miles and thousands of tons of ocean freights. Nor is this field lacking in romance. At one end is a palatial and conventional modern banking office with the latest devices for gathering and recording information, gauges of credit and exchange; at the other end lie the sleepy Old World villages of Italy, Japan and China, rich in the patina of the centuries and richer in the traditions of the ages. Along the flowered roadways of old Japan on the broad backs of cheerful carriers, on gaily caparisoned mules from the Italian

Two prize winning designs: A batik by Hazel Slaughter and a textile by Marguerite Zorach



Japanese costume illustrating four methods of design: brocade weaving, embroidery, resist or tie dyeing, and batik. Brooklyn Museum



Sleeve of Japanese Court costume, showing high development in the arts of embroidery. Brooklyn Museum

mountains, on teak wood junks with painted sails idly floating on placid Chinese rivers, silk is brought from its myriad homes to be stored in the holds of swift ocean steamships. And so the bankers of today carry forward the traditions that were old when Europe was young. They are the lineal descendants of the merchant princes who in the East and in the West control the old caravan routes leading from China across the Himalayas and divide over the frozen sands of Turkestan into Persia, finally ending on the shores of the Mediterranean. These narrow paths, worn in ruts by the soft feet of countless camels, were called the Roads of Silk.

The Magic of Mechanics

Another set of men, no less earnest, no less important, see in the marvel of modern machinery, swift as light, accurate as a watch and more delicate than the human hand, the focus of interest. The confused arrangement of wheels, cogs, cylinders, wires, belts and carefully seasoned wood are to this group but the logical development of the tools that were old when Pekin was a tiny village of barbarous savages. There is the chemist, who with alchemy more subtle than romance, transforms the turgid refuse of coke oven and gas house, the produce of tropical forests and other apparently foreign substances into radiant, resplendent color. There is the decorator and the dressmaker, the designer and the artist, who combine and use, justify and control ultimately all of these processes. Each will have his word to say and each his drama to stage in this exhibit.

Let us take, for example, the exhibition under the control of the Educational Committee, of which Albert Tilt is chairman. Mr. Tilt said: "We are solicitous that the public come to a real comprehension of the technical processes, difficulties and possibilities of silk. We sympathize with the interest so often expressed in this subject and feel that in offering them this opportunity we are discharging an obligation we are proud to recognize. In selecting the machinery and processes, in determining its sequence of arrangement, we have kept the public in mind. Every exhibitor has been guided by the same spirit. Each exhibit forms a link in the chain of evidence to prove to the public that every effort of modern science, skill, art and technology is employed to bring silk to its highest possible perfection."

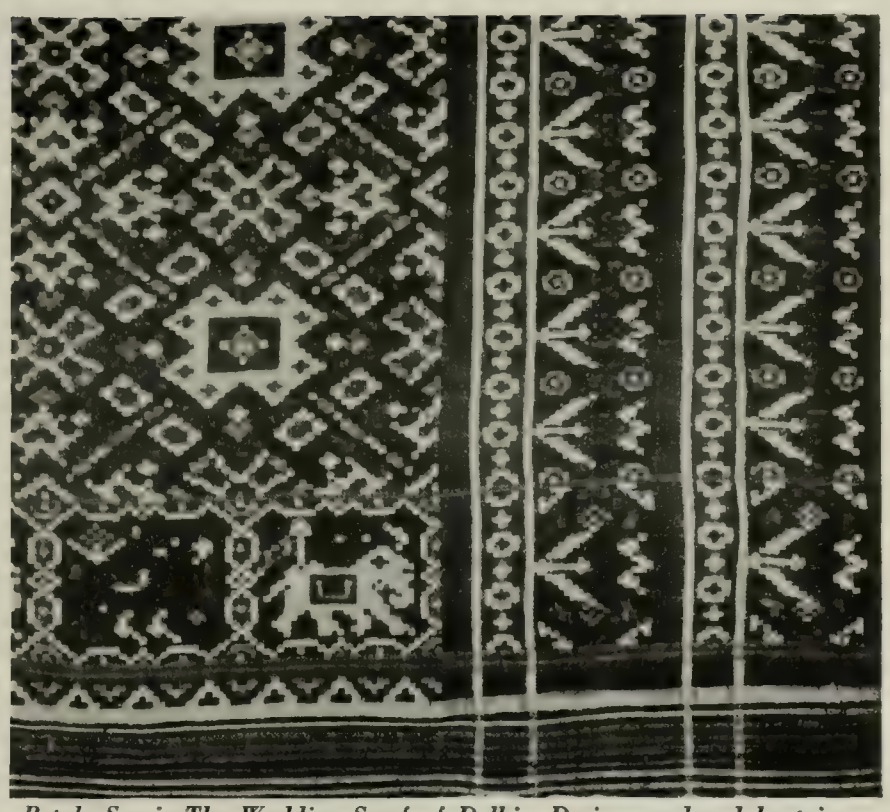
Bokharan headdress from the Brooklyn Museum, showing the Indian tree of life and peacock

Educational Exhibit

This exhibition will cover 16,000 square feet of space and occupy the entire mezzanine floor. It will begin with the reeling of cocoons and end with the actual dyeing, finishing and weaving of the finished web of silk. There will be Japanese, Chinese and Italian silk reelers in quaint, native costumes, each operating the device best suited to his technology and requirements. There will be a fully equipped laboratory furnished by the United States Conditioning & Testing Company and under the direction of D. E. Douty. This organization tests over 40 per cent of the raw silk that comes into this market, and last year there passed through its warehouse and laboratories over forty millions of dollars worth of this valuable fibre. After the reeling process, the throwing of silk will be demonstrated. This is the art of forming into yarns the continuous filament from the silk cocoon. But a large portion of silk is in the form of waste, that is, fibre that has to be removed from the cocoon before continuous reeling can begin. This silk is what is known as spun silk and is treated on special machines and subjected to processes similar to those used in wool and cotton spinning. Next in order the different machines for preparing the yarn for the warps (the threads that run the length of the piece) and the weft (or those threads that cross from selvedge to selvedge) will be demonstrated. There will be seven kinds of looms in operation, under the control of expert weavers, who will explain to the visitors the different movements. These looms will be weaving crepe, satin, tie silk, striped shirting, taffeta, plaids and velvet. There will be, in addition, a jacquard ribbon loom, weaving at one operation many lengths of ribbon, and an old hand loom, showing not only the contrast between the modern and the ancient method, but that the old tool has sur-

Gold and silk brocade, from Eighteenth Century Persian garment. Brooklyn Museum

Tie dyeing, called in India "Band-Hani." Fabric, when woven, is tied with thread. Brooklyn Museum



Patola Serai—The Wedding Scarf of Delhi. Design produced by tying both warp and woof with resist thread. Brooklyn Museum

vived to make the short lengths required for experiment and for certain exclusive purposes. All forms of hand dyeing will be demonstrated, such as Batik, tie dyeing and block printing. A roller printing machine will be in operation with a capacity of sixty yards a minute. It is estimated that this machine during the week of the exhibition will print 60,000 yards. In addition to this there will be special moving pictures illustrating certain phases of the silk industry that it is impossible to include in the exhibit. Perhaps the most interesting of these will be a film showing the silkworm actually spinning its cocoon.

The Personal Viewpoint

It is impossible to give every personal viewpoint on silk. But the impressions of a few acknowledged leaders is of great importance.

Charles Cheney is the treasurer of Cheney Bros., a concern established in 1836. Today, after almost a century of development, there are nine Cheneys at the head of different departments. This concern employs several thousand workers, and conducts every process, from the raw to the finished product. It is an institution, as well as an industry.

Mr. Cheney is the president of the Silk Association of America, and in this capacity I asked him to express his views on the coming exhibition for ARTS & DECORATION.

Since the present exhibition was begun by the Silk Travelers' Association, Inc., Mr. Cheney can speak with impartial frankness. He said:

"The proposal to hold a silk exhibition in New York has been before us for consideration for a number of years, and up to the present time I have always stood the thing off and maneuvered for delay, feeling that the time was not right and that the attitude of mind of the people interested in the thing was not sufficiently crystallized.

"I have always realized that for the thing to be taken up rightly we should have to wait until certain seeds had been sown and had had time to mature and bring forth their fruit. I believe that the time is now right, and I look forward to the coming exhibition with large expectations of its success, and have hopes that it will do a world of good.

"Some years ago Paterson had one or two local silk exhibits, which were creditable as local undertakings, and created in the minds of their promoters an ambition to repeat the same thing in New York. This I felt would be a mistake, especially as behind the plan lay the thought of exploiting the American silk industry as distinct from the silk industry of the world, which, if carried out, would have been pretty sure to create a comparison unfavorable to American products; because, while America had become the largest producer of silk goods, it had devoted its attention principally to supplying current average grades and qualities for commercial use, in large quantities, and comparatively little attention had been given to the production of elaborate, expensive, artistic, high-grade novelties suitable for exhibition purposes.

"Next, it was necessary to bring the general thought around to the idea of an exhibition in which the aim would be to exploit silk and to glorify the silk industry, rather than to offer a medium for the advertising exploitation of special marks, brands or houses. All of this required a certain largeness of view, which would be too much to expect to have accepted without some preparation.

"Educational work was necessary to bring those manufacturers who are not selling branded and advertised goods to a realization of the fact that they would profit by the glorification of silk, even though they were not able to reap the direct benefit offered to those who are distributing their products over their own names. These last were few in number and by themselves unable to carry through successfully a general exhibition.

"The change in the times and conditions of market and the assimilation of the broad idea of a general silk glorification have now made it possible to undertake the work on the right plan and in the right spirit. If this exhibit is carried out, as I believe it will be, it will be something unique in the history of trade exhibitions, and will present to New York a spectacle and an interest which has never been equalled in any like undertaking.

"There is no product of industry and no article of commerce which offers such wonderful possibilities for display as does the Queen of Fabrics—Silk—with its luster, its design possibilities, and its glory of color. Its name is a tradition, and carries with it associations of art, of luxury, and of beauty, which by itself assures the interest of the public—at least of the women.

"Our people do not know that the American silk industry has come to be more important than that of any other country, or any other group of countries in the world. They do not know that nearly all of the silks used in America are made in America. They do not know of the great army of workers who earn their livelihood in producing this supply. They do not know of the great problems of finance and international trade which are wound up in the story of this great industrial development. They should learn that, under the protecting hand of the Government, American initiative has succeeded in pushing the silk industry into the front rank, ahead of those which have been established for ages and whose reputation was made and assured before silk manufacture in America was heard of. They do not know that this wonderful and beneficent development has been brought about during the long period of years in which prices were being constantly reduced, to such an extent that even now, after the price inflations of the war, silks are cheaper than they used to be in our grandmothers' time, so that the development of this great protected industry has not been at the expense of the buyers, but greatly to their ad-

Persian silk and gold brocade of the Sixteenth Century

Weaving silk in Japan, from a Japanese print by Yutamaro. Brooklyn Museum

vantage, a thing not very widely understood.

"It is right that America should have a fuller realization of the accomplishments and of the magnitude of this industry, and that they should have a pride and satisfaction in its accomplishments. A successful exhibition should do great good in bringing about a fuller understanding of the situation and in elevating the industry in the minds of the public, so that they shall have for it a proper respect.

"A mere showing of the beauties of silk to some thousands of people who will pass through the Grand Central Palace during the exposition week is not enough. The story must be carried broadcast throughout the land, by means of general publicity and advertising, and this missionary work can be made infinitely more effective if the merchants throughout the country will lend us their support and bring silk properly to the attention of their customers during the period of the exhibition.

"If all of this can be accomplished, or if even a small part of it is realized, the exhibition will have justified itself most fully. I have faith that we shall succeed and our chances of success will increase in direct proportion with our own enthusiasm for what we are trying to do."

The Dyer's Viewpoint

Mr. Albert Blum is the treasurer of the United Piece Dye Works of Lodi, N.J. This concern prints and dyes more silks than any other concern or concerns in the world. He said:

"Back of the high technical knowledge and costly equipment and specialized organization required for printing and dyeing silk, lies the vital question of art, taste and fashion.

"Under its different names this means the ability to appreciate and the skill to execute design. Unless artist and dressmaker can be in sympathy with the general public and have an interpretative faculty and a sympathetic support from the industry, what can the dyer and printer do?

"My plant covers many acres of ground. I have skilled technicians, the best of chemists; my workmen, numbering several hundreds, are satisfied and satisfactory—but, in truth, I am but the modern form of the old dye master of mediæval Italy, the craftsman, printing with teak wood blocks along the Ganges.

"For years I felt America must have her own designers, for years I have done with pleasure such tasks as fell to my share to bring about this desirable condition. And this day is here. I have seen our machines running off miles of printed silks from ideas created and interpreted by the boys and girls of America. Who should give us beauty, if not our own artists? We can take loveliness from all over the world, from all time, but we must give as well as take.

"I have a textile library, carefully and at times expensively collected. In it is a gay little volume, hand made, hand painted, and every page was designed and executed by an American designer. It was presented to me after an exhibition of designs. I have no book in my entire library, I have few material possessions I value so highly.

"I do not wish to talk about any other phase of the great silk industry. It has many able expositors, but I do earnestly want the ladies of America to know that the young artists of America, the boys and girls they know, are adding to the sum of earth's loveliness. They have chosen silk as the medium for this new art; this is to me the story of silk."

The Customer's Viewpoint

The modern dressmaker who designs for a wide public is perhaps the most important professional element between the public taste and the machine. He it is who brings about accord in mechanical possibilities and artistic design. To determine the lines, the ornament and the colors that will win acceptance and therefore set a style or determine a fashion is by no means either an arbitrary act or a simple process. It is a result of careful experiment, supplemented by wide experience, interpretative faculties of a high order, and sound, basic good taste.

To do these things not occasionally, but with each new season, constitutes the professional duties of Max Meyer. He and his concern, A. Beller & Co., are unknown even to the general public they serve. Their reputation is almost as extensive in professional France as in professional America, and every season to their show room come the professional experts in feminine apparel from every large city in America.

All of these specialists are familiar with their own local conditions and have in mind a large number of individual customers for whom they are acting in the relationship of agents. Mr. Meyer stands to this group in the capacity of consulting expert. He gathers in his collections ideas from his own workroom, ideas that have come from the suggestions of his customers, ideas that have come from Paris. In order to carry out these suggestions it is necessary that he have access to the fabric markets of the world. At any season, his storeroom holds the last word in textile art of that particular time. What he says, therefore, about silk is the opinion of a disinterested expert.

"Silk is the fabric universal. I use silk not alone to express the highest refinement in line and color, but because of its great strength, wearing qualities and general service value. I make no garment that does not contain silk either as the principal fabric or in some important detail. Even the severest street costume must be sewn and lined with silk.

"Every costume requirement has its special type and style of silk; there is the plain serviceable lining with only color and texture for an artistic appeal, the subtlety of chiffon, the repose and elegance of satin, the demure restraint and crispness of taffeta, the luxury and dignity of brocade. And if I have a special need for a note of color or a design of special quaintness and piquancy, my first thought is silk embroidery.

"I buy the silks of all nations, and in each there is some peculiar merit. But year by year American technical and artistic standards advance. Season by season they become more and more important to the exclusive dressmaker. They have advanced their luxury standing without diminishing their utilitarian service, and in many respects our home-made product equals that of any other country. And in one extremely difficult texture American quality is supreme; the world standard for duvetyn in quality, drape, color and durability is made in America. This fabric is the happy marriage of silk and wool, combining the sturdy qualities of the latter with the softness and lustre of the former.

"Dressmaking that in spirit and in interpretation does not go beyond its narrow limits can never be an art, and if silk only had this narrow dressmaking advantage, I could not speak of it with the same enthusiasm. But not only is costuming in its highest sense im-

Japanese print by Yutamaro illustrating the process of silk reeling. Brooklyn Museum

Sixteenth century Italian textile design, showing strong Oriental influences

possible without silk in its myriad forms, but civilization, culture and refinement could not endure without this fibre."

Silk as a Classic

Back of the modern expression of silk lies a distinguished history, older, perhaps, than any other written record in civilization. Our first accounts of the fibre come from China, and it is significant that its earliest record is in the form of a myth. A myth is the graceful acknowledgment that fact has been lost in the vista of years. And there are times when a myth means more than a dry recitation of dates and names, since it expresses a spiritual as well as a material reaction. Curiously, most histories vary in their selection of the particular myth with which to start a story of silk. I am indebted to Professor G. S. Boulger, of the China Society, for the form of name selected.

In 2800 B.C. the Emperor Shen Nung, inventor of the plow, began the cultivation of the mulberry tree. It seems difficult to believe that any one would cultivate a mulberry tree except to feed a silkworm, and as the mulberry tree was wild, it was not necessary to cultivate it unless the number of silkworms requiring the leaves had been artificially stimulated.

In 2602 B.C. another hazy emperor, Huang Ti, the mythical inventor of numbers, music and the loom, entrusted to his wife, Lei Tsu, the investigation of the rearing of the silkworm. She it is who is now worshipped as Yuan Fei —"Goddess of Silkworms."

In 2200 B.C., however, a more accurate record occurs. Silk was paid as tribute by a Chinese emperor to some potentate in Northwestern India, and probably was paid to him for protection of the old caravan routes. This latter record is as accurate as a bill of lading would be today. And it may safely be conjectured from these facts that some time prior to the earliest date began the art of silk culture; spinning and weaving were highly developed.

A series of accidents disclosed the fact that the silk cocoon from which the moth had not emerged was a continuous thread and therefore much stronger and more elastic than the short fibres that could be separated from the open cocoon.

From China the art spread to Khotan (modern Thibet), and from there to Persia and later to India. Recent discoveries in the ruined city of Turfan in Turkestan made by A. Von LeCoq and Stein are illuminating in their evidence of intercourse between the Far and Near East at a very early date. Here met the traders from the Levant with the merchants of old China. This city of sand, the shelter of nomadic tribes, was once a cosmopolitan market place, the home of culture, refinement, the centre of vigorous life. Here on wall paintings of exquisite delicacy are portrayed the Buddhist priests in conference with Manichean Christian monks. In these ruins were discovered fragments of beautiful textures, of linen, wool and silk, that are dated somewhere between the First and Fifth Century of the Christian era. In Dr. Berthold Laufer's "Sino Iranica" he traces through the common plant forms and other facts a highly developed relationship between China and Persia, covering approximately the same dates, and in this work proves that Chinese silks were exchanged for Persian metal brocades and cottons at a very early date.

In silk, Japan is comparatively modern. It was introduced in 195 A.D., and was no doubt spun and woven through the primitive textile methods that then existed in Japan. A hundred years later the Chinese technique and Chinese designs were introduced by an exiled Chinese prince.

The story of how two Nestorian monks brought silkworm eggs and mulberry seeds to the Court of Justinian in Constantinople has rather too strong a literary flavor for credence. But silk, the fibre, was known in Europe ever since the memorable march of Alexander of Macedon. Aristotle speaks of it, and while perhaps a little hazy as to its true nature, the charm of the fibre impressed itself upon the great philosopher and other classical authors.

We set perhaps an exaggerated value upon the arts of the Orient and many a dress and many a room has been in bad taste through the barbaric intrusion of the bizarre loom. When silk first came into Europe, it came into contact with a people who had not only a great art but one that was to them entirely satisfactory. So while they accepted the fibre with enthusiasm and paid for it in coined gold and the lives of men, they did not entirely accept the design. On the Island of Cos, in the Mediterranean, there sprang up a very curious industry, or, should I say in the light of modern criticism, an art? Here the bolts of silk from the Orient were carefully unravelled and redyed and rewoven into designs and textures more suitable to the taste of the people.

French silk of the eighteenth century which shows a light naturalistic tendency

The first American silk, worn by Martha Washington at the first inauguration

In the Twelfth Century, Norman Roger, the outlaw king of Sicily, kidnapped Corinthian weavers and brought them to Palermo. This was a most successful act of barbarism; and Sicilian textures occupy not only an important place today in museum collections, but won in their time a ready acceptance in Europe. A little later we read of a Bishop of Evreux purchasing a vestment of Sicilian texture. Silk played a vital part in the artistic and commercial life of the great Italian cities of the Middle Ages. To the Alps, Italy owed a desirable isolation from barbarous Northern Europe. She retained remnants of classical culture and was subjected to the stimulation of Oriental contact. It was this security that invited commerce, and it was commerce that encouraged art. There is a record that Venice knew silk as early as the Sixth Century, but it is certain in the Tenth Century there was in this city a flourishing trade in silk.

The rise of the Mohammedan power and the eventual capture of Constantinople and Cairo closed old caravan routes; and in spite of the fact that

(*Continued on page* 334)

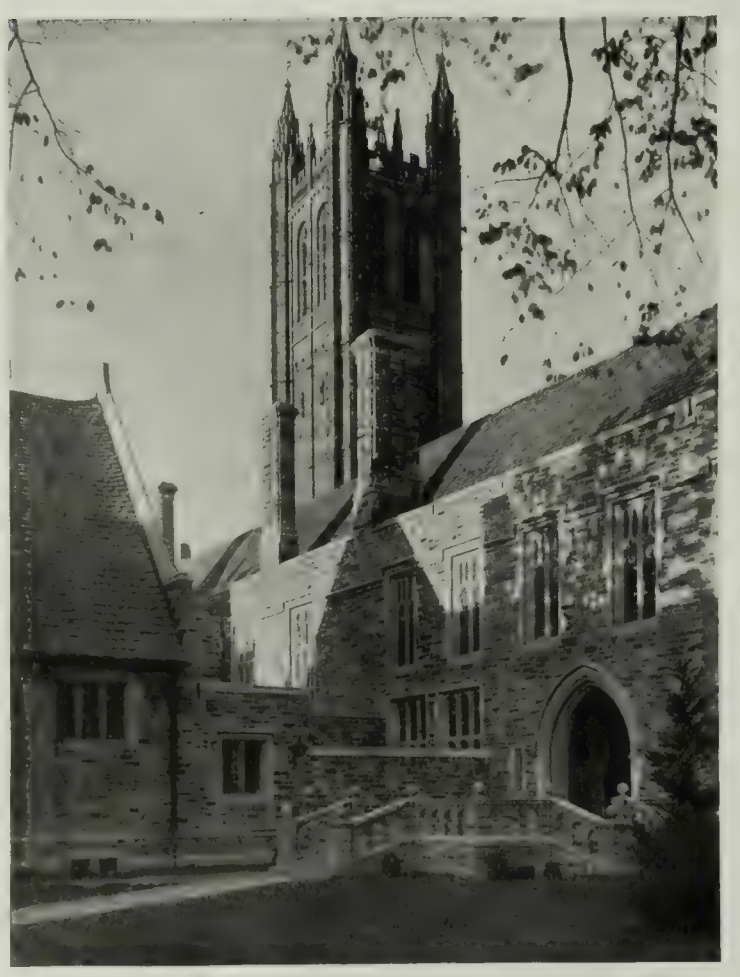
The residence of George Marshall Allen at Morristown, N.J., Charles I. Berg, architect

Architectural Impressions

By AYMAR EMBURY, II
Editor Department of Architecture

Are We on Our Way?

IN an article by Mr. Matlack Price in the December number of ARTS & DECORATION appears a quotation from Chesterton which characterizes both Greek and Gothic art more clearly than any other description, of no matter what length, that I have ever seen: and it set me to wondering how Gilbert K. Chesterton would characterize modern architecture, or if he would be able to characterize it at all. I wonder if there could be evolved any brief set of words which would epitomize our aims and purposes: or if we have any definite aims and purposes. Conscious aims we architects certainly have not, except in the cases of a few men who have failed completely to justify their own endeavors to create a new school of art. I doubt if we have any definite goal even in our subconscious minds, unless it be to make it possible for our clients to live more comfortably in surroundings of greater beauty, and incidentally to make ourselves a living. We are as a whole careless of the tools we use; we cull from our knowledge of the past whatever we conceive may be of use, without regard for its traditions, its fitness to our conditions or its function as a logical step in the development of our art.



The Princeton dining-hall, Day and Klauder, architects

Where the art of each past age was stylistic, ours is eclectic; each building of the centuries between 1000 and 1500 A.D. was a milestone in the growth, maturity or decline of Gothic art; each one of our buildings is a step in—what? I don't know and I do not believe that anybody else does, although each one of us who tries to do honest work feels that he is adding something to the art of architecture, and each one of us who thinks about his art at all expects that he will eventually see at least the beginnings of a genuine stylistic movement: the formations of a "period" in art. Why? I don't know, unless because always in the past there has been a "period" and we feel that no good work is permanent unless it is part of a period.

After all, is it necessary that our work should fall within the limits of a certain style in order to advance? Again I don't know, and do not believe that anyone else does: I do know this: that *we are advancing.* I have had time of late to do something I have wanted to do for a long time: to go over the accumulated architectural clippings of years and select what I want to preserve as guides and examples for my own work, and I am immensely impressed with the very general improvement in the quality of the work over the time some twenty years ago when I first began to preserve illustrations of architecture. At first I thought perhaps my taste had changed, and what seemed good to me then, I now disliked, although the absolute merit of the work remained the same: and then I realized that such was not the case; the old work which once satisfied me completely—as, for example, the Breese house at Southampton—still seemed good, but the other work which I had preserved, not because of its perfection, but because it was the best of its kind, now seemed childish and unlettered beside our modern work.

We have improved: of that I have no doubt; but are we progressing? For a comparable case I will have to go back to the sculpture of the late Roman period; when the sculptors, tired of reproducing old forms, and incapable of inventing new ones, reverted to the archaic Greek art of six or seven hundred years before for "inspiration" and produced those lovely archaistic figures which Paul Manship and Sherry Fry have, in their turn, only lately used as prototypes. Once familiar with the style, the Roman sculptors acquired such great facility in this work, such excellent technique, that it is often impossible to tell archaistic from genuinely archaic work; and they produced some very beautiful figures, genuine works of art; but did their work aid in the progress of sculpture? I think not.

The whole classic period seems so long ago that the analogy between the archaistic sculptors of decadent Rome and the American architect of today who copies literally and exactly Elizabethan forms, seems forced; we are apt to lump all classic art together, while it seems a far cry from Elizabeth's time to that of George the Fifth; although actually in years or in the progress of civilization the Roman of the Second Century was further from archaic Greece than are we from the early Seventeenth Century. Twenty years ago, and eighty years ago we were copying Tudor forms, but usually with unhappy results: we hadn't learned the technique. Today we have, and our free and graceful modelling of surfaces, mixtures of materials, and dissymmetrical planning, produces results which closely approximate the old work, and are entirely comparable to it in sheer beauty, although our processes are conscious where the old were unconscious.

And yet I do not know whether this is

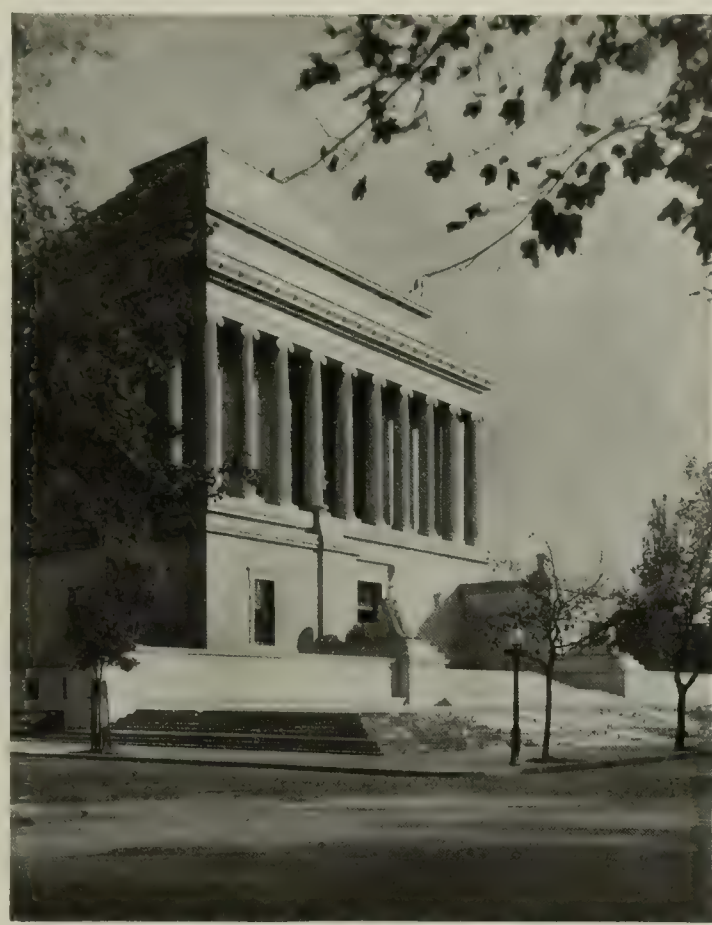
progress or not; nor do I know that we may ever again have a single and definite school of architecture, or experience a wave of feeling for a single and sure ideal of architecture that will overwhelm all preferences for any style and even compel every one to work in a single way, as the Gothic wave forced the Italians to work in forms for which they had little appreciation or sympathy, and from which they early broke away. I do not know that it is even desirable that all men should work in a similar way; we may find that progress in art will be along dissimilar roads instead of by a single way: nor can I feel that this is impossible or even wrong.

In this I differ from some of our wisest and soundest architects, and from the majority of the critics of art. Mr. Charles A. Platt has from the beginning of his work confined himself to what seems to others a restricted field. Roughly, he has based his work upon the late renaissance in the United States ("Colonial"), in England ("Georgian") and in Italy ("Neo Classic"); styles which are closely akin to each other, and which were the last expressions of the orderly sequence of architectural development which lasted from prehistoric times until the Nineteenth Century. Knowing this work thoroughly, and being himself a genuine architect, his work has shown extraordinary richness and variety, with an almost opulent beauty; he believes that this is the only way in which a modern architect should work.

On the other hand, Mr. Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue has never hesitated to adopt any historic style which seemed to him fitted for the problem in hand, and I can recall work of his of classic purity, of Gothic complexity and of the curious mixture of brutal simplicity and grandiose ornament that marks the work of the Spanish colonists in the United States. He has even found in Persia and in North Africa motives which were adaptable to our conditions; and from this strange list of sources has derived design which was neither outré nor theatrical.

If I were asked to name the two best buildings of modern times, I would probably select the Temple of the Scottish Rite in Washington and the Dining Halls at Princeton, the one of classic derivation and the other of Gothic, but neither the work of architects who have confined their efforts to one particular field, and neither without qualities that differentiate them from archæology and mark them as steps beyond and above the antique work. It is hard to disassociate ourselves from reverence for tradition and judge by the same standard old and new work, but I believe that the Roman architects of two thousands years ago would prefer the Temple of the Scottish Rite to any of their own work, and were the Princeton Dining Halls a part of Oxford or Cambridge, they would be of all those beautiful aggregations of buildings the most admired.

So much for the best of our architecture; what about the average? For, after all, the appearance of our country is not greatly altered by a few good buildings. Were I a doctor and our average architect my patient, I would say that the patient was safely convalescent after its attack of Victoria Tremens, but was still in a very weak condition and needed careful selected nourishment. Unfortunately, that is just what we cannot be sure that it will get in this eclectic age, for with our few captains of architecture disagreeing violently among themselves and being extremely successful each in his own direction, it is impossible to predict that the rank and file of the architects will follow ideals which they are capable of comprehending. Goodhue, for example, does a house in that curious Spanish-Colonial North African style of his, and the lesser men attribute the beauty of the building to the fact that it was done in that style, not because it was done by Goodhue; and entirely ignorant of the details of the period, of its scale, and the fundamental elements of the style, do houses which can only be described as grotesque caricatures. Some years ago I built some gambrel-roofed houses which happened to please the popular taste. I haven't done a gambrel roof for years, because I see so often abortions of architecture which are obviously derived from my own work. Goodhue's work should be hard to follow, and the gambrel roof easy to anyone who cared to take the trouble to analyze its proportions, but no one who is not either soaked in a style or who has not studied it very carefully can produce a good result except by mistake, and as most work is done too quickly to permit of more than superficial examination of the external characteristics of the style adopted without any knowledge at all of its fundamental elements, a man is safest in working with what is familiar to him: then his work will be good or bad according to his ability and not because of his ignorance of what he is trying to do.



Temple of the Scottish Rite at Washington
John Russell Pope, architect

A surprising number of our men are really masters of the elements of several styles, and can work in all of them with facility, and with results that are more than archæologically correct, for they are very pleasing; and I can readily understand that a man who has done a number of houses of much the same character gets tired of what he has been doing and wants to try something else; perhaps his clients want him to try something else; if he succeeds greatly, his work is followed by a host of imitators, who forsake what they have been doing to try the new stunt. The very fact that our best men produce such skillful work in so many varieties is sufficient to retard or even to defeat the crystallization of a national style; but the inevitable question projects itself, do we need a national style? The critics have been looking for it for many years, and several of our architects have proclaimed themselves as the heralds, inventors, or prophets of a new style, which hasn't panned out. It is currently said and believed that without a natural style architecture cannot progress, that as long as we continue to hark back to mediæval or classic times for our inspiration we cannot expect to build up a great national style, and that a national style is the sole fitting expression of a national consciousness and is the composite of the individual self-expression of all the architects. To me that is just sheer bunk. An architect tries to design a building that will please his clients, be lovely, and reflect credit upon him. The expression of his own personality (if he has any) is probably the last thing in his mind: the client is more apt to talk about it than he to think of it.

Unquestionably there are two distinct forces operating at present to influence design; one, the natural feeling of fitness of style to subject, which leads us to design our public buildings in the classic style and our churches in the Gothic, the other, the innate desire to reproduce for ourselves beautiful buildings which are not our national possessions (I should like to build the Cathedral of Alibi, or something very like it, if there ever occurred an opportunity). The two forces may or may not be in opposition; as when, for example, a man who loves the old palace at Rouen has a New England town hall to build; tradition says "classic," but preference "Gothic," and the choice is not always easy. Actually, such problems will be decided sometimes one way and sometimes another, and most likely by some outside influence such as a hard-headed building committee; the architect will rarely consider either the effect of his work in the progress of art, or the expression of his own personality.

Now, it seems inevitable that such individualism would lead us nowhere, but I am by no means sure that such is the case, and am even inclined to think the contrary. The evidence of the past is purely negative; we know that the architects of the Middle Ages, by not working on different lines, did arrive at Gothic art, but there has never existed a condition parallel to the present if we except England of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, where the architects developed the classic style while contemporaneous country builders contentedly continued to build unclassic houses; even this comparison is incorrect, since now the same men do several kinds of architecture, while in the Seventeenth Century even additions to existing Gothic work were in the fashionable Renaissance style. It may be that we are getting to several different places, and that our art will tend to subdivide itself according to subject rather than by period; certainly there is no indication that we are developing a hybridized style like the early Renaissance.

After all, the thing is of little practical importance, although to me, at least, it is a fascinating subject for speculation. We are making history, and we do not know what will be written down against our names. We desire and desire greatly (though I do not know why) to do work that will truly endure and by its duration be of use in the progress of the world's art. I suppose the architects of the Victorian period felt in the same way, and perhaps our contribution is as little as theirs or even more dangerous, because it is unquestionably more beautiful. It is an interesting subject for conjecture, but that, I am afraid, is all.

Coronation of the Virgin. School of Bruges, 1485, from the Davillier Collection

The Inspiration in Gothic Tapestry

By HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

Third Article

IT was in the second half of the Fifteenth Century that the crudities of tapestry-weaving gave way to a finished perfection of weave. It was also at this time that the names of important artists were associated with the cartoons. The two facts work together. A great artist is willing that only the most expert weavers should have the privilege of translating his drawings into fabric, and the weavers know that a tapestry cannot be greater than the cartoon. When both artist and weaver combined in work and enthusiasm the result was the production of those tapestries which will ever stand at the top of their especial art.

Remembering that tapestries were the peculiar product of the North, whether Flemish or French, it was but natural that their artists were Northern, those who furnished the first important cartoons, and thus we run against the school of Bruges, the Van Eycks, and especially Roger Vander Weyden. To these men and their influence is owed the wonderful advance in the beauty of tapestries. They were themselves of the class of early painters, the primitives, those who painted with a naïveté that was like unto a lyric writ by a child. The flood of the Renaissance was not yet upon them. They were filled with a fervor that had in it the quality of religion, even though disassociated from a religious subject. They threw into their pictures a purity and restraint that commands respect in our own times of light prejudices and wavering principles.

Later on, when pictorial art was more sophisticated, the artists' cartoons were more in accordance with the theories of modern art, but for this very reason their charm is lessened. Nothing can touch the child-soul within us as can these early works, and perhaps that child-soul is a valuable possession and one that it is well to please.

Cartoons were the property of the ateliers for which they were made, the master having

Millefleurs tapestry from the Mortimer Schiff Collection

at times paid heavily for them. He had the right, however, to reproduce them as often as he liked. That we never see duplicates is largely because alterations were made at the direction of the customer, or by the fancy of the chiefs of ateliers, or even at the pleasure of the weaver, who, being himself an artist, might introduce variations.

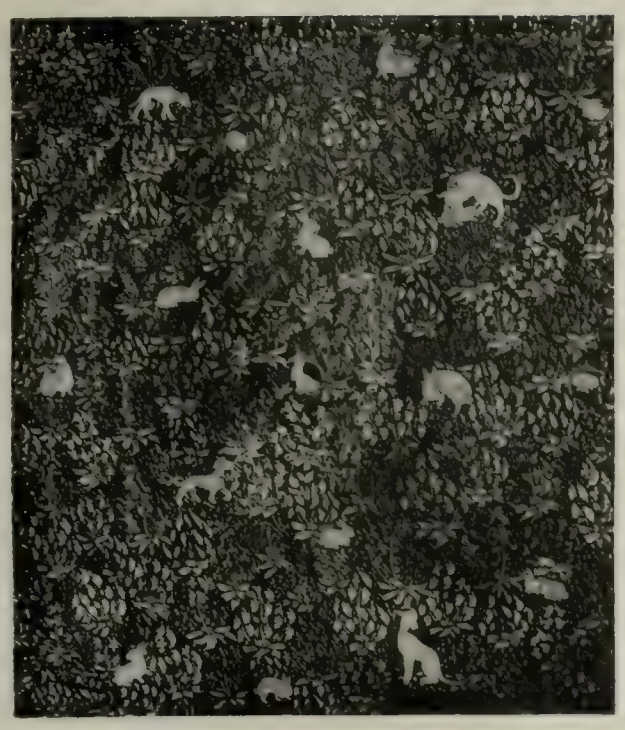
The manner of using the cartoon was sometimes to prick with a pin the outlines of the drawing and then to sift a dark powder through the tiny holes, after the manner of the pouncing done by the modern stencil. With the pattern laid against the warp as it was set on the loom, the main outlines of the tapestry were thus traced. It was through this use of cartoons that they became ultimately destroyed, worn out.

The fame of the Flemish and Franco-Flemish weavers having spread all over Europe, many a ruler of a country or of a duchy felt envy grip his heart, and then a strong feeling that the magnificent tapestries with which he adorned his palaces might better be made on his own territory. To accomplish this, someone must set the pattern someone must teach the art. Thus many a weaver from the North was coaxed into other lands, bringing with him his equipment of cartoons and dyes.

But, after all, these sporadic looms were Flemish. The only difference was that they worked on other soil. History gives the names of those who were employed by the greatest families, and they are always Flemish or North-French. The pictures they wrought, the traditions they followed were of the country from which they came. This order changed, however, when Italy came seriously into the game of manufacture. Then her astounding development in art impressed itself on tapestries. But that was later.

Cartoons set the subject of the work. What those subjects are in the late Fifteenth Century can be classified roughly as religious and secular. Besides these are the morality subjects, those pointing a moral as obviously as self-satisfied virtue points a finger. These seem like a sumptuous service to both God and Mammon. They are usually scenes of richest pomp. Into them are introduced men and maidens of highest station. wearing robes and jewels of regal worth, thus putting the observer at once into choicest society with happy flattery. But as antidote to undue forgetting of the teachings of the Church is introduced a triumphant if fiercely ascetic Virtue aiming a deadly blow at an attractive Vice for whom one secretly cherishes the sympathy given to the "under dog."

Cartoons of "Triumphs" come in this class of virtuous though not clerical subjects. These are magnificent compositions on a large scale executed in the grand manner, and in them the classics are eruditely revived. Venus



Franco-Flemish millefleurs tapestry from the Metropolitan Museum

is there, sumptuously arrayed in court dress of the Fifteenth Century; Alexander in his armor; Fates, Graces, all that makes for magnificence in the high time of Rome.

But far ahead of these in their ability to touch the heart are the religious scenes of surpassing beauty that were made at very much the same time, but in an altogether different spirit. The spirit of the former was a foreign one; it belonged to the sophistication of Italy; it was out of key with the appealing art of the North, which was endowed with qualities of the soul and which sang as it lived.

A perfect example of this Northern art in tapestry-weaving is that exquisite hanging of the school of Bruges, *The Coronation of the Virgin,* from the Davillier collection. It bears the date of 1485. It is exquisite to a degree that stops criticism. It is in the form of a triptych, the central tableau free from the overcrowding that confused many a tapestry of the day. Mary is seated, the Child on her knee, both together holding an apple. At her feet two kneeling angels make celestial music, which accompanies thoughts so deep that she is unconscious of the crown descending upon her head. The composition is full of truth and delicacy, yet adheres to the many traditions of the past, wherein lies much of its charm.

In the scene on the left we have the delight of seeing Moses, dressed in Italian velvet of pomegranate pattern, furnishing water to Israelites in Flemish costume, while in the background of this Egyptian desert rises a Gothic cathedral. Half the joy of the scene would be missing without these anachronisms, yet behind the smile we admire the religious seriousness of the scene. The left leaf of the triptych is more formal in grouping, but tells graphically a tale of suffering humanity at the healing spring. Tapestries such as this were rare at so early a date, but a quarter century later saw their full flowering.

Leaving the serious work of serious masters, let us play awhile in the out-of-doors of the tapestry-weavers of the Fifteenth Century. They themselves, these early men, must have gone often afield at spring's awakening and in summer's flush time, and must have found there material which by its very witchery forced the hands to reproduce it. The tapestry of twinkling flowers, which is called millefleurs, is one that appeals to all. It is a call of the wild, it invites us to leave man-made shelters and conventions and to prove the pleasures of silent wood and sunny field.

As men are known by their works, tapestries of this class give us a glimpse of the lighter side of the Franco-Flemish tapissier. He could weave magnificent pomp, he could put into his threads religious fervor, but also he could lay aside the cartoon of the artist and loose himself in a wild garden of his own making.

He must have lain in a flowered meadow with the abandon of a boy and with a boy's unending curiosity, to produce a field of sheer delight such as that which shows no composition save a mass of blossoms and a play of little animals, a tapestry here illustrated. In such a carpet of simples—violas, lilies-of-the-valley, daisies—a little white rabbit has his hole, and here plays all the endearing pranks a lithe and active rabbit can do. The tragedy lies in the presence of the dog. Such a silly, simple theme, yet it is entirely charming.

Perhaps the loveliest millefleur tapestries in existence are those of the *Lady and the Unicorn.* In these the flowers form a background on which are thrown figures of surpassing loveliness. They tell a fairy-tale which sets one asking questions for more information, but except to attribute the set to a French atelier, little is said by the experts. The Cluny Museum holds the precious hangings, of which the two given here are but a part of the set. The ground color is red, far rarer than dark blue or black, but red of a soft pale color that illuminates the picture without monopolizing the eye.

The gracious figure of the princess rules over the composition with emphasized distinction. She lives in her own domain, as indicated by the enclosing band, lives there a gentle romance with a serving lady and two attendant beasts. That it is a domain of maidenhood is told by the cool impersonal atmosphere, and by the details. The unicorn is specially set apart in romance as the champion of maidenhood, and in her hand the princess holds a standard with symbols appropriate. These tapestries are the composition of a poet. They fairly sing with rhythm. They are a triumph of beauty over commonplace.

There came in the Fifteenth Century a fashion for depicting wild men in tapestries

The Lady and the Lion, from the Cluny Museum

The Lady and the Unicorn, from the series in the Cluny Museum

of sylvan or millefleurs ground. The wild man was easily supposable in those days, when large tracts of forest left from the darkness of the Middle Ages gave him probable habitat. German tapestries, small affairs made oftenest on castle looms, show frequently these playful little men of the forest. They are kin to Rumpelstiltskin and to Mimi.

A large tapestry of this theme belongs in the collection of Mortimer Schiff, Esq., and this is of a finer sort. On a ground color of subdued red is thrown a tangle of wild-wood flowers so beautifully woven that each can discern his favorites, columbine or campanula, anemone or violet. In the centre of this park is indicated a preserve in which is hung a coat of arms, and at the door of this stands the wild man as the tapestry worker imagined him, long-haired, clad in fur, holding arms of wood. The border of this tapestry is full of interest—especially so as the millefleurs was usually without border.

In the collection of Edson Bradley, Esq., is a charming millefleurs which introduces yet another detail, the pair of lovers, who by gentle dalliance advance the game they play, a game of chess, by way of being modern—or is it we who follow an ancient diversion? Sometimes the lovers play at cards, large rounded cards, not rectangular; and sometimes flowers are their theme, as in the illustration given.

It is in looking at tapestries like these, the fairy-land of millefleurs, that erudition is forgot and the rein is given to unreasoning delight. Fast upon the heels of these come the tapestries influenced by Italy, and these belong to that thrilling period of perfection immediately preceding the Renaissance.

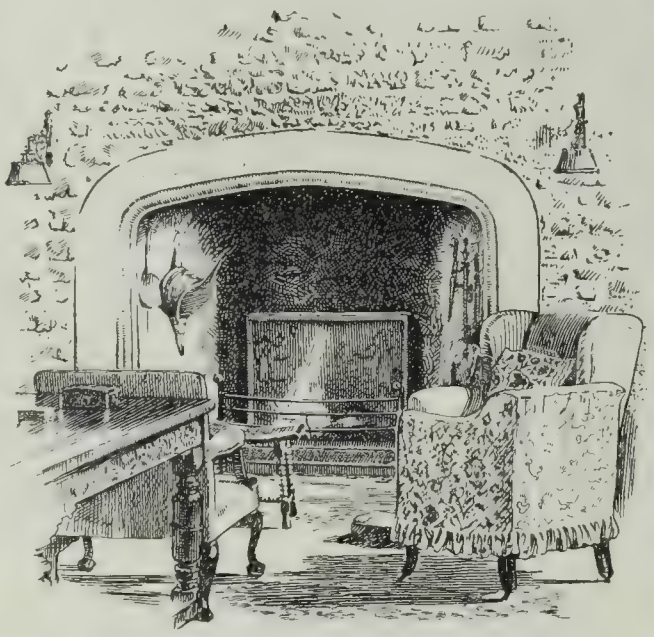
At the end of the Fifteenth Century and during the first twenty years that started the next one on its way, were made the most marvelous tapestries of all the centuries. In this brief time existed a perfect union of tapestry cartoonist and tapestry weaver, and both were at an exquisite period of their art. The tapestries woven at this time are lyric in design and mobile in texture. They are full of the unconscious ardor of the time, the enjoyment of life, the reality of religion. They portray life as it was enjoyed in a time when luxury was usual.

Old Cotswold Fireplaces

An English Form Which Has Great Possibilities

By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN

Seventeenth Century fireplace in a Gloucester manor house



A late Fourteenth Century fireplace of austere design

Modern Cotswold fireplace in a Philadelphia house

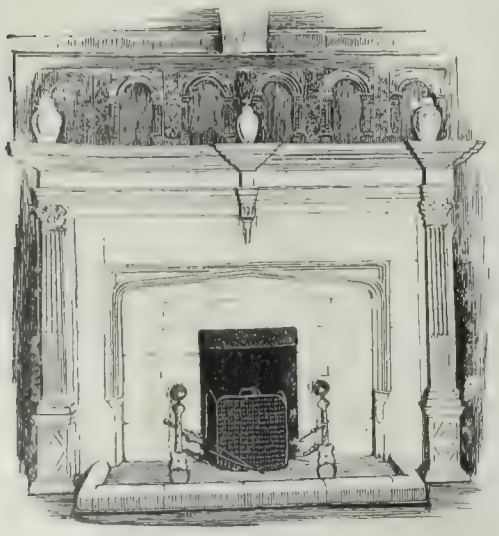
NO single feature of interior architecture more than the fireplace is potent to dominate and give character to the whole room in which it is. No single feature is more sensitive or more prompt to reflect every succeeding phase of architectural style. No single feature more deserves or will better repay whatever study is bestowed upon it.

Amongst the divers local modes of traditional domestic architecture to be found in England, each of which is clearly distinguishable by its own proper peculiarities, none is endowed with greater charm than the Cotswold type. And what is true of the houses, in a comprehensive way, is true also of their several features in particular. The native limestone, universally used in the Cotswolds, affords a kindly medium for the fashioning of fireplaces. It is of clean and pleasant color, firm and close-grained, but soft enough to respond readily to the stone mason's mallet and chisel and susceptible of being wrought with great delicacy of detail.

One of the earliest fireplaces here shown, which dates from the Fourteenth Century or the beginning of the Fifteenth, is remarkable for its austere dignity and strength, along with no little grace of design. Nothing could be simpler than the stopped chamfer, which is the only decoration save the two mason's marks, that appear graven on the two lintel stones. As the wall in which this fireplace occurs is four feet thick, there is no need for a projecting chimney jamb, and the stone face of the fireplace is flush with the wall. There is no mantel shelf to attract irrelevant and disturbing oddments, and the absence of projection adds to the sense of spaciousness in the room.

A modern reproduction in a Philadelphia house

The rest of the fireplaces are commendable for their homely qualities, and have a suggestive value that, in one way or another, may profitably be drawn upon when making plans for our own domestic use. That this has been done successfully may be seen from the two modern fireplaces, both of which were recently designed by Duhring, Okie and Ziegler for a house in Philadelphia.



A simple fireplace with excellent lines

Sixteenth Century fireplace from Worcestershire

A fireplace with unusual carving

Modern Reproductions of Fine Workmanship

Courtesy Wm. A. French & Co., Minneapolis

The influence of the Baroque on Spanish art and craftsmanship is embodied in the magnificent furniture of this group. The splendid hand carvings are executed with a delicacy and vigor characteristic of Iberian workmanship

From the exquisite cresting of the mirror to the finely modeled Spanish feet of the table and chairs, there is a studied balance of line and detail and an endeavor to obtain richness without the use of meaningless ornamentation

The bed and commode in this room show a charming fusion of English and Italian types of the late Eighteenth Century. The ground color is a rich cream, upon which are painted the placques and foliations after the manner of Pergolesi and Cipriani. The tables, of the Heppelwhite-Sheraton type, are of satinwood

A fine bedroom suite of walnut in the style of the Italian Renaissance with hand-carved details worked out in carefully studied polychrome. In the finish of this suite has been revived the ancient practice of bleaching the wood, leaving the pieces a warm fawn color of great delicacy. The finish may be said to be in the wood rather than upon it

This type of decoration recalls the fact that fine painted furniture never was considered faddish and such artists as Del Sarto and Botticelli did not scorn to paint panels for the fine cassone, or coffers, of Ferrante and Donatello

The oak dresser is early English; the carved panels are reproduced by special permission from panels now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. On either side are chairs belonging to this suite. Above tapestry panel painted by Eugene Gilbow

From "Deburau" to English Ballad Opera

By Way of Barrie's Unrealities and Ervine's Realities

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

A scene from "Deburau"

AFTER all, I see no reason for reverting, as I had meant to do, to some plays on which I barely touched last month. One has already passed away, unmourned. The rest are not of any real significance. Works of more interest clamor for discussion, among them, notably, Granville Barker's free (even free and easy) English version of "Deburau."

Of course, no matter what some critics said, "Deburau" is not the best play France has turned out since "Cyrano." Regarded as a play, it is inferior to fifty works that I could name off-hand, by Porto-Riche, de Curel, Donnay, Brieux and Battaille. It is a work of the same class and character as Drinkwater's "Lincoln" and the Beau Brummel of the late Clyde Fitch. A fascinating study of a historic character. But not, by any means, a flawless comedy.

That need not mar the pleasure you may find in "Deburau" if you should see it at the Belasco Theatre. For, of its own kind, it is excellent, instinct with charm and delicate observation. The *vers libres* of Mr. Barker are not always true to the original, nor quite as sprightly or as graceful as they might be. To those, however, who have not compared them with the French lines of Sacha Quitry, they will no doubt seem very bright and apt. The adapter of the play is best at prose. His Pegasus has rather heavy wings in certain flights. To justify this statement I will quote a passage from the brief essay on "Deburau" issued by Mr. Belasco:

Ah, the many smiles
My past owes me, and still the debt's not paid
For the first fifteen years
Of those childhood trials;
But they burn deep when one salts the wounds with tears
For the next fifteen climbing out of the rack
Of neglect—and misfortune!

Yet, by comparison with other and more vital episodes, it almost shines. One of the most moving moments in "Deburau," as Guitry wrote it, comes when the hero tells his son of his own struggles and begs him to hold fast to love and work. And these are Mr. Barker's opening lines:

Charles, come here,
Are you losing your heart?
Oh, don't fear,
I'll take that in bad part.

This is unworthy of a 'prentice hand. The matter, in the adapted "Deburau," is much more attractive than the rough and ready manner. I hate to pick holes in what (form aside) is a delightful work. But Mr. Barker really needs reproof for treating Guitry's pleasing verse so sloppily.

When Mr. Belasco decided to produce "Deburau" he knew quite well the risks he had to face. He braved them all. And the result has been a brilliant triumph. He knew that out of every hundred in his audiences not ten at most had ever heard of Deburau. Nor could he have supposed that many here had heard of Janin, once a light of Paris, who, in one of his rambling *feuilletons,* had hailed him, not alone as a great actor, but also, if you please, as the greatest actor of his period.

Madge Kennedy in "Cornered"

Gautier, the brilliant "Théo" of "Fracasse," had eulogized him; and hosts of famous men and famous women, from Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset and the elder Dumas, to George Sand, the younger Dumas and that siren, Marie Duplessis, who, under the name of Marguerite Gauthier, was to become the heroine of "La Dame aux Camelias," had seen him play.

For ten or twenty years he was the rage of Paris. His impersonations as a pantomimist, of the delightful character of Pierrot, filled a small shabby theatre called "Les Funambules." He was equally at ease in light and tragic plays as the white-faced hero. He raised poor Pierrot from the flighty clown to that of a dreamer and a moon-struck graceful poet.

By gestures of amazing eloquence he ran the gamut of the expression of emotion. He made of Pierrot, when he chose, a very symbol of frail, suffering humanity. He knew the sorrows and the joys of life as few men do. He had been buffeted by fate and crowned with laurels. And, strange to say, though many women had run after him, he had a coyness which was sometimes almost touching. In Deburau, then, Guitry has a subject of unusual interest. He might have set him in the heart of a real drama. But, as it suited him, he chose to use him only as the centre of an episodic chronicle.

The play, so well and skilfully produced, first at the Vaudeville in Paris during the war, and now at the Belasco, is little more, *au fond,* than a succession of good scenes, connected loosely and each well devised, suggested by the life and loves of Deburau. Two loves above all—those he clung to most. One which concerned his adventure with Marie Duplessis ("the lady of the camelias"), and that which bound him to his youthful son, in whom, at last, he found his successor. There may or may not have been some foundation for the story of his devotion to that Marie Duplessis—she was much more cynical than Dumas painted her! At all events, Guitry has made of it a peg for his play.

In his first act he shows us how the courtesan, after watching Deburau as "Pierrot" in the comi-tragedy of "The Old Clo' Man" ("Marchand d'Habits"), lures him from his allegiance to his wife. Later we see how, when she tires of him, he surprises her with her most recent lover—the Armand Duval of the Dumas play. His treatment of this episode is charming. It stirs us by its simple, honest pathos. Then, too abruptly, as it seems to me, we find Deburau growing old and in retirement, no longer the pet idol of the public, a lonely, half-forgotten, brooding

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Ruth Chatterton in "Mary Rose"

Topics of the Day in Art

LOUIS XIV secured the Venus of Arles for the Louvre by bestowing a new hotel-de-ville upon the Arlesians—fair exchange, no robbery—and by as happy a device the Diputación Provincial de Barcelona has just enriched its museum with a superb collection of Valencian and Catalonian glazed tiles. They belonged to the little Mediterranean city of Villaneuva. Barcelona wanted them. But so did Villaneuva. Hence a bargain: if Villaneuva would surrender its glazed tiles, Barcelona would return the benefaction by restoring the ruined castle of La Geltrú at Villaneuva.

A Castle in Spain

A romantic old pile is that castle. "Its square tower dates from the Twelfth Century," so one reads in *Hojas Selectar;* "its great hall, with fine Romanesque windows, was built in the Thirteenth; the halls and arcades of the lower stories show Fourteenth and Fifteenth Century workmanship, while an arcaded gallery above represents the Seventeenth. In 1309, a feudal lord of La Geltrú took part in the siege of Almeira, and at the close of the Fifteenth Century, Señor Jaime of Geltrú was Grand Master of the Order of the Temple. On a fountain adorning the principal façade, the ancient heraldic emblem is still to be seen—a greyhound with two fleurs-de-lys." But alas for the ravages of time, the indifference of man! Houses were built against the castle's walls, almost concealing it, and the castle itself was permitted to decay until you took your life in your hand when you ventured inside.

Today the parasitic structures have vanished, and the picturesque stronghold stands forth again in all its mediæval grandeur, splendidly restored—a new objective for rambling art-lovers in Spain—while, thanks to that fair exchange which is no robbery, Villaneuva's glazed tiles have become newly accessible at Barcelona.

Ruinous Parisianism

If Paris is France, then so much the worse for art, thinks M. Jean Gabriel Lemoine, who declared recently in Le *Crapouillot:* "Our modern art is afflicted with a disease from which it may yet die—a disease bred in the unwholesome atmosphere of cities, and especially of a city like Paris. Paris attracts the artists of all France, perverts them, sours them, kills them. No artist can produce serious, lasting work in Paris. The art of Paris is insincere. Paris is blasé. We want to see regional schools reborn in the provinces. French art is suffering from Parisian anæmia. In a return to regionalism lies the cure."

Evidently this somewhat vehement outcry was not lost upon French critics and journalists, for one notes in the French press a renewed interest in regional painters. France still has many such—always had, always will have, probably. "At Lyons, Henri Beraud was the first to take up the cudgels in defense of young artists," and today Lyons "possesses a school of painting at all parts remarkable," while "a new gallery, the Galerie Saint-Pierre, has just been inaugurated with a display of thirty paintings by Flandrin, Quérin, and Laprade." One reads, too, that "Province, which gave Monticelli, Quigan, Aiguier, and Ricard, is awakening from the lethargy into which it fell two decades ago." At Marseille M. Pierre Borel finds "a brilliant pleiad of painters. Joseph Hurard, unknown yesterday, a celebrity today, has a studio at Avignon. At Saint-Chomar, René Seyssand, whose 'Sanfoins au soleil couchant' hangs in the Luxembourg, makes his home, while Léo Lelée, who used to paint the beautiful women of Arles, is now painting 'Gitanos.'" All along the Côte d'Azure there is "a magnificent artistic activity." And so it goes. The "regional schools" still live and thrive, and many a French painter feels inclined to say of Paris, as Prof. Blackie said of London, "It's a great maw. It will swallow you up."

"The Modesty Famine"

"La crise de pudeur"—"the modesty famine," our newspapers would call it—is a playful invention of French journalists, yet with just enough seriousness behind it to concern the student of comparative ethics; also to call forth an exceedingly interesting moral preachment by M. Stefane-Pol in *La Revue Mondiale.* If France has its liberals in such matters—liberals who, like a contributor to the *Anglo-French Review,* can praise Mr. Ronald Balfour's illustrations of Omar for their "refined, imprecise, discreet, fugitive, but undesirable and assuredly delectable, eroticism"—France has at the same time its all-but-Puritans, of whom M. Stefane-Pol is representative. Says he:

"Art is general. Whether the artist wishes it or not, his work is accessible to all. If his personal dignity and the respect he ought to have for his work are not enough to put him on his guard against immorality, he should be aware of his responsibility toward his contemporaries and toward posterity. . . . Moreover, an immoral work of art is necessarily inferior and perishable; art cannot dispense with morals without digging its own grave."

A Monet Cyclorama?

M. J. d'Argency, purveyor of art notes to *La Revue Mondiale,* prefigures in his latest contribution a kind of Monet cyclorama. "The painter Claude Monet," he tells us, "has just presented to the French Government a series of twelve remarkable canvases making a part of the 'Nymphéas,' an ensemble of thirty or forty compositions devoted each to a different effect of light or color. These canvases will be hung in a special building to be erected on the grounds of the Hotel Biron. In that building, which will be in the form of a rotunda, the twelve canvases will be ranged along the wall in such a way as to give the impression of a single picture. The series will be separated by narrow intervals for entrance and exit. Between the tops of the pictures and the glass roof there will be a considerable space, and at intervals above the doors M. Monet plans to treat it with decorative motifs. He even intends to adorn the vestibule with a large composition. When all is complete, the visitor will seem to be standing on a sunny bamboo islet in the lake near Giverny, the artist's home.

Modernism in Germany

While Herr Meir-Graefe has just published in Munich a volume on "Cézanne and His Group," a contributor to *La Renaissance de l'Art Francais* writes from Berlin that the Germans are going still further afield for inspiration. "Throngs of people visit the palace of the former Crown Prince, where all that German art has produced since the middle of the last century is to be seen," and where "one observes that the rising generation in Germany draws its inspiration from Russia. The Expressionist School, of which the Russian, Chagall, is the apostle, adheres to the most astounding theories. When, for example, an artist of this school wants to portray his lady-love, he must show on canvas the quickening of his own blood, and, accordingly, paint her a fiery red.

"Thus we easily account for two of the pictures at Berlin. One is called 'The Village and I.' A cow symbolizes the village, and the artist is bright green, inasmuch as green, being the color of grass, is surely the cow's favorite hue. The other picture, 'A Soldier Drinking,' shows the soldier upside down by way of denoting the effect of alcohol.

"Meanwhile, Archipenko, a Russian cubist, is making proselytes wholesale, and the Dada movement flourishes wondrously. International Dadaism was founded in 1916 at Zurich by a German, a Frenchman, and a Rumanian as a protest against the entire existing order of things. One of the Dadaists exhibits a study called 'The Eternal Feminine'—a woman with a vermilion face and emerald-green hair. She is reading a love-letter, a real letter glued on, and one makes out the words, 'Anne-Marie, why do you treat me so? For the love of God, take pity on me!' The creator of this masterpiece boasts that he picked up the letter in a street-car and boasts that nothing could render his work more touching or more aglow with human interest."

Sovietism and Art

What room will there be for artists in a sovietized world? It is a puzzling question. In Italy, one learns, it is a distressing question; for the sovietism, or pseudo-sovietism with which Italian laborers appear to be obsessed is based upon the doctrines of Herr Rathenau, who declares in "Die Neue Wertschaft" that "the building of a miner's hut is more important than the erection of a cathedral, and the dredging of a harbor more praiseworthy than the maintenance of a museum."

All the way from Turin to Bari, a correspondent of *L'Amour de l'Art* reports artists are asking, "What will become of us in an order of society engineered by Lombardo-Piedmontese revolutionists?" Not long ago, they appealed to Signor Longinotti, Under Secretary of State for Labor, and he replied, "Every order of society must recognize the value and august function of genius." Not content with this somewhat vague dictum, or obiter dictum, of his, they contrived to have the question brought up in the Italian Parliament.

There a speaker declared, "Our artistic classes must have a place conformable to their social utility."

"Well, well!" cry they. "Here you have just appointed 140 Senators, and not one of them is an artist. That is a blunder, both in principle and fact. If you are going to reconstruct the nation, art must be represented in your assemblies. We, too, are workmen. We can't afford to let Herr Rathenau's doctrines prevail in the new Italy—he would crush us like useless worms."

The "New Museology" Abroad

The "new museology"—the conception, that is, of a museum, not as a mere "picture morgue" to which the public are "admitted," but as a palace of delight both for students and less serious art-lovers—is no longer new in America, yet abroad it only begins its career. Old abodes of royalty, for the most part, still "house"

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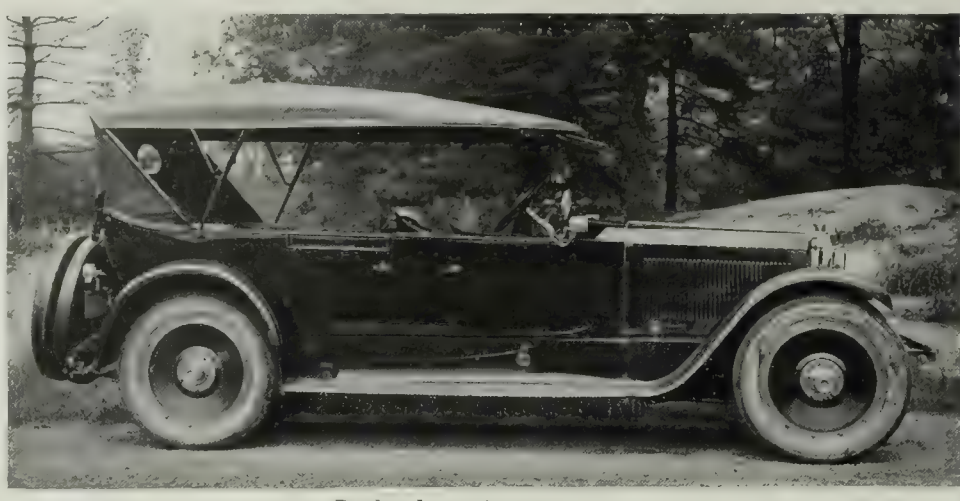
The Automobile Show

A Great Industry Returns to Normal Conditions

By BLAKE OZIAS

EVERYONE knows that the statements made in the newspapers on the occasion of the opening of the Automobile Show must be heavily discounted. Automobile men are an optmistic lot —otherwise the automobile industry in America would not be the gigantic thing it is today. But, taking all of the Press Agents' stories with many grains of salt, one cannot escape the conclusion that there is a distinct feeling of optimism pervading the show. There is no good reason why one automobile man should try to fool his contemporary in the same line of business, for both know, and are influenced and controlled, by the same conditions. So when you hear, repeatedly, frank, man-to-man expressions of confidence you may be sure there is a reason for it. And that is the impression given by the big show which was on at the Grand Central Palace.

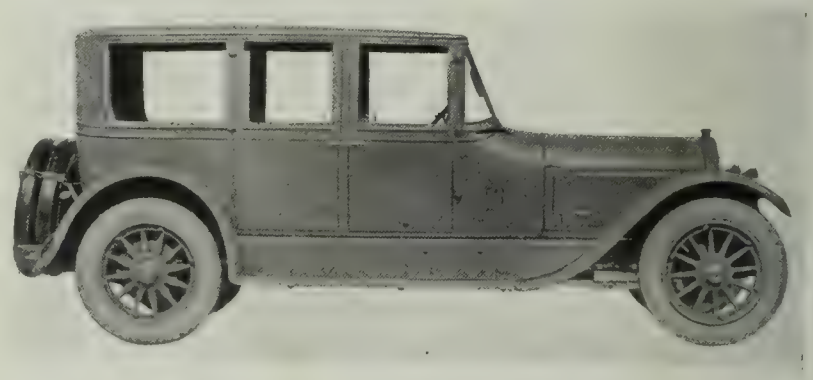


Packard touring car

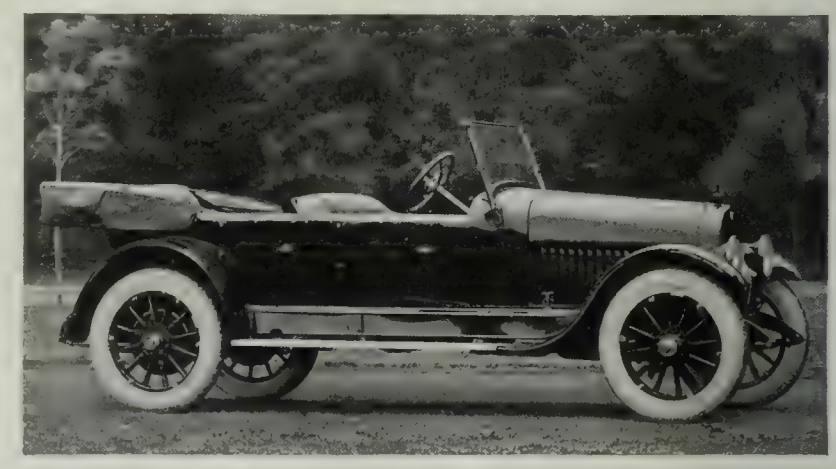
The newspaper statisticians tell us that the show "sets a new high mark" in the industry. We shall take their word for it without checking them up. Eighty-nine different makes of motor cars are to be seen, they say, and we are prepared to admit that, too, for surely there is a bewildering number of them. There is not much that is new as to design, but this is hardly to be expected, for anything very new is apt to be regarded as a freak, so settled is the industry. One very good piece of news is that the Franklin has a new hood that the great majority of people will welcome. It is a distinct improvement over the old design and puts the car in the conventional class as to its front appearance. The "radiator," a false one, of course, with honeycomb screen to admit the air, is very like a well-known foreign type, and controls a hood and cowl line that gives the car a much longer appearance than formerly. The Franklin engineers tell us of an improved piston design that, they say, has resulted in increased quiet in the motor. While we are on the subject of air-cooled cars, it may be noted that the Holmes people have an improved system of air cooling which is claimed to increase the cooling efficiency of their motor. An interesting test of this device is exhibited, which is set up to prove that it causes a much faster flow of air around the motor without increasing the fan speed or reducing the power delivered by the motor.

The du Pont has an interesting exhibit, having forsaken the salon, where it showed last year. The du Pont is a most attractive car as to exterior design. It has a radiator different in shape from any other—and this in itself is no mean achievement — and, moreover, a radiator that enables the body designer to arrive at a thoroughly pleasing result. In the exhibit are a four-paassenger enclosed-drive model and a four-passenger touring car that are very smart, while comfort is not sacrificed.

The Packard Single Six is shown for the first time at the show, but as it has been on the market for some months cannot be regarded as new. It is built along standard Packard lines and ought to be an excellent model for everyone who appreciates Packard quality and wants a smaller and less costly car than the twelve-cylinder.



Stevens Duryea vestibule limousine

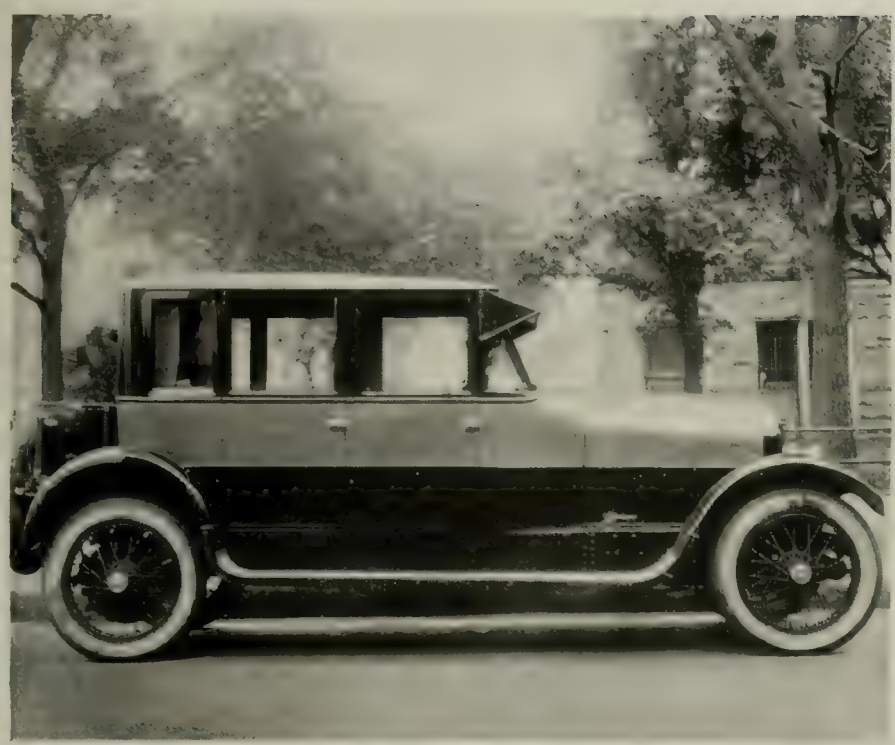


Hudson speedster

Locomobile town car

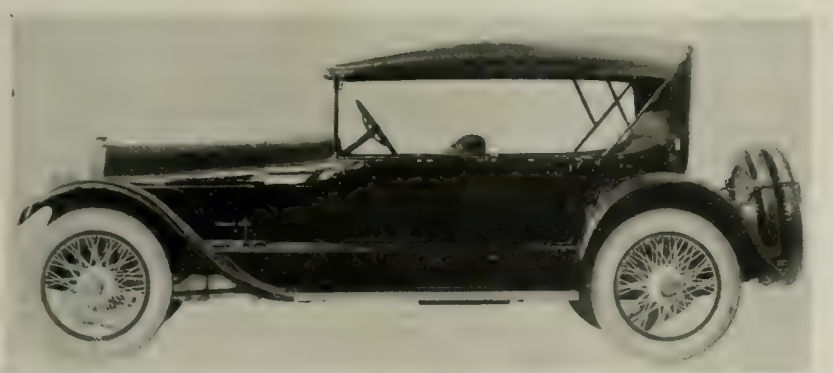
Pierce-Arrow, as most of us knew before the show opened, looks rather different this year. The left-hand drive has been adopted, the shape of the radiator changed slightly and the general lines of the body brought down a trifle. The appearance of the car is improved, while its well-earned position of conservative elegance has not been in the least impaired. Several very attractive open and closed models are exhibited.

Another company which has transferred its affections from the salon to the show is the Locomobile, and it has a splendid exhibit, consisting of a polished chassis and several open and closed models. There has been no important change either in chassis design or in the general lines of the coach-work, so there is not much to be said beyond the fact that the Locomobile is undeniably an aristocrat among automobiles. The Mercer exhibit, which is nearby, since the operating management is the same as that of the Locomobile, is also attractive, although its appeal is of a somewhat different character from that of its more distinguished contempoary. The Mercer designers have succeeded in creating a

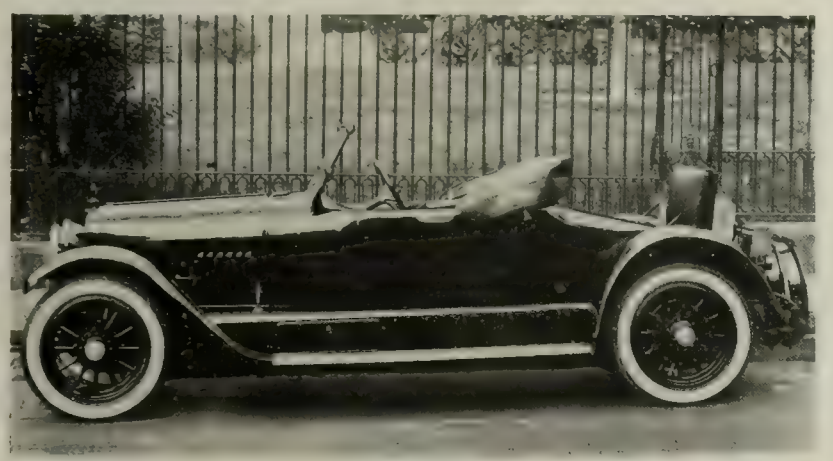


Marmon sedan

du Pont sedan



Stevens Duryea sport model



Mercer runabout

car with long, low lines that are most pleasing in every way.

An exhibit that is attracting a great deal of attention is that of the Stevens Duryea, which returns to production and to the show under the old and well-known standards that are best expressed by their statement that the car is built by "New England craftsmen, who build for the eyes of the gods." Many builders of motor cars have as their maxim "only the best is good enough." And we will not say here that all do not strive to live up to it as nearly as they can, but there are degrees to which such a maxim may be followed in actual practice. The price consideration sometimes has its influence, and when the decision is between this or that the cheaper is apt to have a little the better of it. It may be a question whether it is practically possible to disregard entirely the question of cost in both material and workmanship where any but a very limited production is concerned. For if cost be entirely disregarded in the manufacture it is not possible to sell a large output owing to the cost to the ultimate buyer. The Stevens Duryea production for this year is planned to be in the neighborhood of five hundred cars. This, in itself, is of course not an evidence or even an indication that the company can stick absolutely to its ideals, but it is a necessary premise on which to start. It makes it possible to believe that the company *can* do so if it will; that the desire for large production will not be an influencing factor. And so we take it that the Stevens Duryea is a very well built car. The exhibit consists of both open and closed models, the lines of which are good, showing the influence of the public's preference for length and lowness. Comfort has obviously been a first consideration, however, and where the interests of beauty and smartness clash, as they must, the decision has been on the side of comfort. But the Stevens Duryea will undoubtedly be sold largely as a chassis, and the buyer can indulge his own taste to whatever extent the lines of the chassis and the skill of the coachbuilder permit. The wheelbase is 138 inches, which ought to allow ample body space for many attractive individual creations. The chassis design is conventional throughout, with some special features that are emphasized by the makers as of importance in contributing to long life and smooth running. A feature that is lacking is that of front wheel brakes, but its absence is not conspicuous, as no American builder has yet taken this step. We should like to see front wheel brakes on the Stevens Duryea and on the Pierce-Arrow and the Locomobile and the Packard—on all high-grade American cars, in fact. This important development—probably the most important in recent years—is an accepted feature of some of the highest grade foreign cars and adds immeasurably to their comfort and safety. It will be interesting to see which American builder will be the first to blaze this trail.

The Cadillac showing is as usual, and will doubtless make a strong appeal to Cadillac owners, for they are a loyal band of enthusiasts. Cole, which is often considered in this class for the reason that the eight-cylinder Cole followed very closely on the heels of the first eight-cylinder Cadillac, has a splendid ex-

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Pierce-Arrow landaulette

Stars of the Chicago Opera Company

Though new and quite unknown to most New Yorkers, Joseph Hislop has, within the past few years, won laurels at the Stockholm Opera House and at Covent Garden. He is that "rara avis," a fine Scottish tenor. His voice is said to be of beautiful quality, well suited to such lyric and romantic rôles as the Rodolfo and Mario of Puccini

Although most write of her as if she were American, Mary Garden and her forebears came from Scotland. She won her early laurels at the "Opéra Comique." Since then she has been in the Hammerstein Manhattan Company and the Chicago Opera troupe, of which latter company she has recently been appointed manager

The most famous of all living Paris tenors, Lucien Muratore (who is, despite his name, a Frenchman), has sung with immense success in the Paris and Chicago Opera Houses. He excels as Prinzevalle in Février's "Monna Vanna," Faust and Samson. This season he will appear here in the character of Herod, in the "Salome" of Richard Strauss

Since Sembrich left the boards no coloratura soprano has been so popular in this country as Amelita Galli-Curci, well known to all as the protagonist of "Lucia," the Gilda of "Rigoletto" and other florid Italian opera parts. In the concert room, as in the opera house, her name has magic. She will be heard in favorite rôles at the Manhattan

Besides acting as artistic director of the Chicago Opera Company, Mäestro Gino Marinuzzi, though quite young, has succeeded the late Mäestro Cleofonte Campanini as chief conductor of that organization. He has been talked of as a potential Toscanini. And he has lately been revealed in the new character of a composer. His opera, "La Jacquerie," will be one of the season's novelties

As an exponent of the art of florid song, more especially in the old Italian operas, Alessandro Bonci, the great little tenor, has long outshone all who have tried to vie with him in his own field. He has sung in many parts with ease and brilliancy. His achievements in "Il Barbiere," "L'Elisir d'Amore" and "Un Ballo in Maschera" have aroused enthusiasm

The Harvard Glee Club

New Vistas It Opens Up

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

ON Sunday afternoon, December 12, a remarkable concert was given in New York by the Harvard Glee Club. It was unusual by virtue of its intrinsic musical beauty, and would have been so from any group of professional singers; it was surprising as the work of undergraduates in an American college; and it was indescribably exciting in its suggestion of what our musical tastes and activities, could such influences become widespread, might eventually grow to be. Here were about sixty American youths singing together good music, and singing it not only without sheepishness at such an un-American proceeding, but with conviction and a contagious enthusiasm; singing a splendid chorale by Bach, accompanied by players, also students, one at the organ and two at the piano; singing some of the spirited and beautiful love-songs of Brahms; giving, *bouche fermée,* a delicious accompaniment for a tenor solo in a simple and deeply felt Irish folk-song; most incredible of all, singing *à capella* pieces by Palestrina, Allegri, and Lotti, in excellent intonation, with clear articulation, and with a range of dynamics down to the most mysterious breath of pianissimo that made one thrill. To hear these fresh voices, to watch these young faces lit with spontaneous, self-forgetful delight in the music, to participate thus, in Aeolian Hall, in a concert wholly unsmirched by any form of commercialism and unsophisticated by any feminine patronage, was to have a unique musical experience, strangely moving, which cannot be forgotten. One came away asking oneself how the leader of the group, Dr. Archibald T. Davison, of the Harvard Department of Music, has performed such a miracle. By what magic has he taken the college glee club out of the domain of athletics and put it where it belongs, into that of art?

MR. VAN WYCK BROOKS, in his "America's Coming of Age," has offered a striking formula for what is most unsatisfactory in our American civilization, and has suggested in the light of it the direction in which future progress must lie. Our world, he says, consists of two layers, one at the top and one at the bottom, with a vacuum between. The "High-brows," at the top, are pure theorists and idealists, unvitalized by any touch of wholesome actuality; the "Low-brows" are commercialized and time-serving, with no saving leaven of idealism; and in between, where the whole give-and-take of socialized activities of every-day life ought to be going on, is a no-man's land, awaiting colonization from either border, but for the most part awaiting it in vain. Hence the sterility of our culture. In our universities, microcosms of our larger society, this fatal cleavage and falling away of extremes are clearly seen, the antagonisms it substitutes for friendly cooperation are painfully felt. Thus toward music there is in most colleges a stereotyped "low-brow" attitude, adopted uncritically by most of the students, who will naively refer to anything other than rag-time as "heavy," with a timidly polite and complimentary air that would be laughable if it were less maddening, and by many of the professors, often eager to disclaim, with stale academic jocosities, any knowledge of art. The prevailing attitude even at Harvard, supposed to be the most cultivated of our colleges, is fairly represented, probably, by that alumnus who, without any sense of how his contempt recoiled upon himself, referred to our foremost chamber music organization, when they played at the Harvard Club in New York, as "That Florodora Bunch."

On the other hand, the cheapness and inanity of this attitude of the majority are usually matched by the preciousness, snobbism, and sterility of that smaller group which prides itself on its exclusiveness, blissfully ignorant of Thoreau's perception that to be exclusive is commonly to exclude oneself from vital contacts. These futile ones fence themselves off from the common life they fear, and, holding up hands of horror at "those awful undergraduates," continue to drink tea and dote on Debussy. Their convention is truly less excusable than the other, for they ought to have more critical intelligence for its analysis and exposure. But they are the high-brows, "educated," as Professor Brander Matthews has said, "beyond their intelligence."

NOW what this water-tight-compartmented college world always stands in need of, like the larger outside world of which it is a replica in miniature, is a fruitful cross-fertilization of the two groups, a knocking down of barriers, and subsequent intermixture of views, from which both will profit, the high-brows by being shaken out of their vanity and affectations and brought into contact with reality, the low-brows by learning to discriminate, and thus acquiring standards and ideals. And this mingling can be brought about only on the initiative of leaders, of men who combine in themselves the good traits of both groups; who can preserve that loyalty to the best which in high-browism becomes perverted into condescension, while sharing the breadth of sympathy which low-browism debases to promiscuity. When we bear in mind how rarely the requisite native gifts of such a leader, moral, social, and technical, meet in one individual, and how inevitably such leaders, when they do appear, are opposed and obstructed by the extremists in both groups, we shall be in the way of estimating at its true significance the pioneer work of Dr. Davison. Of all these gifts perhaps the most obvious, the least easily missed, though by no means the least essential, are the technical ones. Such singing as we heard that Sunday afternoon can be achieved, even with seasoned professional singers, only by a skilled drill-master, a conductor whose beat is as rhythmically flexible as it is firm, whose perception in dynamic nuance is keen and exacting, whose ear demands clear articulation no less than pure tone, and whose musical taste supervises the whole process, and insists that all effects be used not for themselves but for expression. In the alertness and decisiveness, combined with authority and dignity, of his whole carriage, Dr. Davison is a welcome change from the two standard types of choral conductors: the somnolent church organist, whose fingers are all thumbs, and the "breezy" community chorus leader, who makes music hum. Dr. Davison, indeed, has none of the hall-marks of the genus choral leader. He is more like an orchestral conductor whose orchestra happens to consist of voices. In short, he is an instructive, informed, and competent musician.

INDISPENSABLE as are these technical gifts, however, the higher artistic or moral ones are not only of more vital importance, but are much more easily lost sight of by the unimaginative. How difficult it is to keep such an undertaking as this up to level, how fatally easy to relax the aim, to slide off imperceptibly into mediocrity! There is especially a period after the first flush of interest wears off, before training has been long enough continued to give convincing results, when everything that is inert in human nature conspires to dampen ardor and to bring the enterprise crashing between two stools. Then it is that concession is death, and this is the moment that only the rare leaders survive. They survive chiefly by two qualities. The first is loyalty to beauty for its own sake, one of those loyalties of which human nature is profoundly capable, though usually not credited with being. Unless a man is really more loyal to beauty than to anything else, at the impact of some social, personal, or commercial temptation, he will betray it. He will have plenty of good reasons to allege, but we shall know that he is not an artist. If we contemplate Dr. Davison's program, ranging from Palestrina to Irish folk-song without containing anything cheap or trivial, and mentally calculate the pressure that must have been brought to bear upon him by both undergraduates and graduates of the Broadway outlook, we realize that he is an artist.

The second of the safeguards is a sense of fraternal responsibility toward students. It is strange that in college leaders this so often fails; for though college boys are careless and casual, there is a deep fund of idealism in them ready to respond to a steadfast faith. Instead of such a faith, there is too often a facile cynicism resorted to as a defense attitude. Dr. Davison has not made this mistake. He has believed that boys could be taught to sing good music, to sing it so well that its appeal would gradually supersede the appeal of "Polly-Wolly-Doodle-Dolly-Day," and to enjoy singing it so keenly that they would forget in that positive enthusiasm a hundred negative distracting things that usually ruin glee clubs, such as "other engagements" that keep them from attending rehearsals, personal vanity that makes them want to sing solos instead of contribute to an ensemble, snobbisms that make them shut out poor boys with good voices, and all the other tiresome irrelevancies. . . . The answer to them all is "Good music, well sung." It has proved persuasive. The discipline is surprising. All members regularly attend several long rehearsals a week. There is a large waiting list of applicants for membership. Incidentally, the social standards have become much more democratic. In short, faith, persistence and skill have succeeded, as they always do, and the Harvard Glee Club has become a part of our musical life.

WILL the movement spread to other colleges? It is hard to say. Leaders are rare. Harvard has also certain great advantages over some other colleges, such as the freedom of most of her students from the necessity of complete or partial self-support, with all the distraction therein implied, and remoteness from metropolitan confusions. Yet

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MRS. HARRY PAYNE BINGHAM

MRS. HARRY PAYNE BINGHAM, of New York and Westbury, L.I., who, before her marriage was Miss Harriette Gowen of Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the younger women of social prominence who are doing so much to raise the standard of American art. She is a patron-member of the Art Alliance of America and active in the Cleveland Museum, and the New York School of Applied Design for Women. She is likewise noted as a sculptor; examples of her work that have been exhibited have evoked keen interest and favorable criticism. As an art patron and aid to younger artists she is deserving of highest commendation.

The George Hitchcock Memorial Exhibition

To Be Held at a New York Gallery

By PEYTON BOSWELL

IN December of last year, when news came by cable from Paris that the French Government had acquired for the Luxembourg Museum a painting called "The Vanquished," by George Hitchcock, it brought to mind the name of America's most international artist—an artist whose fame is so distributed throughout the world that not enough of it exists in his own country. Usually, when a painter dies, justice is done to his memory, even though he may have been neglected in his lifetime. But George Hitchcock passed away just before the great war began, and the seven intervening years have been so full of tumult that America has had little time to make artistic adjustments. Now that the war is over, and the world's wounds are healing, this memorial exhibition of Hitchcock's work will give his fellow countrymen an opportunity to become acquainted with the work of one whose achievements have been better understood in France, England, Holland, Germany and Austria than they have in his own country.

Landscape, by George Hitchcock

It causes a strange thrill in these days to recall the honors that were conferred on George Hitchcock by the Central Empires. Berlin, Dresden and Munich bestowed their medals on him, and Vienna, besides conferring its medal and its officer's cross of the Franz Josef order, elected him a corresponding member of its Academy. He is the only American who has received the last two distinctions. France, in turn, made him a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Pictures by him hang in the Imperial Collection of Vienna, in the Dresden Gallery, in the Luxembourg, and in the municipal galleries of Alkmaar and Egmond, in Holland. In England his works have places in distinguished private galleries, including Blenheim, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, and the McCulloch Gallery, which possesses his well-known "Maternity," Whistler and he being the only American representatives in that great house.

The American museums have not been unmindful of Hitchcock's art, for the Metropolitan Museum has the beautiful "Hour of Vespers"; the Art Institute of Chicago has "The Last Moments of Sappho" and the luminous "Holland Morn: a Dutch Flower Seller"; the Indianapolis Art Institute possesses "Calypso," and other works are in the public galleries of Providence, Buffalo, St. Louis, Savannah and Minneapolis.

International interest centers in the fact that George Hitchcock was a pioneer in painting the gentle sunlight and the changing atmosphere of Holland. If not the very first to reveal these things in modern colors, at least he was the first to put upon canvas the great fields of flowers. In a world used to academic tradition it took a deal of daring to use masses of pure color, with geometric outlines. It was in 1886 that he first saw the tulip fields of Holland in full blossom. With true American courage—he was the seventh in direct line of descent from Roger Williams—he painted "Tulip Culture" and sent it to the Paris Salon of 1887. Gérome pronounced it the best American picture of the year, and the art writers praised its breadth, delicacy and refined color and the exquisite gradations of its tones—qualities that have distinguished his art ever since and added immeasurably to it.

George Hitchcock was born in 1850 in Providence, the city that his ancestor, Roger Williams, and his little band of five exiles founded after their banishment from Narragansett Bay. Not only was he a lineal descendant of Williams in the seventh generation, but also of four of the intrepid five. He was graduated from Brown University in 1872, receiving his diploma in the stately old Baptist Church, that pure example of Sir Christopher Wren architecture. Two years later he graduated in law from Harvard University, and soon afterward went to Chicago to begin the practice of that profession. But fate led him to visit an exhibition of water colors, which so took his fancy that there sprang up in him the desire to paint. Letting the dogmas of the law go by the board, he began to produce pictures. Although so amateurish that in after years he tried to buy them all back, they sold readily. One of them was purchased by Mrs. Potter Palmer. However, the more he painted, the less he found he knew, so in 1879 he went to England, failed to find an art school that suited him, then betook himself to Paris and became a student at Julien's Academy, with Boulanger and Lefebre as his masters.

There he learned how to draw and got a good grasp of the mechanical part of producing pictures. But, because of an excess of the mechanical side of study, he surfeited of Paris and went to Dusseldorf, thinking there to find the secret of self-expression. He learned a lot more about how to paint, but still did not find what he sought; so he invaded a fourth European country and made himself a pupil of Mesdag, at The Hague. He rebelled at the master's recipe, "yellow ochre and black," but remained as an attentive observer of Mesdag's mastery over material and his ability to attain on canvas the vision he started with. This was exactly what the young American sought, and from his contact with Mesdag he worked up a "do or die" determination to "find himself."

Accordingly, Hitchcock cut loose from all schools and all dogmas and hied himself to Egmond, a little village in the very north of Holland, facing the waters of the North Sea. Here he was surrounded by quiet beauty and beheld everything enveloped in what artists declare to be the most "paintable" atmosphere in the world. He set to work with a will. Casting aside academic tradition, he portrayed the Egmond peasantry, the fields and the common life of the coast town.

One day when he was out painting there came to the little village inn no less a personage than the Empress of Austria. She saw some of his pictures lying about. One of them, a large view of the Dutch coast, full of truth and atmosphere, she particularly liked, but the artist could not be found and she had to continue her journey. But she could not forget the painting, and next day sent her equerry back to buy it. This was the beginning of George Hitchcock's international success. He became a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy in London, at the Paris Salon and at the other Continental shows.

There followed in succession a series of notable works, many of which have been made familiar to the public through countless reproductions. Among them are "Maternity," the "Scarecrow," "The Flight Into Egypt," "Mary at the House of Elizabeth," "Hagar and Ishmael," "St. George," "The Promise of March," "Hyacinths," "The Annunciation," "Proserpina," "Ariadne," and "St. Genevieve, Patron Saint of Paris." The latter four are included in the present exhibition, together with others that are equally typical and cover the artist's whole career.

The art of George Hitchcock fails to classify with that of any school. One may be tempted, because of his subject matter, to put him in the "Modern Dutch School," but he never looked at Holland through the eyes of a Hollander. He little resembles Israels, the brothers Maria or Mesdag. Rather is he the pioneer of alien artists who have painted Holland. The three outstanding characteristics of his art are its sincerity, its refinement and gentleness of color and its remarkable achievement of atmosphere.

Aix the Unknown

A Remnant of the France of the Troubadours

By O. E. BODINGTON

THE Romans, who were nothing if not a hygienic people, discovered the healing springs and sources of ancient Gaul and called them "waters," "Aquæ," which translates into modern French in the form of the somewhat brusque monosyllable "Aix," the "Ai" of which is pronounced very short and the "x" hard so that the whole word is nearly, though to trained ears not quite, identical with the first syllable of words like "Exeter," "Exmouth." Thus it is in French; but in the honeyed tongue of Provence it becomes a soft dissyllable "Aïs." And it is of Aix in Provence that we here propose to discourse, older by far than Aix la Chapelle, the Aix of Charlemagne, or the modern fashionable Aix les Bains, but far less well known than either to-day.

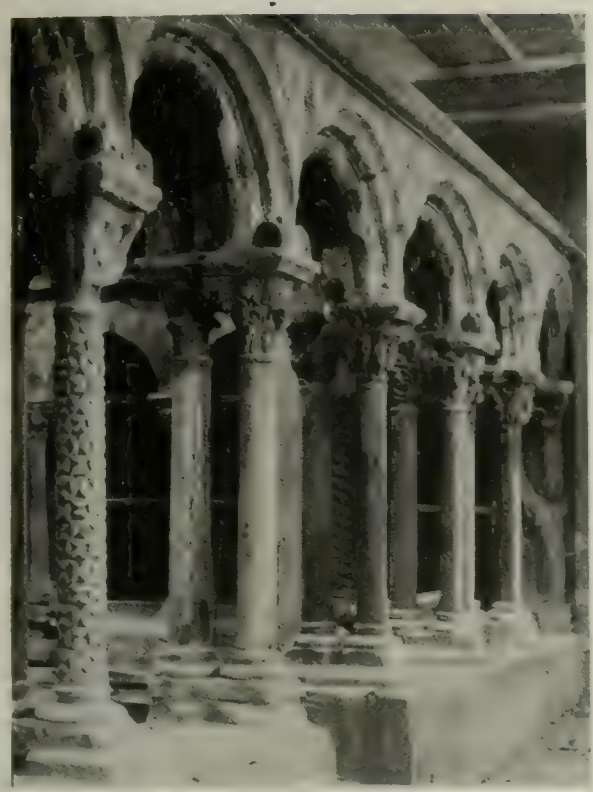
Motorists dashing across from the Rhone valley to the fascinations of an *ante bellum* Riviera, were wont to use it as a halting place. Strange that some of them at least have not contributed to spread abroad its old-world charm and many beauties. At least it would be strange were it not that the beauties of a place like this are latent and do not flaunt themselves in the face of the casual tourist. Indeed their discovery requires opportunities for lounging, dawdling, even placid contemplation, some imagination, and artistic flair, to all of which the fever of motordom is distinctly inimical. So Aix en Provence remains for the ordinary tourist a part of La France Inconnue, Aix the imperfectly explored, almost the unknown.

Far better than motoring as a discipline and preparation for the right mood to approach Aix, will be found the deliberate though not lengthy railway journey, or the still more deliberate tramway journey from Marseilles. A day will easily suffice to see the place well. A camera should not be forgotten, for its after produce will afford the pleasantest memories. The town of Aix, the Aquæ Sextiæ of the Romans, is situated in the department of the Bouches-du-Rhône, 18 miles north of Marseilles and about an equal distance from the eastern edge of the Rhone delta. These, as is observed from the name, were the waters of Sextius and that part of the town which contains the remains of the old Roman Thermæ is still called the Sextius quarter. If you have chosen a fine day in early spring for the trip, and have an eye for the picturesque, the changing landscape will show you the heart of Provence. Red ferruginous soil everywhere, with limestone out-cropping, silver olives, pink peach and white apple bloom twinkling against a background of sombre cypresses. Here an ivy-covered farm building in the foreground, a tower perched on a knoll in the middle distance, silhouetted against a distant mountain of dolomitish shape bathed in the southern haze. Later on terraced uplands of the same red soil and gray rock; a great crucifix standing out on a stretch of moorland against the sky line; lower down patches of yellow gorse. As we approach the town we see the full sweep of the amphitheatre sloping toward the southwest, the centre of which it occupies backed up against those rolling foothills which, farther east, begin to tell unmistakably of the Alps. The Cathedral and belfry towers, standing out from the cluster of town buildings, indicate the principal monuments. The modern part, with the chief hotels, is centred around the Cours Mirabeau, a handsome, broad avenue powdered with that yellow dust which covers the houses and clothes them with a golden sheen in the southern sun. At its west end, nearest the station, is a monumental fountain; at the east end a rather poor statue of King René of Provence. To reach the Cathedral one must plunge boldly into the labyrinth of tortuous streets which surround the eastern extremity of the Cours, and finally strike a street running as nearly as possible at right angles to it northward. Crossing the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, we pass under the gateway of the Old Belfry tower and a little farther come to a small square on the right of which is the Cathedral and on the left the law school. Aix is, by tradition, an important legal and university centre. Portalis and Siméon, two of the Fathers of the Code Napoléon, were natives of Aix. It is the seat of a Court of Appeal not only for the Bouches-du-Rhône, but adjoining departments. As, therefore, it entertains all appeals from the court of Marseilles, its functions are correspondingly important. The Cathedral of Aix, which is an Archbishopric, is entered by a Romanesque portal to the right of the Tower. This was originally the main entrance of the primitive Eleventh Century structure which is now the south aisle of a much later Fifteenth Century building devoid of any great architectural interest. This portal, though shorn of all its ornaments except the columns, is still a work of remarkable elegance. The columns are a fine example of the skill of the early Romanesque sculptors in imitating the columns of the Corinthian order. Indeed so skilful were they that in some instances it is difficult to determine whether the columns are imitated or only transported from some Roman temple. These particular ones, however, are Romanesque handiwork. Inside the Cathedral there are three features of special interest. The first is a Sixth Century baptistry immediately to the right of the entrance. The columns here are genuinely Roman work and may possibly have inspired the Romanesque sculptor of the portals. The general scheme of the small octagonal building reminds one forcibly of the baptistry of Sta. Costanza, adjoining the church of St. Agnese at Rome, although it lacks the marvelous frescoed decoration of the latter. The next feature

Romanesque door of the cathedral

A stone altar in the cathedral

Statue of Mirabeau



The Mediæval Cloisters

of interest is an altar piece on the north side of the church, almost opposite to the baptistry, known as the "Autel en pierre." On the right hand side of an imposing statue of the Veiled Virgin with the Child is a figure of St. Martin and the formidable "Tarasque." This was said to be an amphibious beast of a rapacious kind, which, in the First Century, infested the country at the mouth of the Rhone, at that time covered with dense forests. Not content with obstructing navigation, it made incursions inland. Sixteen valiant youths are said to have banded themselves together in the determination to destroy it, an enterprise in which they finally succeeded, though not before eight of them had been slain. The eight survivors, it is said, founded the towns of Beaucaire and Tarascon. Another version is that it was Saint Martha, the sister of Lazarus, who settled at Tarascon and subdued the beast by the sign of the cross. That is why she is here represented with the Tarasque. At all events Saint Martha died at Tarascon and a church was erected there to her honor and to-day, at the annual festival of the town to which the monster gave its name, a representation of the Tarasque figures in the procession. The figure of the Tarasque on the altar at Aix resembles a kind of winged calf covered with scales, not unlike a somewhat forbidding presentment of our old friend, the "mock turtle," certainly far more grotesque than terrible. One can only conjecture the original of the legend. Possibly it relates back to times when the river was infested by some kind of prehistoric crocodile or dinosaur. As pendant to Saint Martha and the Tarasque is a fine figure of St. Maurice in armor; above is a beautiful calvary; the whole work is a fine production of the Fifteenth Century.

The third feature of interest inside the church is a collection of Flemish tapestry of the early Sixteenth Century. It was made for St. Paul's Cathedral in London and some of the figures represent, it is said, the great Court ladies of England early in the reign of Henry VIII. Whether it ever got to England or not seems uncertain. Some say it was intercepted, others that it was bought in England at the time of the Reformation.

Nothing further need arrest attention for long within the Cathedral. We may, therefore, leave it, by a small door next to the baptistry on the south side, and pass into the Romanesque cloister, of its kind the gem not only of Aix but of the whole of Southern France. Although at present seen under some disadvantage, for it is undergoing a much needed restoration, it is no exaggeration to say that this cloister, while the smallest, is likewise the most beautiful of all the cloisters of Southern France, whether in Gascony or Provence. Its chief element of beauty lies in the fact that the arcading is of the same period as the capitals and columns, i.e., Twelfth Century, whereas in almost all other instances, notably at Moissac and St. Bertrand de Comminges, the arcades are of a later period. Not only is this the case but the decoration of the arcades is of the most delicate and beautiful kind, lightened with toothwork, elegant mouldings and "pateræ" in the spandrels so as to avoid completely that "crushing" effect on the delicate capitals and columns produced by arches of unadorned masonry, a defect from which so many otherwise beautiful cloisters suffer. Another elegant feature is found in the ornamental bosses above the abacus of the capital rounding off the junction of the adjoining arches. The motives of the capitals themselves are shockingly mutilated by time, neglect and, it must be feared, deliberate vandalism. Some nevertheless are easily recognizable. We observe on one, for example, the mutilated outline of two cows, a basket of hay and a child in a cradle; and from these primitive symbols we divine a representation of the Nativity. On another, two headless angels are watching over a sarcophagus, while on the adjoining face is a soldier in armor with closed eyes and bent head; clearly the Resurrection. On a third we easily recognize the Adoration of the Magi; and, with a little ingenuity, it would doubtless be possible to puzzle out all those which represent Scriptural subjects. Not all of them do, by any means. As is always the case, Scriptural subjects alternate with purely decorative or vegetable motives and figures of mythical animals. The restoration of this unique production of the Twelfth Century seems to have been intelligently undertaken. No attempt has been made, nor, it is hoped, will be made to resculpture the mutilated capitals. For the mere design of the capitals is a secondary attraction. The feature which places the cloister of Aix above all other cloisters, not even excepting that of St. Trophime at Arles, is the completeness of its decoration and its homogeneity. For it is all the best work of the Twelfth Century. Whereas each side of the cloister of St. Trophime is of a different period from the Eleventh to the Thirteenth Century, one side even being debased Neo-Greek.

One of Puget's doorways

Place de l'Hotel de Ville

The name of Mirabeau occurs so frequently in connection with Aix it is easy to fall into the error of supposing that he was born there. As a matter of fact his connection with Aix began only in 1789, two years before the end of his riotous, impecunious existence when he was appointed representative of the Third Estate to the States General. He was, in fact, born near Paris and spent the main part of his time in somewhat fruitless endeavors to outrun the constable—for he was constantly being imprisoned for debt—in more northerly climes.

In the courtyard of the Hotel de Ville is a fine modern statue of his, imposing by its attitude, head thrown back and arm outstretched—truly the attitude of the thunderer, "Mirabeau tonnant," the white marble standing out in fine contrast against the sombre weather-beaten building.

Puget, the sculptor, a famous citizen of Marseilles, left some fine work at Aix in the shape of doorways supported by Atlantes and Cariatides, upon which one stumbles unexpectedly in the narrow, tortuous streets. Many of the houses are really monuments in themselves and would be called palaces if they were found in an Italian town; tall, symmetrical and imposing buildings as they are, in the style of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. Many agreeable hours could be spent in wandering through these old streets, but if you have limited yourself to a one-day visit you will thus have seen the principal sights of the place. Going down in the train you will see again—this time in the evening light—the red soil, the olives, the peach bloom and the cypresses, and you will marvel at this country, which is not the France you know nor yet is it Italy. It is, as has been said, France getting more sociable as she reaches the frontier and preparing to assimilate herself to the country she is about to join. It is something very like Italy, yet not Italy. It is Provence—France, indeed, after all—the France of King René, of the Troubadours, of Mistral, of Daudet, stretching out her hands to her Latin elder sister.

Indoors or Outdoors Fashion Sets a Pace in the

Courtesy Bonwit Teller & Co.

On the right, the decorative quality of flowered chintz in subdued tones of tan and brown is heightened by the distinctive cut of the little box jacket which tops a skirt of supple silk laid in tiny box pleats. In such a costume the most fastidious woman may sally forth into the Southern sunshine with a consciousness that she is correctly and distinctly attired

On the left, Southern climes call for something of color, gaiety and chic. In the morning hours spent on the beach or along the palm-shaded paths here is an appropriate costume composed of a lissome silk jacket bound in braid with a skirt developed from an imported French material patterned with bright stripes on a neutral ground. And here are the hat, blouse and shoes that complete the ensemble

Black charmeuse forms the bodice and main part of this evening dress, which is suitable for any age or any season. The satin continues down the back of the bodice, and Chantilly lace, which is draped over the center, also hangs in points, with net, over the skirt. Further accent is given by strings of jet beads, which form loops in front of the skirt and hang down straight behind

After candle-light at the Southern winter resort, one dons her most sumptuous gown for the formal dinner at the Casino or for the large hotel ballroom. The type pictured above has that stately air given to it by a silhouette that is long and svelte. Done in velvet and an allover studded pattern of rhinestones the vogue for jeweled effects in evening gowns is gracefully emphasized

Sunshine or Candle-light of Southern Resorts

Courtesy Bergdorf & Goodman Co.

Black lace over black charmeuse is given a note of gorgeousness by a wide panel of three-tone Venetian red plush ribbon

A sumptuous evening gown of gold and silk brocade in a Renaissance pattern is held over the shoulders by jet ornaments

Freshness and coolness are the notes struck by the poster-like simplicity of this afternoon dress of blue and white striped poplin

Reminiscent of Spain is this picturesque afternoon dress of black crepe de Chine with its fringed scarf of the same material

The deep jade-green and blue embroidery give an individual touch to the simple lines of a very smart three-piece suit of blue camel's hair

General view of Manufacturers' and Designers' Exhibition

A Note of Progress in Industrial Art

The Fifth Exhibition of American Industrial Art at the Metropolitan Museum

By RICHARD F. BACH, *Associate in Industrial Art*

IN certain galleries at the Metropolitan Museum recently, one might have found the chiefs of our leading textile houses in amicable but animated discussion of their work. The occasion was a special evening at the Fifth Exhibition of American Industrial Art and the presence of these men most significant. They were long-headed business men; they could discern the logical steps of progress in their industry while these steps were yet leagues away, and they saw in this exhibition an indication of their best thought in the difficult matter of design.

Here was a realization of hopes that promised little before the war, but gained much impetus from our splendid isolation in matters of design during the conflict. Here was the work of over one hundred firms and designers, in all some 440 objects brought in evidence to prove that design is the leading commodity offered for sale in scores of business fields, and that to command its price it must be studied in the light of the best originals available. For these objects were one and all of museum inspiration; that is to say, each owed some part of its design value to study of the collections in the Metropolitan Museum. There were silks and cottons, silver and iron, lacquer and lamps, cabinets and commercial containers, fringes and car cards, scrims, batiks, rugs, bedspreads; in fact, a most varied collection of modern commercial material, each with an across-the-counter selling value, and each maintaining that value because in its production museum originals played a part.

Copies? Yes, a few; the trade will always demand some of these. And then, again, repetition is the mother of study, as the old Latins used to say.

But the real truth of our progress lies in the designs which are the result of what may be termed the inspirational use of the collections—when a lamp manufacturer gets ideas from Cellini bronzes or Greek mirrors—this means progress. When a neckwear manufacturer studies armor, or a tile designer studies miniatures, we may safely say the clear light of a new day is dawning in American design.

These designers have found the open road of freedom, they have come to an understanding of first principle in design. It is surprising to discover how few these first principles are, how easily they are lost sight of and how difficult to set up again when a welter of hybrid designs has smothered them in the mad pursuit of "volume" and "turnover." But the number of these wide-awake producers is steadily increasing; in always greater numbers designers are learning the very first concept of all design, namely, that this pervasive quality cannot be evolved out of an inner consciousness, that it means work and study, followed by more study and work before the foundation of knowledge is laid and the structure of wisdom erected on it. The foundation is not a collection of plates grouped in a selected number of pattern books; the foundation is not a course in a school that does its best and then achieves but indifferently. The foundation is education and books; best of all, study of originals of other times, originals that have stood the test of years of use and have passed the scrutiny of experts not only of today but of centuries before us. That such originals should have a real value in terms of the industrial art manufacture of today is perhaps new to some otherwise versed in the devious ways of current production. Yet the Metropolitan Museum has for some years made no small outlay of energy to convince the producer, the dealer and the designer that its vast collection of decorative arts has a distinct current value for the modern factory, shop and designing room. Toward that end the Museum maintains a separate department, in charge of a "liaison officer," who acts as interpreter—and sometimes, alas, as mediator—between the collections and the active world of production. The results of this work are annually gathered together in a selective exhibition of American Industrial Art, all exhibits being in some way the direct result of Museum study. Many galleries could be filled with the year's work, were a general invitation issued; the purpose is not to hold a general exhibition but to prove a thesis by means of a limited number of examples, and thus to offer an object lesson to less discerning manufacturers and designers that they may

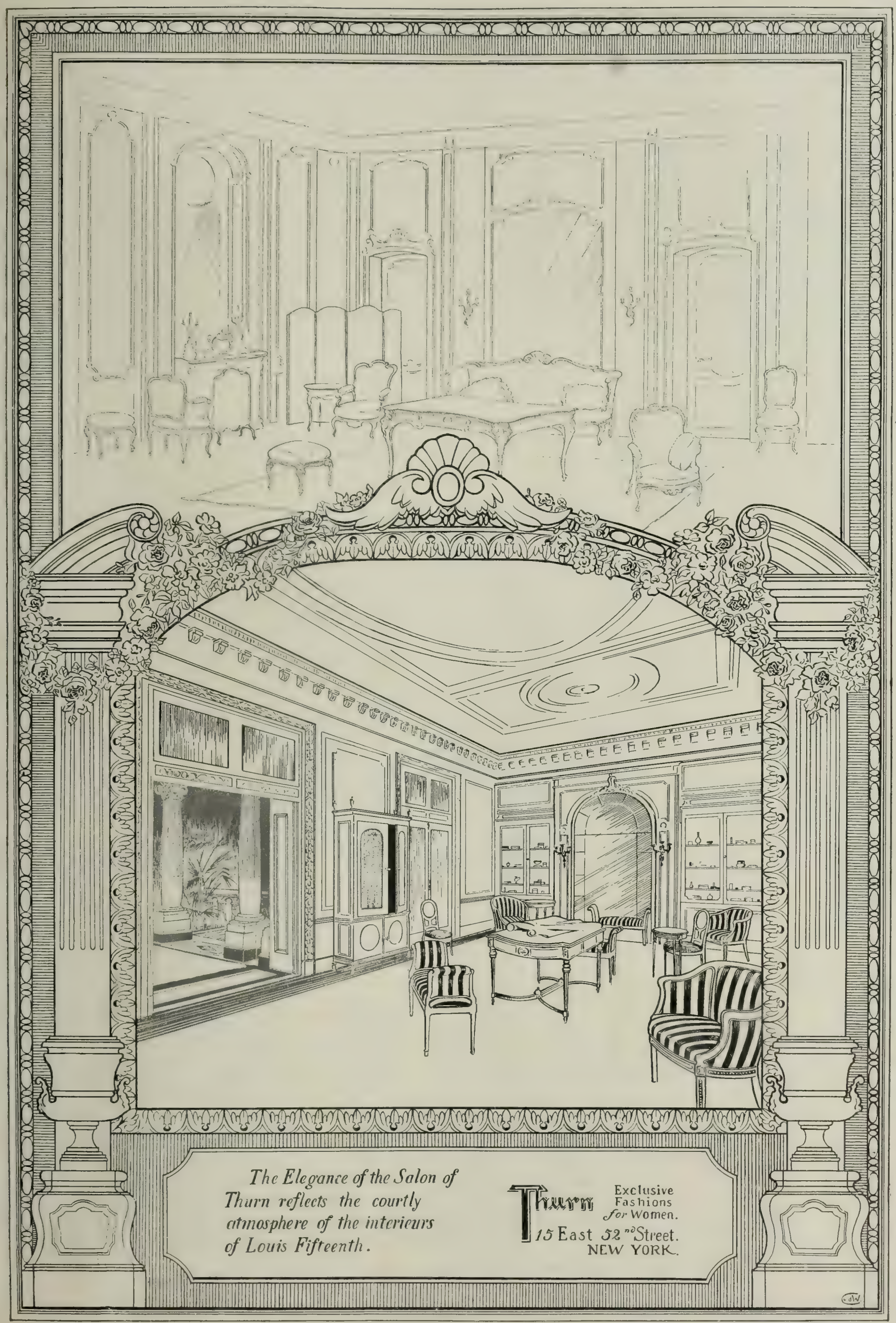
(*Continued on page* 338)

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following article, and the exhibition of which it speaks, is a very clear exemplification of the present trend of our great Fine Arts Museums as an active force in public service by offering themselves as a definite aid in the solution of our industrial art problem.

By encouraging the use of their possessions as sources of inspiration for better design in modern merchandise, and by permitting the use of their rooms to the trade as exhibition space to show results, they are frankly allying themselves with the country's industries, and so harmonizing art and trade.

Furthermore this unique exhibit is at the same time an equally clear exemplification of the inventive genius of our American artists. Although the objects used as sources of design are uniformly antique in character, the results derived are definitely absolved from the slavishness of imitation, demonstrating an originality of development that amounts to pure invention, proving the creative ability of our native talent.

Another view of the Manufacturers' and Designers' Exhibition


The Elegance of the Salon of Thurn reflects the courtly atmosphere of the interieurs of Louis Fifteenth.
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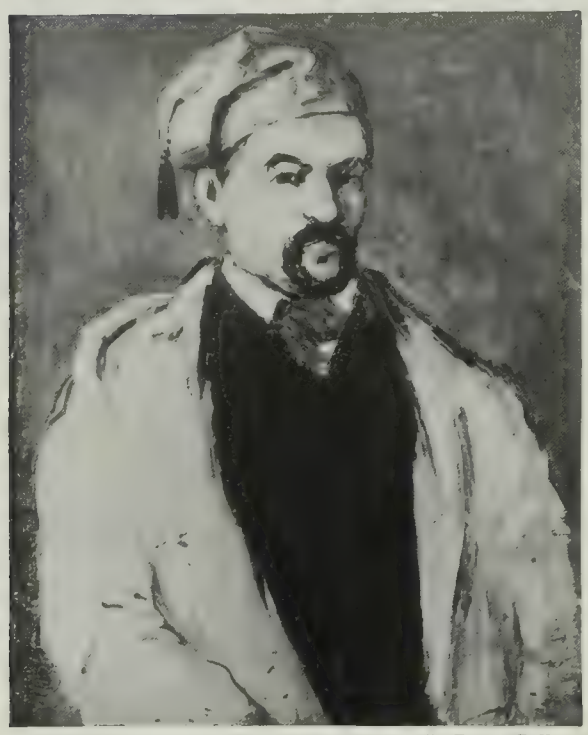
NEW YORK.

At the Galleries

Portraits of Allied Leaders—Do Exhibitions Pay?—Nicolas Roerich

By FORBES WATSON



Courtesy DeZayas Gallery

Self portrait, by Cêzanne

SOMETIME ago a facile tourist-etcher was declaiming vociferously to the effect that you can't paint war unless you have seen war, whereupon Mr. George Bellows, with his usual suavity, remarked that he had always understood that Leonardo da Vinci "had a ticket to the Last Supper." Hence the success of the great quattrocento artist in painting the historic repast was entirely due to the fact of his being present in person. He was enabled to make his preliminary sketches direct from life!

But Mr. George Bellows' succinct argument did not prevent several Allies from sending into battle—not too far in—a number of artists whose business it was to make a historical record. France, on the whole, made the worst official selection of artists, but, then, France generally gives the official jobs to her worst artists, knowing, perhaps, that real artists will not compromise with officialdom. England made the best selection, and America came out about second best. The chances are that some unborn Goya will solve in the future the problem of recording the spirit of the Great War better than any of the men, however talented, who were commissioned by their governments to go to the war and paint it. Or it may be that some of the same men, who were commissioned as war painters and failed, will later synthesize their impressions in a manner which, at the time, the event itself forbade.

From America the National Art Committee sent forth an officially acceptable group of painters to portray the Allied leaders and the signing of the Peace Treaty. These included Miss Cecilia Beaux, the leading lady among official painters, Joseph De Camp, Charles Hopkinson, Edmund Tarbell, and some others. The results of these official labors were placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum on January 18th, and may be seen there until February 10th. For those who wish to satisfy a further curiosity about the portraits, an exhibition of the preliminary sketches has been arranged at the Arden Galleries.

It is not easy to paint the portraits of great men at the climax of an historical event and in an age of black and white. The element of their greatness is so uncertain. Time may fix it, or, in the cruel manner that time sometimes has, erase all traces of it, even unto the duly commissioned official portraits so carefully calculated to defeat time's inevitable purpose.

Also, great men of the moment are so used to having their likenesses flashed on the pages of the press without a moment's trouble to themselves. They grow rigid at the thought of stopping in the anxious task of making history to pose diplomatically for an Allied painter. Some of the great men have learned from a very recent past that they are not making as much history as they are compelled to pretend to be making, and this thought, or undiscovered hollowness, gives them a touch of self-consciousness, and an appearance of holding their breath, as if they feared they might cave in before the portrait was finished. They must wonder, some of the greatest of them, after the bars are down and the Allied painters have been passed along to their august presences, whether the painters might not be recording more important history if they were at work on the portraits of some unknown poilus, doughboys or anzacs instead of trembling over the portraits of the very great.

Courtesy Grolier Club

An Etching, by Mary Cassatt, from the retrospective exhibition opening at the Grolier Club

At least it would be different history. If the National Art Committee had thought to send Mr. George Luks, for example, down to Staten Island, or to some other nearby spot where soldiers still linger, marked by the war, he might have painted a portrait of some unknown subject which would have intruded upon this select gathering of names and ribbons with the startling effect of unsentimental truth. But unsentimental truths should not intrude upon a gathering of official portraits of great men. The rudeness would be unbearable.

Connected with these portraits there are a number of stories which, in some cases, will outlive the portraits themselves. Mr. Douglas Volk is said to tell one about Lloyd George, who apparently fell to Mr. Volk's lot. While Mr. Volk painted the Prime Minister, Lady Astor read the Book of Job to the sitter. The episode gives rise to two suspicions. Either Lloyd George knows something about art—a criminal offense in a politician—or else he was afraid Mr. Volk would catch him off his guard worrying about the Irish question; and realizing that his portrait was going to America, Lloyd George could take no risks and asked Lady Astor to read to him the Book of Job. The story was confided to the writer by one of the managers of the exhibition, and I think that the group which it suggests of Lady Astor reading the Book of Job to the Prime Minister while an Allied painter was trying to portray him, illuminates brilliantly the entire magnificent undertaking of "War Portraits."

ONE of the reasons why the passing art season is of a dullness quite unprecedented may be traced to financial conditions, but another reason is that New York has few dealers who think, in proportion to the number of so-called galleries which it contains. Modern art depends for its support on the Daniel Gallery, which came into being after the famous Armory exhibition, and has since carried on a courageous, if not entirely consistent campaign; on the new, precious, and limited Société Anonyme, which, however one-sided, must be credited with being serious and genuine; on the De Zayas Gallery, in which the artist, who manages it, displays his own exceptional good taste in the great exemplars of modern French art; on the small, unpretentious but intellectually active Weyhe Gallery and on the Whitney Studio Club, where youth has its chance. Mr. Montross has held many notable exhibitions of modern art, and Mr. Bouché, at the Folsom, has made a start.

But beyond these few dealers the effort to encourage living art is either perfectly conventional or painfully

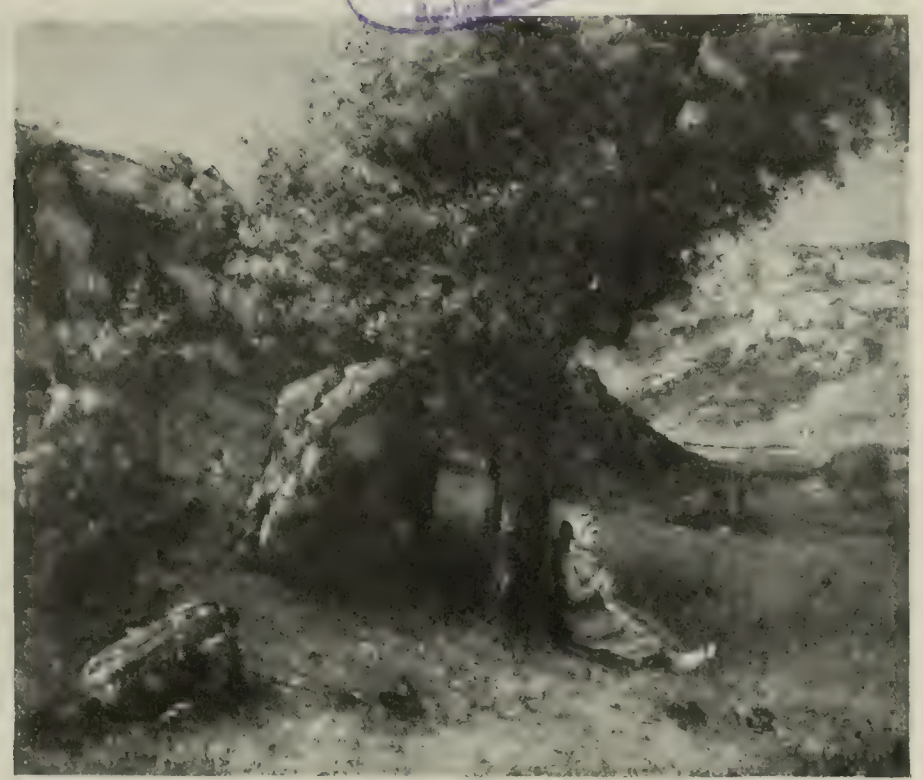
Courtesy Metropolitan Museum

Cardinal Mercier, by Cecilia Beaux

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

Courtesy Kingore Galleries

The Call of the Sun, by Nicolas Roerich



Courtesy Kraushaar Galleries

Peasant Woman Tending Cattle, by Courbet

spasmodic. At the beginning of the present season more than one dealer announced sadly that he was not going to indulge in holding many exhibitions. The verdict was always the same. They do not pay. It is not a surprising verdict, if we consider the timidity and short-sightedness of some of the dealers in the backing which they have given to modern art.

Everybody knows that today in Europe speculation in modern art is as rife as speculation in old masters is rife in New York. But this financial respect for modern art was not created by a short timid campaign inaugurated by one or two dealers. It took the Durand-Ruel Galleries at least a generation before they were in a position to sit quietly by and count enormous profits on the Impressionists. The campaign which Vollard and his associated dealers instituted in favor of Cézanne was long and fearless. And the general idea that vast fortunes were to be made in speculating in modern pictures has been widely spread from Paris, as the headquarters of the European dealers, throughout Europe. It is not uncommon for a French bourgeois to empty his stocking and put the savings into a few modern pictures to hide away in his cellar until the unknown prospect is famous.

This is not a particularly noble procedure. But the point is that to make exhibitions of modern art pay, their backers must have absolute faith in their men and the willingness to wage a long fight, and people must have the courage to purchase. It helps the production of art much more to buy the works of living men than it does to hide safely behind the veils of "art centers" and patronize art.

Faith is not likely to be born in the man who lacks comprehension of the greatness of modern art. And it certainly is not going to exist where the dealer would rather sell at a large profit any picture he can sell than institute a really constructive activity.

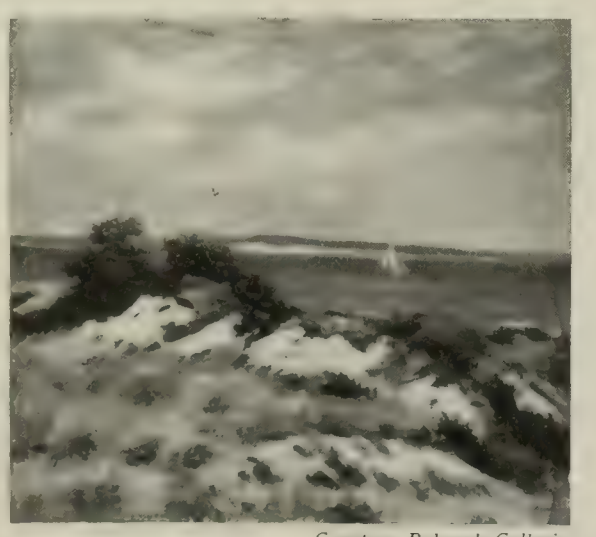
The Société Anonyme has undertaken a course of lectures and is attempting to awaken interest through discussion. This is in the right direction. At the Weyhe Gallery, in a perfectly natural manner, an atmosphere of mental activity has been created. There is nothing imposing or showy in the place, no palatial front, just some interesting books, and small interesting exhibitions which are meeting with the response of those who care. The gallery has life in it, and in comparison some of our palaces of art-dealing are mere tawdry pretense. It is a very hopeful sign that a little gallery of this kind, which appeals to the mind and the love of art, and does not attempt to impress the profiteer with velvet

Courtesy Ehrich Galleries

Louis J. Reckford, by Dorothy E. Vicaji

hangings, should be thriving in its own unpretentious manner.

In the work of Nicolas Roerich at the Kingore Gallery one finds not fleeting impressions of the visible world, but evocations of the past seen through the mind rather than the eyes of an imaginative archæologist. His pictures are a reconstruction of ancient Russia, of poetic, literary inspiration rather than of visual inspiration. To say this is not to complain of Professor Roerich for not being a realist.



Courtesy Babcock Galleries

Peconic Bay, by H. Melville Fisher

Many an artist, whose inspiration cames to his mind direct through the channel of the eyes, is no realist in his method of giving form to his impression. But it does explain, perhaps, why in making a tour of the rooms filled with his pictures and decorations the pure æsthetic thrill received by the visitor is rare and meagre. Professor Roerich is not a born painter whose delight in the use of his medium is manifest. Neither is he a born colorist in spite of his lavish use of all the colors there are.

And yet, if a man contrives to convey somehow through the medium of paint the indubitable fact that he has an individual and imaginative conception of things, can one deny to him the qualities of a painter? After all, he has done it with paint, and therefore it may be said that he has succeeded in the use of his medium. Those who enjoy the elusive thing called "quality" in painting, which is not fashionable just now, will be less interested than the visitor whose imagination is susceptible to the visible description of an enigmatic and barbaric land exceedingly foreign to the Western mind.

The color is quite charmless, lurid rather than brilliant. These oppressive fantasies are not seductive, not exhilarating with all their lavish color. But their strangeness does exert a certain fascination. Much of the work was done for the theatre, which would seem to be the field of endeavor most congenial to Professor Roerich's idiosyncrasy. Comparisons are inevitable between this work and that of Boris Anisfeld, another Russian theatre decorator whose work was shown in the same gallery last season, and whose exploitation was carried on under the same auspices. The comparison must be all in favor of the present exhibitor. A real sense of wonder permeates Professor Roerich's work and redeems it. And the fact that so much of it is apparently conceived in terms of scenery may account for its lack of painting solidity. The work is wholly free from the streak of vulgarity which mars if it does not destroy the designs of the more artificial art of Anisfeld as we saw it in his settings for "The Blue Bird."

As to the Metropolitan

The Present, Past and Future of Our Opera House

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER, *Ex-Secretary of the Metropolitan Opera Company*

INTO the lives of rulers, gods, and men there creeps in time a Dusk, foreshadowing change. Over institutions of all kinds this Dusk will fall. It clung about the rock ramparts of Walhalla. And some day it may settle down on Wall Street.

"Fin di Pontificato," say the Romans, when some great Pope of theirs seems near his end. The Germans talk of "Goetterdaemmerung." The same thing with a more high-sounding name.

No human institutions last forever. Unless they are remade, they surely die. The law applies even to opera houses, the greatest of them and the least of them.

We know the story of the "Nibelung's Ring," which tells how an old system at last passed away. Is there no parallel between the myth of Wagner and what is happening at our Metropolitan? The gods had reigned supreme for many ages. And then the Dusk came, with its tale of ruin. Wotan, the mighty, lost his mastery. Freya, the beautiful, her charm and youth. Thor and his hammer ceased to awe the world. The Walkyries ceased to gallop through the skies. A whole dispensation sank into oblivion.

The heroes, giants, heroines, dwarfs and gods all vanished. But, at the end, the Rhine still went upon its way and, though a system had been wrecked, the world lived on.

I am not as wise as the Wagnerian Norns. Nor should I care to hint that the great Metropolitan is tottering. But it is plain to me, as to most others who admire it greatly, that there are things which need remodeling and improving in our vaunted opera house if it is not to perish like the Wagnerian gods. For some years past it has lived on its traditions, on its reputation, its effulgent record. It has been slower than, perhaps, it might have been to keep well abreast with modern lyric drama. It has had a tendency to trust, I think, too much to the magic of its heroes, gods and Walkyries.

THE distressing breakdown of Caruso has set people wondering what will be done next season, if, to our sorrow, he should not return to us. We owe a great debt to that splendid singer, a debt which no one who has ears could fail to recognize. For many seasons he has thrilled us all. He has charmed our senses with his luscious tones. He has often given us the illusion of romance. As a mere voice, and, in some characters, as an actor, he has enchanted us for over seventeen years. His absence, if it should be much prolonged, must lead the management of the wealthy Metropolitan to recast its plans. Unless it does, how can it hope to live? For years it has relied upon Caruso to atone for the deficiencies of other singers. It has hitched its wagon to that brilliant star, and should it cease to shine, what can we hope of it?

Can it go on, as it is in its present state, with its mature Bruennhilde, its fast-waning Freya, its ageing Loges, Donners, Thors and Siegfrieds?

I have been able to observe our leading opera house both from the outer and the inner points of view. May I be pardoned if I mention that, for some years, I was the secretary and assistant to two managers of the Metropolitan, Maurice Grau and Heinrich Conried? As a critic, I have watched, on countless nights, the activities of that far-famed house. I know its strength, but I am not blind to its weaknesses.

Grau counted for success on two chief factors—the "Golden Horseshoe" and his marvelous stars—the de Reszkes, Jean and Edouard, Calvé, Ternina, Lassalle, Scotti, Plançon, Sembrich, Melba, Scalchim, Eames, and Nordica. He pinned his faith to his singers and society. And, for five seasons, he had all things his own way.

Then Conried tried to do without the stars. He dreamed of balanced casts, and great new rocks. He discovered that his public would have stars, and he was horrified to find that those stars would have huge fees. The refusal of his backers to allow him to produce "Salome" killed, or at least helped much to kill him, both managerially and in a literal sense. There were other reasons for his exit from the opera house. At this late day I need not harp on them.

To Grau we owed the engagement of Caruso and of that glorious lyric artist, Olive Fremstad. But it was under Conried's rule they won their fame here. Just seventeen years ago—yes, seventeen years—some other singers joined the Conried Company. Among them may be mentioned Geraldine Farrar, who is still singing at the Metropolitan.

WITH the passing of the storm-tossed Conried management came Gatti-Casazza, a man well qualified for his position by his experience and unquestioned honesty. And with him came a better, broader system; the reforming of the orchestra by conductors of world-wide celebrity; the rejuvenation of the ancient chorus; and the intelligent expansion, for a time, of the procrustean repertory. Good all-around performances of operas were offered in the place of "all-star" casts. For, say ten years, the Metropolitan did more than credit to itself. Another change, however, followed the departure, first of Mahler and later of that great maëstro, Toscanini.

For, as the French say, with resigned philosophy, *"tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse."* In the long run, the most able managers grow tired, the brightest stars lose much of their appeal. Freed from the menace of successful rivalry by other companies, like that which had dismayed it at the Manhattan, the Metropolitan lost much of its ambition. The war, of course, compelled it to be satisfied with "carrying on." But what at first had seemed a passing slackness by slow degrees became a habit. Though it did something to encourage native opera, in other ways the management lost touch with art. It ostracized great operas which should long since have been admitted to its repertory. It gave us hackneyed or inferior works as substitutes. Nor till this season, for example, would it produce "Louise," an opera which for nearly twenty years has been known abroad. We are now promised, as an exciting novelty, work by Karl Weis, a Czech composer, and we have had the doubtful privilege of hearing operas which, though important to their publishers, we did not need here.

Moreover, as the years have sped, the management has dropped back more and more into the bad star system; it has trusted far too much to the popularity of Caruso, and to the favor long enjoyed by that remarkable, if aggressive singer, Geraldine Farrar. For several seasons past they have been treated as the chief pillars of our opera house. And it is never wise or safe to build too much on personalities. It gave the management a shock (and not too soon) when, in one week, both singers had to leave the casts. What these mishaps, which were succeeded by more serious troubles, may or may not have meant to the Metropolitan in a financial way, I do not know. But I do know that they disturbed our confidence and set us thinking.

THERE was only one Caruso in the world. And, though there are some fine singers at the Metropolitan, the new tenors Gigli, Chamlee, Harrold; Rosa Ponselle and Florence Easton, rare sopranos; de Luca and his brother baritone, Whitehill; Margarete Matzenauer, an unusual mezzo-soprano; all together they do not spell the equivalent of Caruso, either vocally or as steady drawing powers. Nor have they all been at their best this season. And, wedged between them, have been other singers whose voices are no longer what they used to be. Poor singing is too frequent at some of the performances. Some critics have observed this and commented on the fact with proper frankness. The casts are now not balanced as ten years ago. Nor have the performances of several standard operas been satisfactory. We have been pained by the poor singing of such works as "Faust" and "Carmen," by the strange liberties allowed to one perhaps gifted but too dominant soprano; by the said want of style betrayed by other singers, and by the fast increasing tendency of those responsible to attach importance to magnificent, though not always suitable scenery, at the expense of vastly more essential matters.

I SAID, at the beginning of this essay, that the Metropolitan seemed to be living on traditions. But this is true in one sense only. For, year by year, the Metropolitan is losing touch with the traditions of the foreign lyric stage. To prove this I may point to the revival of that wearisome "Don Carlos," which showed up starkly the distressing inability of various singers to act and walk and wear their costumes with becoming dignity. There is a crying need at our almighty opera house of real stage management. The *régisseur* of that great institution should direct the company. He should do more than teach the singers when to make entrance and exits. He should instruct them as to costuming and deportment. He should be all he is supposed to be—an authority. In "Faust," Mme. Farrar mocks at all stage precedents by "dolling up" poor Marguerite in the "Kermesse" scene.

It may not be too late, by a brave effort, to reconstruct the system of our opera house, and to restore to it its old and envied standing. The manager of that theatre has the tact required for what is not at best an easy task. But, to succeed, he might be forced to hurt some friends, his friends and ours; to eliminate some members of his company; to look about for fresher, newer singers and to widen the authority of his *régisseur*.

It might be well, too, if he added one conductor of acknowledged rank to Artur Bodanzky and his colleague, Albert Wolff—some maëstro to whom everyone could bow.

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View of the studio

The Year at the Tiffany Foundation

(*Continued from page 273*)

season he was deep in work, and on reviewing the earlier agony said he didn't know how he could have been so sightless—that every day showed him a new subject. He had learned something that alone was worth the time. He had come to the conclusion that custom was a malady, endemic among artists; that men painted things and modeled things they had been wont to model or to paint, and did them in the way they had been taught; in short, that tradition and habit had bound them in a narrow ring, held them from growth, and robbed them of vision. They had lost, in long confinement to studio methods and conditions, all consciousness of the boundless riches of a natural world.

Men have learned — or relearned — here of the existence of a living and breathing and beautiful creation which they had lost sight of for years. Natural forms have taken on a new value as material and given a new zest to work. It matters very little how few these men may have been. The leaven has begun to work.

Painting, too, had its discoveries. In the beginning there was nothing but a bewilderment of landscape. As time wore on the futility of the average landscape canvas began to reveal itself. The material was all there. Old Long Island farms provided weathered barns and houses and decrepit sheds in endless abundance; the Sound, with its interminable film of passing ships, its shores littered with small craft and marine ruins, offered a world of the salt-marsh stuff which after the summer outing crowds every fall exhibition. But when the cold days came it all seemed rather voiceless. There was just a collection of perfectly good stretchers hiding their faces against the friendly wall, each merely a rough translation of some bit of wood or water or tumbledown building, presented as the artist happened to think he saw it.

The conspicuous achievement of the Foundation in its first year, as it appears in retrospect, is that it has shown the painful narrowness of range in work, the widespread malady of landscape, the big and vital possibilities of stone and clay; it has stamped, if only on a few minds, the lesson of Art's mission to a world which slips back too easily into toleration of ugliness. Its net result is a decorative impulse which suggests things fit for the needs of a new day. There is a coherence in it which will persist and which will reflect itself righteously in time to come.

What the place needs to ensure its usefulness, what is vital to its further advancement, is the man. Like every other forward movement, it lives by the force of individual contribution. The creative minds it can draw to its membership—these alone can translate opportunity into accomplishment. It demands the presence of strong men to give it the cachet of large and serious doing, to create a tradition. When that has happened there will be here a vitalized atmosphere, a stimulant community of effort, far more helpful to the younger workers than the lofty examples of a time bygone.

The people who have the direction of the Foundation have faith. They have planned for a more populous and more vigorous colony in the coming year. Carpenters and plumbers and painters are busy fitting up more cosy bedrooms, so that when spring comes there will be place for twenty-five workers. I predict that all will be occupied.

Robert W. Chanler

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Model of the setting for an old French mystery play—a somewhat comprehensive scene containing both Heaven and Hell, not to mention all the intervening states of existence

Theatre Models in Columbia University

By CORNELIA E. BEDFORD

ANYONE who has paid the proverbial two pins and gone into the room with drawn shades and sat on heterogeneous chairs or the floor, with the other kids and their mothers and aunts, to see Jimmie give a play in his toy theatre, is eligible to join a personally-conducted party through the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University. There must be many of him, else why such numerous references in writings to those theatrical trips of boyhood, when procurable pins, and few at that, made amusement a part of the now legendary low cost of living.

"He will have to bring his own magic lantern with him"; for the college authorities, not holding title to the poetry of the Europeans, keep these toys, to be sure, but do not play with them. One who has seen the enthralling *Krippen* in the Munich Museum, which stand in the dark mystery of rooms, or whatever the places may be, without light except the illumination of these exquisite little stages, can have a notion of the possibilities that are utterly cast aside. (Perhaps, however, in the line of the old explanation, these same authorities are making a stern, self-sacrificing effort to keep the congestion in Columbia and New York City, now practically impossible, from going even beyond the limits of impossibility.)

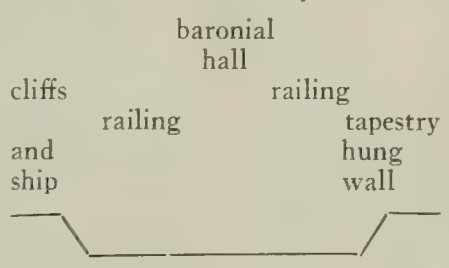
ENTERING the room in Philosophy Building, one sees the various miniature theatres on metal supports or tables or shelves, numbered with "uncompromising consecutiveness," though different centuries and countries are startlingly and confusingly grouped near one another.

The older, historical ones, which must come first under consideration, have labels giving important and erudite facts, most of which follow. One of the largest models though the most reduced in proportion, being on the scale of 1:100, while the majority are on the scale of 3:100, is a plaster—one of the Theatre of Dionysus on the Acropolis of Athens, where 10,000 spectators ages ago witnessed tragedies of Sophocles. The makers of the model, it is expressly stated, have made no futile effort to imagine the theatre as it was then, but have faithfully represented the huge ruin as can be seen in these days, with a great deal of the structure visible, and many of the tiers of seats covered by débris till they seem merely a surface of slanting hillside.

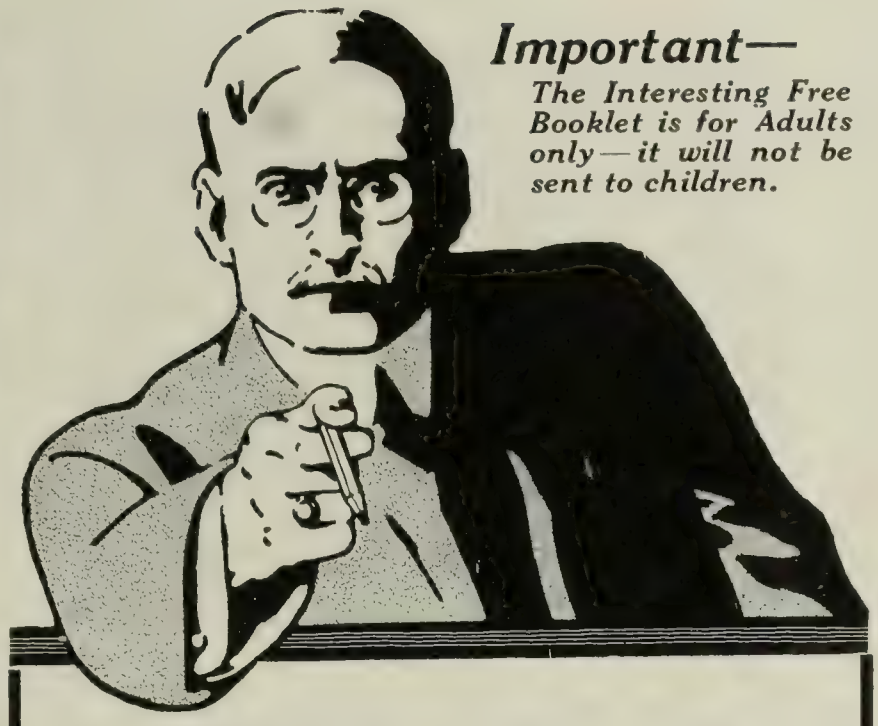
There are several French models, the earliest historically being of a shallow and very broad or long stage-platform, the setting of a certain medieval Mystery Play given in 1547 at Valenciennes. In order from the spectator's left—as in photographs of notabilities—are buildings or other kinds of scenery symbolizing Heaven, Nazareth, the Temple, Herod's Palace, the High Priest's residence, with others between or following, ending in a prodigious monster at the right, whose gaping jaws open up Hell Mouth, and about whom are the imps of our childish nightmares.

This model, the copy of one exhibited first at the Paris Exposition of 1878, and at present shown in the library of the Paris Opera House, was constructed in accordance with a miniature in the Paris National Library that illustrated a manuscript of the play written at that time. It is one of the gifts of Professor Brander Matthews.

AN unusual model is one called a Multiple Set, showing a stage at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. A play by Hardy is responsible for this combination of incompatible scenery, which was put together in the fore part of the Seventeenth Century as below:



Next may be mentioned a model of a model, in explanation of which



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be it said that the latter, a copy of one made for the Paris Exposition of 1889, has not had its purchase money donated—the University states most unreservedly and without foolish pride, perhaps even willingly in regard to contributions; and so the former, a small pasteboard German Cut Out, is bent into shape and shows a cross section of the Palais Royal Théâtre. In 1639 Richelieu erected this theatre in the then Cardinal's Palace, in order that "Mirame" might be given. Molière used the same theatre from 1661 till he died in 1673. Then Lulli took it as the Opéra Features of it are wings, benches set on ascending tiers, side galleries, but only one in the rear, and long, suspended candelabras.

Another French model continues to show the exalted worldly environment of the stage in those days, for it portrays a theatre in the Tuileries. The setting itself is gorgeous, a great ballroom, back of which lies an antechamber with potted plant decorations; and a scene in a Molière play, "in this current year of 1671," being given in the sight of the magnificent Louis XIV himself.

Leaving while this is still in progress, one steps into the Théâtre Français and assists in a thrilling function, watching the stage crowded with actors and actresses —almost all in the voluminous clothes of the time of 1778—and the ceremony of crowning a bust of the variously regarded Voltaire. Speaking of costumes, the fashion note frequently mentioned may be repeated, that then it was still the mode for stages to wear aprons.

Of the Italian drama one specimen is exhibited, that of the Comedy of Masks, a model on the scale of 1:24. It is a characteristic setting, which was borrowed from Italy by France: Racine used it in "Les Plaideurs," and Molière for quite a number of his comedies that had considerable farce in them.

It represents a public square. At the back is a drop done in perspective. On each side stand two practicable and well built houses. This is obligatory; for the performers are actor acrobats, and the stunts of the "more robustly comic characters," as the label nicely puts it, require sturdy backgrounds. (A suitable stage for Douglas Fairbanks, one might say.) The actors furnished their own dialogue, and took permanently the same typical characters — Arlecchino, Pantaleone, or Scaramuccia.

GOING to the English theatre in a retrograde movement through the centuries, one can see a Pageant Wagon of an English Mystery Play. The journey is via New York, for the model is after a scene in the New Theatre done in 1911. The miniature stage, one of the most delightful in the Museum, represents a delicious old English Town, with the townspeople about a wagon that associates of the Shipwrights' Guild have pulled into the open place preparatory to presenting a version of Noah and the Flood. Crude scenery occupies the wagon; and a conspicuous "prop" is a thunder barrel, trundled on a wheelbarrow by a winged angel in the neighborhood of the wagon.

The Platform in the Inn Yard is the name of a second English theatrical scene and plainly describes the model, which gives the rectangular inner courtyard of an inn in Tudor times, the surrounding galleries, the guests on them and with the populace in the yard, and at the opposite end the platform of the "Vagabond" players, two of whom are acting a scene from "The Nice Wanton" thereon, and behind it a curtain suspended. The moral the label gives of this model is that it shows why the first Elizabethan playhouses were planned and built to resemble courtyards of inns.

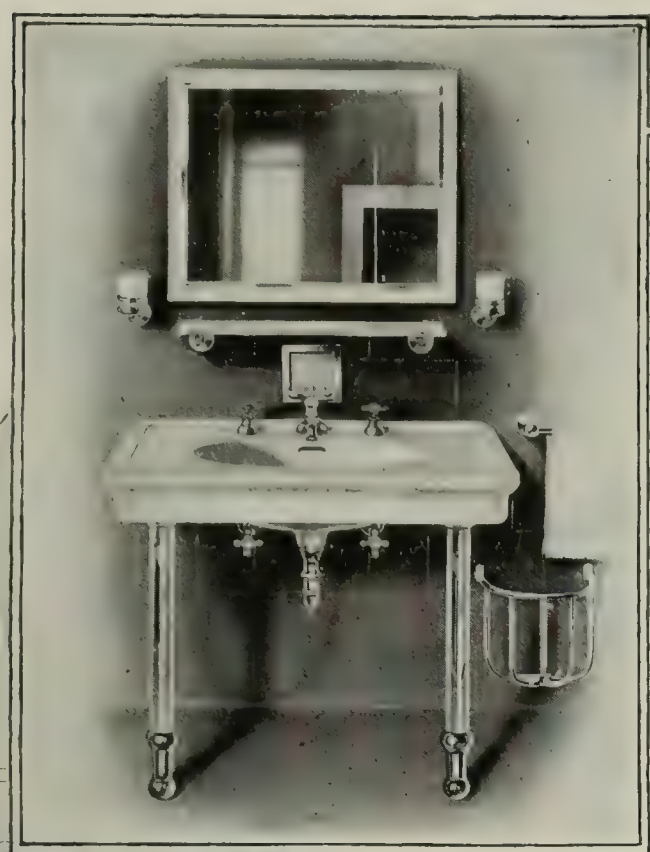
One of these evolved outgrowths can be inspected immediately afterward, for the Fortune Theatre of Shakespeare's day, constructed by Edward Allyn and Philip Henslowe in 1599-1600 upon Golden Lane in London, costing £400 sterling according to the actual contract made with Peter Streete, the builder, is represented by an important model in sections. Walter H. Godfrey, a London architect, followed in the making of this model the original specifications, which are kept in Dulwich College; and parts for which there were no clear specifications, were designed in accordance with Mr. William Archer's ideas of the stage appointments.

THE latest model of an English theatre is one showing the famous Drury Lane of magic memory in 1778, at the fateful moment when the screen in "The School for Scandal" lies flat upon the floor, and Lady Teazle stands in flat revealment back of it.

The accuracy of this model may be guaranteed by the facts that it was done according to the original designs and drawings, and in connection with an old print of the period portraying this very scene on the stage of Drury Lane. Hence it is to be seen that no proscenium framed its stage at that time, and that tiers of boxes lined the walls to quite a distance on the stage side of the footlights.

After having viewed all these educative and historically interesting models, one can stop "the headlong pursuit of knowledge" and simply revel in the various modern American stages that the present, even the young of the present generation, have seen set, and rejoice in the tiny representations.

Those who, in addition to being impressed by the huge, are attracted by things "seen through the wrong end of the opera glasses," and of course all those who have the inborn love of the theatre, may rejoice that the Columbia University has gathered together this interesting collection of theatre models.



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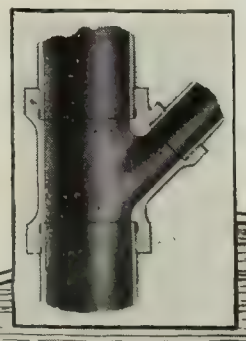

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By P. JACKSON HIGGS

THE decorativeness of the interesting old Terrestrial and Celestial Globes is now becoming fully appreciated; in fact, few really well furnished living-rooms or libraries would be without them, were they not so difficult to obtain, particularly in the intermediate size and on graceful stands. Those who have secured antique originals in good condition are fortunate, as it would seem that only imperfect specimens and the larger sizes, which are inclined to be clumsy, can be found today.

With this in mind I have reproduced one of the most beautiful of the old models, of medium size, without losing any of the charm of the original; in fact, they *do* look like fine old Globes and Stands in perfect condition. Both Terrestrial and the very interesting Celestial Globes have the charming coloring of the old ones—*yet they are corrected up to 1915.* The importance of this will be apparent, making them not merely decorative but also of great value for quick geographic and astronomic reference.

Where there are children in the family their educational value cannot be overestimated—more world geography and knowledge of the heavens will be acquired through the natural curiosity aroused by the Globes than through hours of arduous school studies. Grown-ups, too, can learn much from them in this era of world changes and astronomical discoveries. The Terrestrial Globe is accurate and gives the various Polar discoveries, ocean depths and currents, variation in world time, latitudes, longitudes and other oft-time useful information. The Celestial Globe is also scientifically correct and its map is so engraved that it is easy to identify the planets and stars and to ascertain their magnitudes and positions, while the constellations are shown in the ancient pictorial manner, which adds so much to their appearance and makes it a simple matter to locate any particular constellation. Each Globe revolves about its axis and also has a vertical revolving movement.

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Topics of the Day in Art

(*Continued from page 291*)

the collections. There is little care for lighting and not much more for arrangement. However, the "new museology" makes progress, thanks to the war. Returning from Europe, Dr. Samuel W. Woodhouse, Jr., keeper of collections at the Pennsylvania Museum in Philadelphia, tells *American Art News:*

"I went to Italy, France and England, and looked over new arrangements made in museums after the treasures had been returned from their hiding places of the war period. These after-war rearrangements gave the museums the opportunity to group objects anew in chronological order. In Florence, all the Fra Angelicos are now in San Marco, the monastery where Fra Angelico worked and lived. All the Botticellis from all over Florence have been gathered in the Uffizzi in one room. The same can be said of del Sarto. In Paris, the Louvre has taken all paintings from all parts of the building and is rearranging them in chronological order."

London newspapers, meanwhile, report the reopening of Hertford House, Manchester Square, W., where "that long-hidden marvel, the Wallace Collection, is restored to us." There is new consideration for lighting and also for color. "In pre-war days," remarks the *Morning Post,* "most of the rooms were somewhat sombre, the old crimson and green background absorbing light instead of reflecting it. Today most of the rooms are luminous with canvas of a golden ivory tone; in other cases they have been painted with color of a similar hue."

The Belgian Monument

Along the Thames Embankment, that Whistler loved, there are now a dozen monuments, of which the latest, a gift from the Belgian people, "has been acclaimed as one of the three best outdoor monuments in London, the other two being the Rodin group of the burghers of Calais in the Victoria Tower Gardens, and the Saint-Gaudens statue of Lincoln in Parliament Square."

Or, at all events, so says the London *Architectural Review,* which continues, "On the Embankment, the Belgian Memorial is the only work that is purely imaginative and symbolic. For the one touch of poetry we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to M. Victor Rousseau, whose figures of Justice and Honor, carved in low relief on the screen, show no less of poetic glamor than the central group in bronze representing the quenchless spirit of a noble race. He has spared us any slightest suggestion of the horrors of war.

"Belgium's leading sculptor is an imaginative idealist. His Embankment group fulfills one of the highest functions of a monument that is constantly exposed to public gaze. Its influence is humanizing and uplifting."

Apparently the aftermath of war in England is not to be by any means an unbroken series of glorified T. Atkinses. Recently a war memorial was unveiled at the Bank of England. It is a statue of St. Christopher carrying a little child —appropriate in that a part of the Bank stands where the old church of St. Christopher-le-Stock once stood.

Memorials

Paul Manship's tablet, recently placed beneath the dome of the main hall at the Metropolitan Museum, is a slab of Champville limestone, from France, richly sculptured in Manship's characteristic style and thus inscribed: "Erected by the Museum in Grateful Remembrance of the Services of John Pierpont Morgan from 1871 to 1913 as trustee, benefactor, and president. He was in all respects a great citizen. He helped to make New York the true metropolis of America. His interest in art was lifelong. His generous devotion to it commanded worldwide appreciation. His munificient gifts to the Museum are among its choicest treasures. Vita plena laboris. MCMXX."

Outside the Metropolitan's library one sees a memorial to Stanford White—the pediment rescued when his masterpiece, the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, was pulled down summer before last—a circumstance which recalls his own passion for taking elements from one structure and building them into another. For carved doorways, mantels and decorative details he raided Europe, and the New York *Herald* reminds us that "when reproached for thus despoiling the Old World to embellish the New, White defended his actions by saying that in the past dominant nations had always plundered works of art from their predecessors, and as America was taking a leading place among nations she had a right to acquire art where she could."

Of late there has appeared a sumptuous memorial volume in honor of Stanford White by his son, Lawrence Grant White, and at present one learns that a "movement is now under way to place bronze doors in memory of Stanford White at the entrance to the central building of New York University, from which his father graduated and from which he himself received an honorary degree."

Naturally enough, these developments have occasioned a kind of "Stanford White Revival" in the press, where his inheritance of talent from his father, Richard Grant White, his long association with Richardson and Charles Follen

(*Continued on second page following*)

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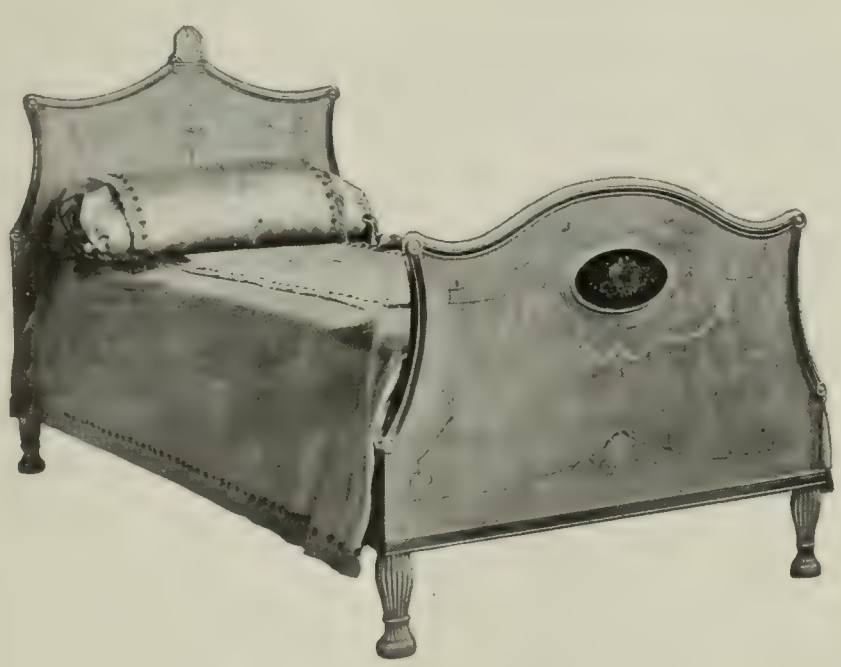

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(*Continued from second page preceding*)

McKim, and his close and inspiring friendship with Saint-Gaudens are recalled, while in their effort to arrive at an estimate of his genius the papers reprint these admirable sentences of John Jay Chapman's: "For twenty years White was the protagonist of popular art in New York. His was the prevailing influence not only in architecture but in everything connected with the arts of design and decoration. He was the greatest designer this country ever produced. And yet he was as much of an interpreter of his age as he was an originator."

Borglum at Stone Mountain

Mr. Gutzon Borglum is now in Atlanta, Ga., where, according to the New York *Herald,* he "has taken up again his plans for carving a vast memorial to the Confederacy on the face of Stone Mountain," a "solid block of granite, the northern side of which is a sheer cliff nearly 1,000 feet high and 1,500 feet wide. That perpendicular surface is without seams," and there Mr. Borglum and his assistants will carve "a big army, composed of more than 1,000 figures of Southern leaders," each of them "forty or fifty feet in height. The principal figures will stand out in complete relief, while other figures will be scaled down through various stages of relief to mere chisel sketches on the surface of the stone, thus giving the appearance of an army fading into the heart of the mountain.

"The artists will work upon the face of the cliff from steel cages swung on cables down the side of the mountain. Much machinery and paraphernalia has already been installed, surveys of the cliffside have been completed, a road has been cut to the mountaintop, and sketches of the principal groups have been finished.

"In connection with the memorial Mr. Borglum will produce a motion picture," showing "how the memorial idea was conceived," and explaining "from models and from actual work on Stone Mountain what the memorial will be like. The scenario for the picture was written by Prince Alfonso Louis de Bourbon, a friend of Mr. Borglum."

Circulating Picture Galleries

"Why not begin to circulate pictures in America in something the same way that we began to circulate books?" asks Mr. Jo Davidson in an article contributed to the New York *World.* "Why not make it possible for people to have paintings and sculpture in their homes? Why not start circulating picture galleries, at a minimum cost to each subscriber, where the general public will be free to come in and borrow the paintings and statuary that strikes its fancy most?"

Mr. Davidson considers this no mere visionary idea. He calls it practical, even fairly easy of achievement, as "there would be no big problem of organization or finance," for "every work of art could be assured of a royalty in proportion to the amount of rent received. It would be neither charity nor uplift; it would be straight business as far as the promoters are concerned, but it would be an incalculable aid to art."

He is not suggesting a huge central establishment. He feels that none would be needed. "If the schools and churches and settlements and clubs could get these works of art before their public, if they could see to it that they were suitably hung and let their people know that they can have such treasures in their homes," response would be prompt. "New York would take a new interest in art," he tells us, adding that "only from such an interest can art develop," whereas, "with such an awakening of the people's interest, its development could not be stopped."

Etchings and the Woodcut

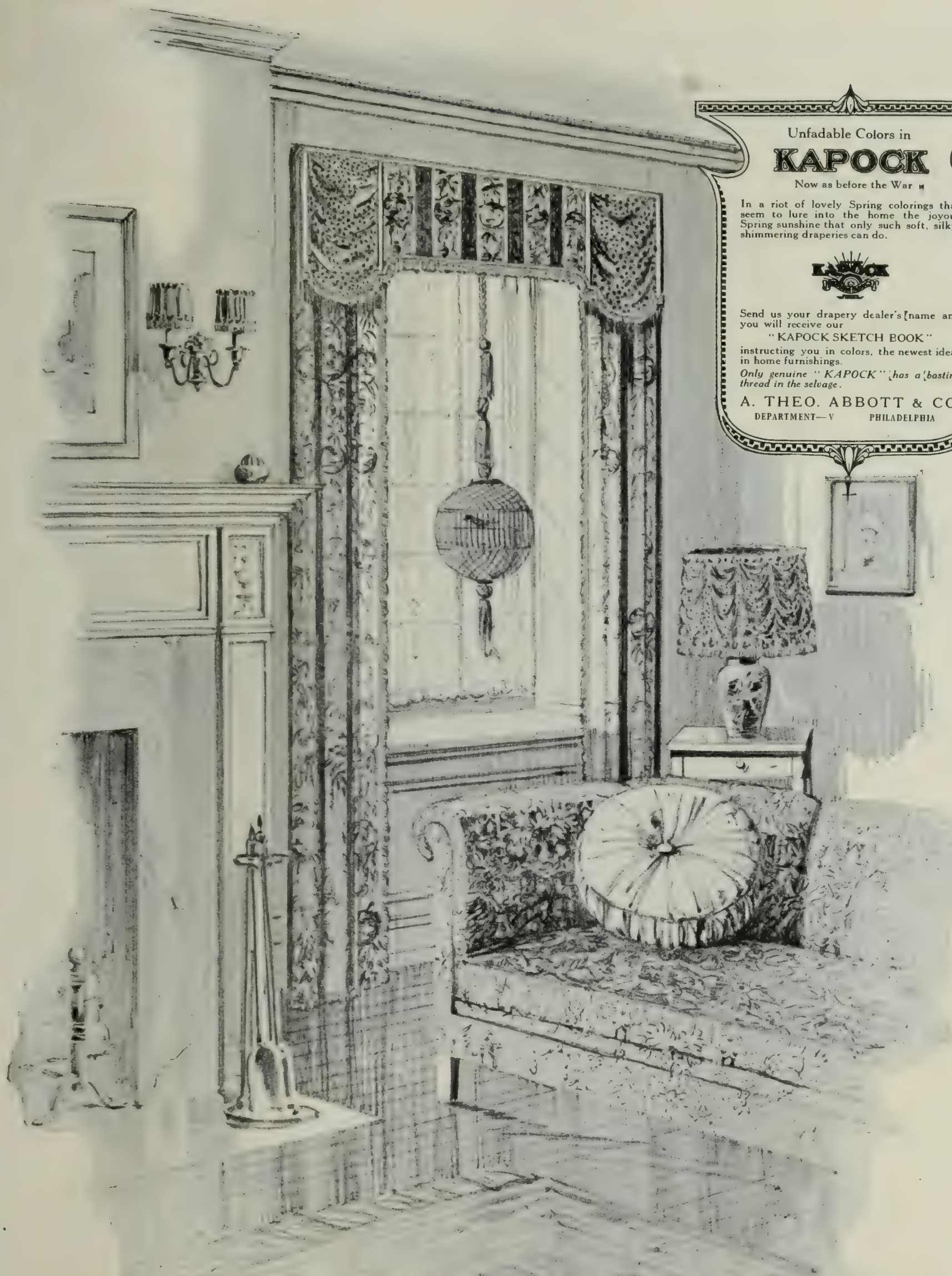
Etchings by Zorn and Forain, lately shown at the Leicester Galleries in London, have proved anew that, as a London critic assures us, "this mode of expression maintains its popularity in spite of the growing competition of the woodcut. As long as etching is quickened with the spirit of proficiency and modernity need have little fear —not, at any rate, until the woodcutters abandon archaic forms and obsolete technique and gain experience in the highways and byways of present-day life, as did Lepère, the greatest of all modern engravers."

Crumbs of Comfort for Augustus John

If it is any consolation to Mr. Augustus John, he may reflect that there are worse calamities than having one's masterpiece cut down. According to the Glasgow *Herald,* the owner of a landscape by Samuel Bough called a guest's attention to it, the other day, and was not at all dismayed when the guest observed, "That sky doesn't look quite like Bough's work, now does it?" "No," said the owner. "I didn't think much of Sam Bough's sky, so I painted in one of my own."

Village Signs

A charming new metier has evolved in England, thanks to a Royal Academy address by the Duke of York, who observed, "The development of motor traveling has brought back to our highways some of the importance they enjoyed in the old coaching days. I feel sure that many of my comrade motorists would welcome a revival of the village sign or emblem, lettered and conspicuously displayed." Hence the *Daily Mail's* competition, with £2,000 in prizes for the best designs which should be submitted.



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A Current Musical Calendar

Carnegie Hall—February

1—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.
2.—Aft. National Symphony Orchestra.
2—Eve. Detroit Orchestra and Levitzki.
3—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra.
3—Eve. Boston Symphony Orchestra.
4—Aft. Philharmonic Society.
4.—Eve. New York Symphony Orchestra.
5—Aft. Boston Symphony Orchestra.
5—Eve. Philharmonic Society.
6—Aft. Piano Recital by Josef Hoffmann.
6—Eve. Burton Holmes.
7—Aft. Burton Holmes.
8—Aft. National Symphony Orchestra.
8—Eve. Philadelphia Orchestra.
9—Aft. Song Recital by Oscar Seagle.
9—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.
10—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra.
10—Eve. Philharmonic Socity.
11—Aft. Philharmonic Society.
11—Eve. New York Symphony Orchestra.
12—Aft. Song Recital by Mabel Garrison.
12—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.
13—Aft. Philharmonic Society.
13—Eve. Burton Holmes.
14—Eve. Bauer, Thibaud & Casals.
15—Aft. National Symphony Orchestra.
15—Eve. Violin Recital by Kreisler.
16—Eve. Lecture by Sir Philip Gibbs.
17—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra.
17—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra (Helen Teschner Tas).
18—Aft. Violin Recital by Helen Jeffrey.
18—Eve. New York Symphony Orchestra.
19—Aft. Symphony Concert for Young People.
19—Eve. Song Recital by Tarasova.
20—Aft. Philharmonic Society.
20—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.
21—Aft. Concert benefit Fordham University.
21—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.
22—Aft. Piano Recital by Moiseiwitsch.
22—Eve. People's Liberty Chorus.
23—Aft. National Symphony Orchestra.
23—Eve. Violin Recital by Mitnitzky.
24—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra.
24—Eve. Philharmonic Society.
25—Aft. Philharmonic Society.
25—Eve. Lecture by Sir Philip Gibbs.
26—Aft. Piano Recital by Rachmaninoff.
26—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.
27—Aft. Philharmonic Society.
27—Eve. National Symphony Orchestra.
28—Eve. Mecca Temple.

Aeolian Hall—February

1—Aft. Violin Recital, Alexander Schmuller.
1—Eve. Piano Recital, Guido Agosti.
2—Aft. Piano Recital, Winifred Byrd.
3—Aft. Piano Recital, Olga Samaroff.
4—Aft. Joint Recital, Cyril Scott, Composer Pianist; Eva Gauthier, Mezzo Sop.
5—Mrn. Children's Concert, N.Y. Symphony Orchestra.
5—Aft. Piano Recital, Ignaz Friedman.
5—Eve. Piano Recital, Warner M. Hawkins.
6—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra, Pietro Yon, Soloist.
7—Aft. Song Recital, Dicie Howell.
7—Eve. Piano Recital, Marinus de Jong.
8—Aft. Piano Recital, Elizabeth Winston.
8—Eve. Joint Recital, Marine Mikova, Pianist; Maurice Kaufman, Violinist.
9—Mrn. Lecture on "Current History in the Making," Jessica Lozier Payne.
9—Aft. Piano Recital, Richard Buhlig.
10—Aft. Song Recital by Elizabeth Kriger.
10—Eve. Song Recital, Louise Darclee Taylor.
11—Eve. Piano Recital, Daniel Jones.
12—Aft. Piano Recital, Ernest Hutcheson.
12—Eve. Concert, American Scandinavian Society.
13—Aft. New York Symphony Orchestra, Frieda Hempel, Soloist.
14—Aft. Song Recital, Eleanor Brock.
14—Eve. Piano Recital, Ellen Ballon.
15—Aft. Concert, Barrere Ensemble.
15—Eve. Concert, Beethoven Association, Flonzaley Quartet, George Barrere, Mischa Levitzki, Reinold Warlich.
16—Aft. Piano Recital, Olga Samaroff.
17—Aft. Piano Recital, Eva Liminana.
17—Eve. Song Recital, Samuel Stieri.
18—Aft. Recital for Two Pianos, Rose and Ottilie Sutro.
20—Aft. Lecture and Concert, The Society of the Friends of Music.
21—Aft. Song Recital, Jane C. Eller.
21—Eve. Concert, Elshuco Trio.
22—Aft. Song Recital, Mina Elman.
22—Eve. Song Recital, Edna Winston.
23—Mrn. Lecture on "Current History in the Making," Jessica Lozier Payne.
23—Aft. Song Recital, Carolyn Carre.
24—Aft. Piano Recital, Olga Samaroff.
24—Eve. Song Recital, Marguerite D'Alvarez.
25—Eve. Piano Recital, John Meldrum.
26—Aft. Piano Recital, Oliver Denton.
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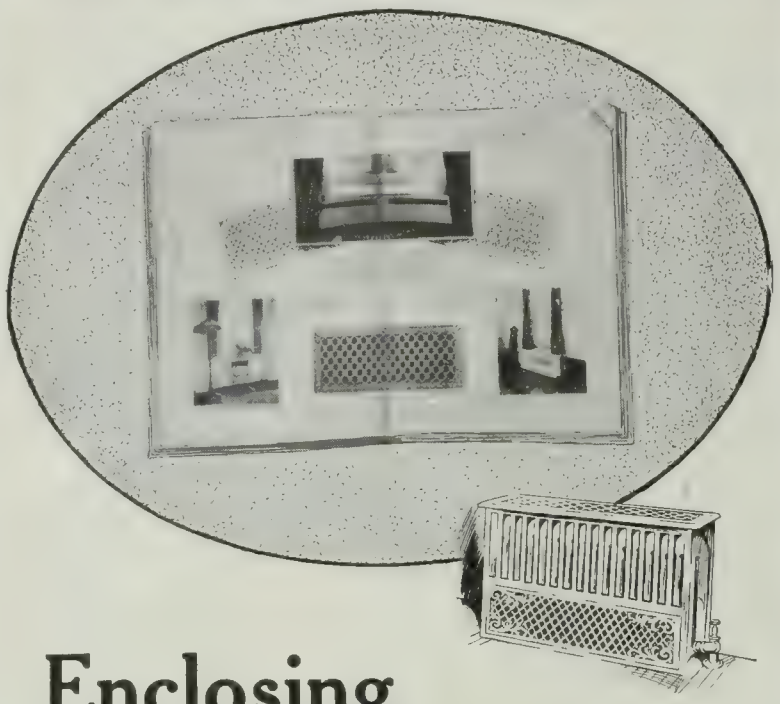

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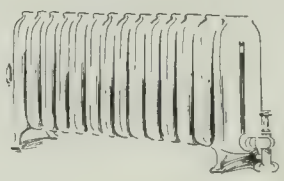

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What's On in the Book World

THE ORCHESTRA, AND HOW TO LISTEN TO IT by M. MONTAGU-NATHAN. New York. E. P. Dutton and Co.

MR. M. MANTAGU-NATHAN has added another "How To" book to the already long list. His "The Orchestra, and How to Listen To It," in the Library of Music and Musicians, edited by Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull, is another of the hand-books for those who take their musical experiences seriously, which doubtless accomplish a useful purpose, though they make one wonder sometimes why someone does not write a "How to Turn a Sow's Ear into a Silk Purse," and have done with it. Mr. Montagu-Nathan's book is written, too, with a "Listen, my children, and you shall hear" air, a resolution never to exceed words of one syllable, so to speak, that is sometimes a little irritating, as when he tells us, for example, that "The violoncello will easily be recognized by the veriest tyro . . . . since it is a large type of violin, too large to be held under the chin, and is thus placed, in a reversed position, between the player's knees." His statement that "the second violins, as to structure and methods of playing, are identical with the first," recalls the question, "What is the difference between a first and a second violin?" and Mr. Philip Hale's irreverent answer, "The salary."

Nevertheless, the book should be of use. There are chapters on the "Art and Science of Listening," "The Orchestral Groups," "Principles of Sound-Production," "Instruments and Their Sounds," "The Collective Orchestra," "The Score," and "The Conductor," and appendices of "Instrumental Passages" and "Examples of Scoring." Some pictures of the instruments would have helped the "veriest tyro" to recognize that the violin is not held between the knees.

The author sometimes strays divertingly into realms other than musical. Well "up-to-date" is his suggestion that "We may regard the Violin Party, with its emotional flexibility, as the Extreme Left, or Radical; the Drum Party, with its staunch adherence to rhythmic precision, as the Extreme Right, or Conservative; and the Wood and Brass Party as the Moderates, who esteem the virtues while deprecating the prejudices, of the first two of the groups mentioned." This will please, or at least provoke, the politically minded, while lovers of natural history will not miss the statement, given a paragraph to itself, that "Harps are often to be found in pairs."

D. G. M.

FOOT-POWER LOOM WEAVING by EDWARD F. WORST.

IT is no criticism of any book to say that it deals intensively with a single phase of a subject. And of course no volume short of an encyclopædia could contain a history of weaving. In "Foot-Power Loom Weaving," Edward F. Worst has wisely omitted much of the introductory phases that generally appear in works on textiles.

Mr. Worst goes dirertly to the meat of his subject. He has arranged his text and illustrations with reference to the actual weaving of certain specific patterns. His drawings and plans of looms are accurate, professional, and could be followed out by anyone possessing the patience and mechanical skill necessary to follow the simplest technical drawings. He carries the student carefully and thoroughly through the mechanism of drafting a loom pattern illustrated by the squared paper used by all weavers. And if any book could teach weaving of even the simplest kind, this book would come most nearly to the ideal. And it is but just to say that any serious student who has a loom to experiment on, will find this book an invaluable aid.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Worst did not pay more attention to the art of hand spinning, for obviously the great charm of the woven counterpanes as well illustrated in this work lies in the structure of the yarn. Hand spinning gives a cylindrical, almost a crape appearance to the woolen and linen yarns, that adds much to the texture of the finished pieces.

We are so far removed from serious professional craftsmanship that Mr. Worst's book comes as a delightful and refreshing introduction to a more practical approach to the subject. The very term "arts and craft" has come to have a very unpleasant significance to people possessing good taste, because it generally means slovenly workmanship, a lack of familiarity with tools, and an aversion to the tedious repetitive processes that are inseparable from fine finished work.

In the back of the volume are a few sample formulæ for dyes, which suggest that while the author has not given the attention to hand spinning much to be desired, he has not neglected the subject of hand dyeing. And this is a step in the right direction, as it opens a field of experiment in color to the designer and craftsman, that is sure to be productive of highly beneficial results.

M. D. C. C.

A WONDERLAND OF THE EAST by WILLIAM COPEMAN KITCHIN, PH.D. Boston. The Page Company.

IT is the mountain and lake regions of New England and Eastern New York which are described in "The Wonderland of the East," by William Copeman Kitchin, Ph.D. This is a book which all motorists will appreciate and all lovers of the beautiful scenery in that part of America will enjoy

(Continued on second page following)

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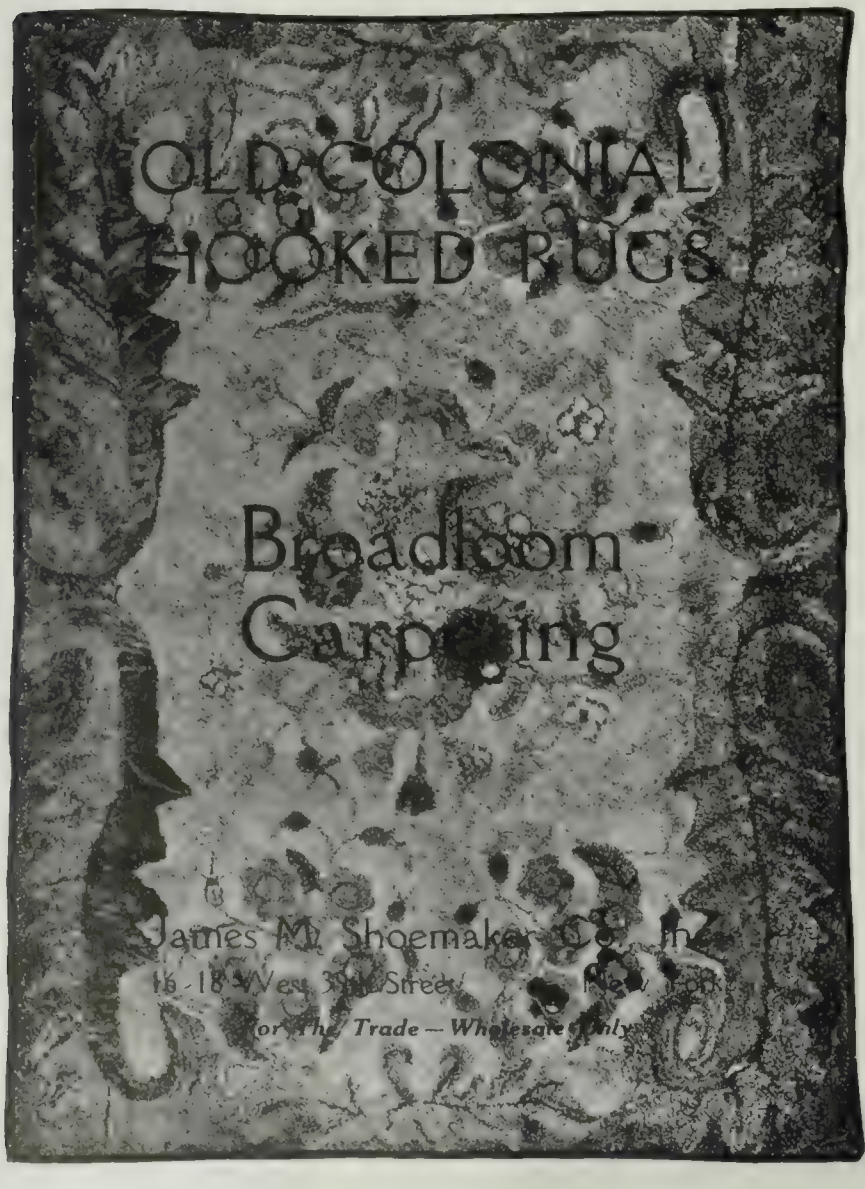

(*Continued from second page preceding*)

reading. Tucked into the visions given of the Hudson River Valley, the Mohawk Valley, and other sections of country are romantic episodes reflecting the historic background of the country. These legends make the book entertaining for the library chair as well as for the occupants of the touring car.

Of the system of reservoirs for the City of New York which are situated in the "enchanted region of ghosts and goblins of old-time superstition, over which has been stretched the magic scepter of Washington Irving," Mr. Kitchin says:

"As we looked back and forth among those wonderful roads with beautiful estates and grand mansions, it seemed on every hilltop there appeared to be at least a score of these artificial lakes in which the metropolis stores for the use of her people her treasures of mountain water. The most recent of these reservoirs, formed by the mighty Kensico Dam, into which the water from far-off Lake Ashokan is received, is one of the largest. The long concrete bridge that crosses the ravine in which the waters lie embosomed in the green of the hills is a splendid piece of the engineer's art, a veritable master-work in which beauty is wedded to utility. But, then, the whole district is a work of art; its artificial lakes, its groves set out for the best effects of landscape gardening, the well-trimmed hedges fencing in the beautifully kept estates, the mansion-crowned heights and the wide, perfect roads lacing the country everywhere—all these were the work of man, or of Nature under man's guidance, and were the visible expression of his concept of the beautiful."

THE ROMANCE OF MADAME TUSSAUD'S. By JOHN THEODORE TUSSAUD. New York. George H. Doran Company.

EVERYONE who has received a surprise for inattention or lack of response upon tendering sixpence to the effigy-attendant where the catalogues are displayed at Madame Tussaud's will be interested in "The Romance of Madame Tussaud's," by John Theodore Tussaud. It is not generally known that this celebrated institution originated through the French Revolution. At the age of twenty, Madame Tussaud, who was then the young and beautiful Marie Grosholtz, was compelled by the National Convention to take impressions of the dead features of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and many others. This remarkable wax sculptress was the daughter of a Swiss clergyman, and she lived to her ninetieth year—a long life of activity. Her son and grandson have carried on her work of modeling in wax the heroes and other notorieties of the period. Her son, Joseph Randall Tussaud, exhibited at the Royal Academy, and so did her grandson, John Theodore Tussaud, who is the author of this interesting book. It is full of reminiscences and forms quite an historic document, even as the celebrated exhibition of wax figures is in itself a record of human life, and one which has already embraced that of the World War.

Some of the anecdotes related by Mr. Tussaud concerning famous personages and the quips of the press which he gives are very amusing. The following from *Punch* is "delicious":

"There's a refuge, if Cabinet duties cease,
Where Ministers anxious to rest
—with *Peace*—
May do so.
Political stars who are on the wane
In a popular Chamber may wax again
Chez Tussaud."

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN LONDON. By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ANOTHER book dealing with Old London is "The Eighteenth Century in London," by E. Beresford Chancellor. It covers the social life of the period, street topography, pleasure resorts, great houses, public buildings, the arts of the day, and tells of the frequenters of the quaint old places described, and is enlivened by stories of their fads and fancies. The illustrations in this book are especially fine and are instinct with the beauty of the London sky-line. Gibbs, Hawksmoor, Archer, James, Price were among the architects of the time who had laid their impress upon the city, but the great Sir Christopher Wren has set his hand on London, that past London, moulding it into lines of character and beauty.

Of the arts of the Eighteenth Century, Mr. Chancellor says: "Unlike our own day, when provincial and other centres have their schools and influences independent of the Metropolis, everything had an urban air. If Wilson painted landscape, it was really the factitious landscape of the studio; if Havell and Farington and others produced work, it was concerned generally with the subjects that had no very distant connection with the centre of things, such as the river and the suburbs; if Gainsborough began in Suffolk, he ended in London, and it was in London that most of his output came into existence. As the century progressed, the somewhat restricted outlook of the art broadened, the great school of landscape arose during the latter part of George III's reign, and with it a realization of the beauties of Nature. . . . Furniture was then produced, *con amore,* sentient with the beauty and distinction borrowed from France, no doubt, but still full of individual character; Chippendale and Sheraton and Heppelwhite gave their minds, as well as their deft fingers, to the fashioning of such things.

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In Defence of Translations

THERE appear still to be some people who object to the singing of German songs in German before English audiences. Those who agree with them will say that their objection and their method of expressing it are dictated by proper feeling; those who disagree will call it foolish prejudice. In any case, argument with such people is out of the question; prejudice and proper feeling are alike indifferent to reason. As far as can be gathered, there is little or no objection to German music in itself, at any rate to the music of composers who are deceased. The chief hostility seems to be towards the sound of the German language. Probably the people who object to the sound of the German language are people who do not understand it. Fear and hatred are most generally associated with things that are not properly understood. To those who understand only a few words or perhaps nothing, the sound of German may well call up painful associations. If they understood completely, and if the words which were sung were really great poetry, those painful associations would be forgotten, because really great poetry would be strong enough in its own right to overwhelm all other feelings. Unfortunately, there are few people in this country who understand German enough to appreciate German poetry when it does happen to be great; and perhaps still more unfortunately, a good deal of the poetry which the great classical composers set to music does not really deserve the epithet of "great."

YET there is no doubt that singers want to sing Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Hugo Wolf; and equally no doubt that audiences enjoy hearing them. At the present moment, therefore, the songs are generally sung in translations. These translations, however, are only rarely translations into English. French translations are frequently preferred. That an English singer should sing German songs in French translations to an English audience might seem inconceivably ludicrous to anyone who stood outside the concert-going world. But the singers have perfectly sound reason for it. The original German being barred, the choice lies between an English translation and a French one. But the English translations are mostly so bad that no singer with any pretensions to be a person of education dare sing them in public. The French translation may be equally absurd to the ears of educated French people: but English audiences do not know that. English audiences are always flattered to think that they know French: English singers always like to think that they sing French with a perfect accent. Some of them, indeed, do sing French very well; in fact, they sometimes sing French better than they sing English.

HERE we touch the root of the matter. Neither English singers nor English audiences have any proper respect for their own language. Any Frenchman, any Italian, takes a pride in speaking his own language really well. An Englishman who speaks beautiful English is generally an object of suspicion. To speak beautifully is not considered good form. There exists a society for the protection of pure English, and another society—the Society of English Singers—for the protection of pure English singing; but the tasks which they have set themselves are as arduous as they are noble. If singers really cared, if audiences really cared, about fine English, they would never tolerate either Brahms in indifferent French or Brahms in music-publishers' English. They would insist on good English translations, and insist on them until they obtained them.

Far be it from me to discourage any English singer from singing foreign songs in the original languages. There are certain singers who can do so, and certain audiences which can understand them. The more foreign languages an English singer learns—learns, that is to say, to speak fluently, not merely to sing—the more care he is likely to take over his enunciation of English; and the more listeners are encouraged to learn foreign languages and appreciate the beauties of their literature, the better. But the fact must be faced that the great majority of English people know no language but their own. For them songs and operas must be sung in English, and they must be sung in the best English.

THERE are, I believe, many English people who do not really care to listen to vocal music in English, even though they know no other tongue. One would like to hope that among their reasons was a hearty dislike of that conventional, barbarous, semi-Italian "singers' pronunciation" which the Society of English Singers has set itself to combat. But their dislike of English singing is more probably part of their whole attitude to music. If they hear English, they are bound to refer it in some degree to their normal world, to the world of common sense, and it is exactly from the world of common sense that they wish through music to find momentary escape. They enjoy an opera so much more they tell us, when they do not understand the words, because the words of an opera are always so silly. But there is not the least reason why the words of an opera should be silly. Even if the original foreign words are silly it is not impossible for a clever translator to improve upon them, to re-create rather than to translate, to produce, in fact, the ideal libretto which the composer ought—had he had the good fortune to be born an Englishman—to have set to music.

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THERE is much talk of Housing at the present time, valuable and necessary talk, but yet up to the present it is a case of much talk and little house. Still, it is necessary to try to stir up general interest, even enthusiasm and passion, in the hope that a real beginning may soon be made.

Housing, of course, is not merely a cottage question; it is an immense national question and also an immediately individual question in which we should all be decidedly interested. Housing is health and temper and a large part of living. It must be one of a very few greatest of all questions. Pride of home is pride of country. Housing is the necessary preliminary "plant" and "capital" for our national life. We have to accumulate force for renewal. We need to clear our general aims and to consider our policy as a whole. Our aim should be to develop a fine tradition of living in houses. It is a matter for experiment, like flying. We should seek to improve in detail point by point. There are enough sketch designs; now we want solids. Exquisite living on a small scale is the ideal. "House-like" should express as much as "ship-shape." Our airplanes and motors and even bicycles are in their way perfect. We need to bring this ambition for perfect solutions into housing of all sorts and scales.

THE chief obstruction to our having better houses has been the superstition that they should be built in a style. There is great difference between being built in an imitative style, Elizabethan, Jacobean or Georgian, and being built *with style.* A motor-car is built with thought for "style," that is, finish and elegance, but it is not built to look like a sedan chair or a stage coach. To be concerned with style imitations and what is sometimes called period design is not only irrational in itself, but it blocks the way to any possibility of true development. If you have your eye on *that* you can't see *this.* To go on building houses in the cocked-hat and brass-candlestick style is not only rather imbecile play-acting, but it destroys rational growth. We have to put an *efficiency style* in the place of this trivial, sketchy picturesqueness. Even leaving out the style trimmings would be something. If you cut away disease and surplusage, you strengthen and consolidate. There are many cases in which the half is greater than the whole. We have to prune our building forms as we prune a fruit tree and sternly cut away the dead wood. Whenever we concentrate on some directing datum, some reality like health, serviceableness or even perfect cheapness, true style will certainly arise as the expression of this and the other human qualities embodied. To design in "a style" is to design a seeming which stands in the place of style proper. This style superstition is a much greater evil than I could persuade you to believe. It filters down to lower and lower strata, and the poor man is at last persuaded that nightmares of vulgarity and discomfort are necessary offerings to "style."

THE dwelling-house should be sound, dry, light, warm and sweet. We should save in all thoughtless extravagances, and concentrate on the conquest of dirt, disorder and waste. Houses must be built for living rather than for letting. A false and confusing opposition between science and art has been allowed to arise, and indeed is rather fostered by expert simulators who "go in for old-world effects"; but properly there is no strife between science and art in architecture. It does not matter a bit if we call flying an art or a science; the art of house-building is practically one with the science of housing. If we must worry over strict definitions, "science" may stand for codified preliminary knowledge, and "art" for operative skill, experiment and adventure. Science is what you know; art is what you do. The best art is founded on the best science in every given matter. The art of shipbuilding is the science of shipbuilding in operation. The notion that there are special "art forms" or "art colors" has led to all sorts of pretences and sham picturesquenesses. Art is high competence in doing what is worthy to be done. Very occasionally there is in art a sort of poetry over and above: such addition of feeling can be expressed by giving it an H and calling it *heart.*

Soundness and convenience, light and heat are the great essentials in house-building. In planning a house there are two main requirements which are to some extent in opposition and must be compromised in various ways: the needs for sunlight and for compactness. The difference between a sunlit room and one that is not so blessed is so great that it cannot be measured. To get sun in every room, some spreading of the south front is desirable, but much can be done by projections and bay windows. On the other hand, a square unbroken plan is the most economical and conserves heat. Four straight walls will enclose the greatest space when they form an exact square, and all ins and outs are costly in respect to walls. Again, simple roofs are less expensive and much sounder than complicated ones. A too "picturesque" roof will certainly become a leak in your income. Fireplaces should be put in the internal walls to keep the heat in the house.

OTHER things being equal, so far as may be, preference should be given to local materials

(*Continued on second page following*)

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(Continued from second page preceding)

and to traditional ways of using them. This traditional use is embodied experience. On the other hand, we should beware of supposing that any reasonable materials such as concrete, cast iron or plastering are necessarily inartistic. It is the business of art to use the materials given to us by Nature so that they will look well; and when they are well used they will look well. For example, there seems to be an assumption that Welsh slating is inartistic; but this can only be the effect on us of the dreary rows of little speculative red-brick houses which we have seen that have such roofs or rather lids. If the houses ceased to be dreary the slates would soon look quite another color. Some slight modification showing that there had been care for good work would at once make a difference; and at last they might glow with the light of heaven. Concrete should be frankly used. If blocks are better for constructive reasons, then use blocks by all means, but do not imitate stone. The surfaces should be finished with white or color wash.

Frankness is the great thing; disguises and subterfuges are always repulsive in building. Bungling, pretence and compromise are the enemies to be feared.

OUR house-building is probably the best in the world, and the experiments of the last two generations have brought back into use many valuable ways of doing things. Our need now, however, is to consolidate and *perfect*. The several units have to be improved one at a time. Plaster ceilings are too much given to cracking and even to falling; under the doors there are draughts; there are too many dirt traps; fireplaces waste heat. Further, there is unnecessary expenditure in "features" which nobody cares for—"handsome" cornices and bold skirtings. A wood picture-rail a foot or two below the ceiling would usually be far better than the futile cornice, and a small hard wood strip might often take the place of the skirting with advantage. We are given over to mouldings; the plainer and smaller, but of better quality, is to be preferred to "handsome" and poor. Doors are often made unnecessarily large and windows undesirably small; then pipes are hidden away and put where they freeze. We must aim at getting the small house as perfect as the large one.

The great snares in house furnishing are: extravagant expenditure in the worthless; the lowering of our demands to a penny picture-post-card level; overcrowding with trivialities and worse. Often these household gods are really devils undisguised. Housekeeping should be a struggle for quality. A room, like a garden, can only be kept in order by continual weeding. There are two main data, affection and efficiency. If there is any pot or pan you really love, go on keeping it till you don't, but make up your mind. As Morris put it, "keep nothing you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." The recent over-use of the words "art" and "artistic" has led to some insincerities, and at this time it would be better, I think, to aim at being *scientific* in both our house building and furnishing. Beware of much ornament, especially of the machine-made sort. Merely routine ornament is quite a disease, a surface eruption which is often repulsive.

Another point: the buying of old furniture, the pawn-shop ideal of furnishing, has been overdone; it has encouraged dealing and discouraged making. A fine piece of old furniture is, of course, a delightful possession if you have it, or if it "comes to you," but the right thing now must certainly be the encouragement of living makers; further, you will thus escape the danger of buying sham antiques. Some time ago I saw in a shop a carved chest labelled "Saved from Ypres" and all scorched by fire. It had been made antique with a sandblast, and burned by a lamp.

THE first aim in decoration should be to brighten and stimulate. Decoration which adds to gloom would be better undone. As decoration is something beyond utility, it should be good of its kind, and a little that is good goes a long way. Not only is one good picture worth a thousand bad ones, but *they* are a positive balance on the wrong side. Aim at quality, at cheerfulness and brightness.

Do not allow any blue to be put into white for ceilings, rather a touch of yellow to make it slightly creamy. Grays, buffs, and fair yellows (not hot) are all good for painting; also some greens, but these require judgment. Black occasionally, as in skirtings, is sharp and clean without being frowsy. Arrangements of any two of these are likely to be pretty safe. In the case of painted chimneypieces and the like it is good policy to paint the flat of the shelf red or black—just the flat without any thickness. The edges of doors might very well be painted in the same way differently from the surfaces. Graining of woodwork might well be brought back if the graining was not imitative but frankly ornamental, and not in beery browns, but in simple gay colors. Wallpapers should be fair in color, with the pattern distributed all over and not in bunches. Beware of all extremes like the Viennese black-and-white squares lately so much in vogue. Beware, too, of purple—a mourning color. Distemper washes are good, and some of them take varnish very well and make an excellent surface. There is a custom of hanging pictures too high; if they are not good enough to be seen, banish them still further. Finally, I would suggest that enough use is not made of our Schools of Art, which offer a large field now unused.

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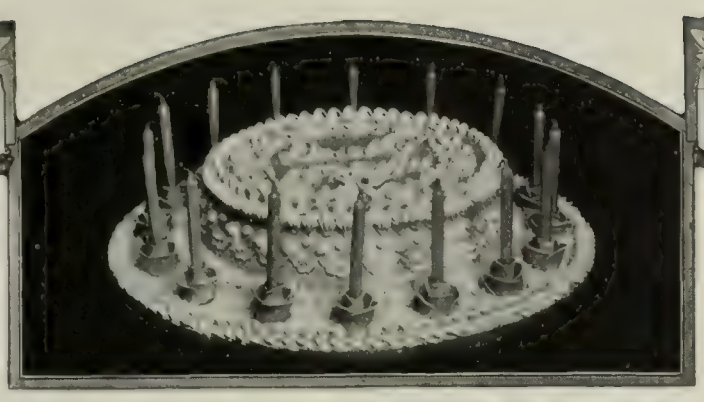

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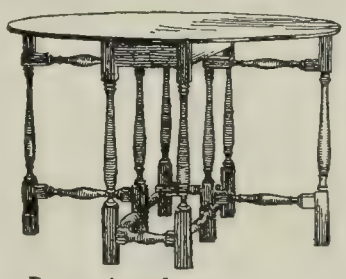

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Modern Silks

(*Continued from page 283*)

through diplomacy Italy was able to carry on some of its former business, here begins the decay of Italian wealth, trade and art. The Moors, however, brought into Spain, with other things, silk culture and weaving. The Spaniards, influenced by their conquerors, eventually brought silk culture and Oriental design into Latin America, and today there are tribes that seldom see a white man whose tribal designs were first conceived on the Ganges.

The shutting off from gradually awakening Europe of the commodities that formerly came by the old caravan routes awoke in men's minds the bright dream of a water route to India, and the record of the next fifty years is bright with the heroism of men who braved the superstitions of their times and the real and unreal terrors of unknown seas to chart this route. This is an old story, but one that never loses its romance; but in the light of the development of civilization in this country, we are prone to forget that Portuguese De Gamma, in finding a route to India around the Cape of Good Hope, was regarded as a greater man than Christopher Columbus, who died in the belief that he also had found the golden highway. Our discoverer would have been keenly disappointed had he ever known that he had merely discovered a new world. The discovery of America was in fact but a by-product of the search for silk.

Silk in France

Louis IX, sometimes known as Louis the Fox, of France, imported from Genoa, Venice and Florence master weavers, and established in Tours factories, but the raw silk was still imported from Italy and Spain until 1495.

During the reign of Charles VIII the mulberry tree and the silkworm were imported, and different French monarchs, in the midst of their barbarous amusements and tribulations, paid some small attention to seri-culture, but the religious intolerance that terminated in the massacre of St. Bartholomew brought all their efforts to defeat.

Henry of Navarre, one of the greatest monarchs the world has ever produced, and Sully, a great minister, did much to restore this great industry. Sully it was who planted mulberry trees along all the state roads in Southern France; and James I of England, with native Scotch subtlety, imported ten thousand mulberry trees that were sold at three farthings each in an effort to encourage silk cultivation in the British Isles. One of these trees enjoyed an enviable distinction. It was planted at Stratford-on-Avon by William Shakespeare, and was later made into a chair for the great actor, Garrick.

During the reign of Louis XIV it is estimated that over a million people were employed in France in different phases of the silk industry. Silk culture seems to have been well advanced at this time, since only twenty tons of raw fibre were imported, as against five hundred tons of woven silk.

Silk in the Americas

The most successful attempt at the cultivation of silk in the New World has received comparatively little attention. It is the only one of many that has survived all adverse conditions up to the present time. In 1530 the Jesuit priests introduced the cultivation of the silkworm and the mulberry tree in Central America and Mexico. Within a generation this had become so important an industry that raw silk and woven textures were exported from Central America to Spain, and this aroused the destructive enmity of Spanish growers and merchants; and they passed such drastic legislation for the colonies that in a single night the natives cut down five hundred thousand mulberry trees to avoid the payment of taxes.

During the reign of James I unsuccessful attempts were made to establish silk culture in Virginia. Premiums in tobacco were paid to every farmer who would grow a few pounds of cocoons, and a reeling house was established in Virginia. However, silk as a native craft existed and the inaugural dress of Mrs. Washington was made of native silk, woven on a hand loom and decorated with painted native flowers. In the National Museum in Washington there is a small fragment of silk ribbon woven by a French weaver in Rhode Island. It was used as trimming in the coach of President Jefferson. At this time there was great feeling in America against the French Revolution, and this found expression against all things French. President Jefferson had been a great admirer of the French Revolution and a close friend of the deported French Ambassador. And so one day, while calling in Washington, he had the mortification of seeing a mob burn his coach because they thought the ribbon had been made in France.

The first mill established in America was in Mansfield, Conn., in 1810, and the first Jacquard loom was imported by William H. Horstman in Philadelphia in 1824. During the early thirties a speculation in mulberry trees in America assumed almost the dimensions of the Mississippi bubble. But this led indirectly to the formation of the first Cheney mill at Mount Nebo, in South Manchester, in January, 1838. The remaining history of silk in America is involved with our general economic development and artistic growth.

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From "Deburau" to English Ballad Opera

(*Continued from page 298*)

man. We see him cheered, for a few moments, by a visit from his fair inamorata. And, in the last act, we look on as he attempts, in vain, to win back his old fame and grooms his son, behind the scenes of his old theatre, to replace him in the character of Pierrot.

The gap between the glory and the shame of Deburau might, with advantage, have been filled in by the author. Some scene, I think, has strangely not been written. But, as it stands, the play is much too long, too many words, though one great scene is missing.

The "production" of this very work by Mr. Belasco is a triumph of stage management. No trouble and no outlay have been spared to do full justice, in the most minute particulars, to this "Deburau." The Belasco Theatre stage is not a large one. Yet, by some miracle, within a single act, we are shown the exterior and the interior of the Funambules, and the performance of the last scene in "The Old Clo' Man." The costuming and make-up of the characters throughout the play are faultless as to taste and really accurate. The lighting of the stage is wholly admirable.

As for the acting, it does credit to a company in which the leading figure, Deburau, is Lionel Atwill. In the Pierrot scenes Mr. Atwill has had the inestimable assistance of that past-mistress of the difficult art of pantomime, Mme. Pilar-Morin. He lacks a little of the light and delicate subtleness his part requires. But, with that reservation, his performance is remarkable. We owe him thanks, above all, for the care, the intelligence and taste, with which he spoke his lines and gave them due expression. As he delivered them, they seemed to have more value than Mr. Barker had put into them.

I am not, and I have never been, a worshipper of Barrie, as a playwright. His talent, though agreeable and enjoyable, has always seemed to me more literary than dramatic. I understand the charm of "Peter Pan" and other works. I like their whimsy-whamsay graces and their pathos. But in his "Mary Rose," now current at the Empire, after a long run at the London Haymarket, I fail to see what certain critics think they see —a play of genuine worth and genuine beauty.

So far I have met no one who could tell me what this drama means, with its queer jumps from stark reality to unreality. Now plays, however fanciful they be, should have some meaning. I defy any friend of Barrie's to give me the right key to "Mary Rose." What happened to the heroine when she vanished? Can Barrie have been haunted, when he wrote his play, by ideas about the so-called "Fourth Dimension"? Can he, like Ambrose Bierce, in one of his short tales ("Charles Ashmore's Trail"), have wished to hint that there are empty places, vacua in the world of life, "holes, as it were," through which one falls into invisibility? How else can we explain the "mystic" plot, with its incoherent, baffling, futile fantasy? The heroine is an abnormality not to be weighed as either human or unhuman.

Ghosts we can understand, and fays and sprites. Ariel is real to us. So is Rauntendelein. The "little people" we admit with ease. But Mary Rose? She is beyond belief. The Fourth Dimension may have swallowed her. But how does she come back to earth again? And why, when she returns, has she not aged, and why is she so blankly ignored? A mother's intuition should have helped her to recognize the child she seeks when she is dead. And if she has at last become a ghost, how can she really sit on her son's knee?

I find no moral, and I see no truth in this wild yarn about a married woman who just disappeared from the surface of a northern isle, and, after thirty years, returned to life, unaged, remembering nothing, to her ageing family. Real or unreal, she has no charm for us, no claim upon our human sympathy.

If she was dead, she might have stayed dead. Indeed, so think those who once loved her best.

Barrie has, frankly, muddled up his plot by straining after the fantastical. His "Mary Rose" is a monstrosity.

Yet, having damned it as an attempt at drama, I must admit it did not weary me. There are lovely scenes and well-drawn characters in the "play." The dialogue is good and natural. You may get more from "Mary Rose" than I did. It is whimsical enough, although nonsensical. And in one character, a Highland minister, the author has done something to redeem his plot.

To turn to saner things. At the little Bramhall, an excellent company, including Margaret Wycherley and Augustin Duncan, has for some weeks past been appearing in "Mixed Marriage." It is an early Irish play by St. John Ervine, who gave us "Jane Clegg" and "John Ferguson." A work informed with sweet sincerity, well written, well conceived and acted honestly. A simple story of the unceasing harm done by the clash of creed and creed and narrow thought. The young son of a stalwart Orangeman has pledged himself to a young Catholic girl. The scenes, all laid in a poor Belfast home, unfold a simple plot with great directness. Here we have

(*Continued on second page following*)

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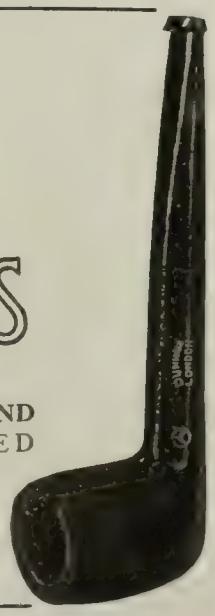

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(*Continued from second page preceding*)

neither straining nor theatricism. The characters of the stern, bigoted Orangeman, John Rainey, his broad-minded wife, a would-be peacemaker, their two sons, Hugh and Tom, and Nora Murray, who is betrothed to Hugh, all live and breathe. So does the idealistic Michael O'Hara, an enthusiast who dreams of saving Ireland by uniting Protestants and Catholics. John Rainey will not hear of his boy's marrying Nora. And, in a riot caused, to some extent, by John's denunciation of the Catholics at a labor meeting, poor Nora is shot down. The lesson of the play, of course, is charity.

There are admirable touches in the portrayal of John Rainey and his wife, who plays so artfully yet gently on her husband's force and vanity. The staging of the play is just as fine in its small way as that of "Deburau," and the unnamed artist who contrived the homely setting for the four short acts — a cottage interior — more than most can create stage "atmosphere."

A Note of Progress in Industrial Art

(*Continued from page* 302)

take a leaf from the book of progress. In the accompanying illustrations are shown a few of the pieces contained in the Fifth Exhibition in this series, which may be seen at the Museum until January 30th.

No better proof of our pudding could be found than that brought by every piece in this exhibition of current work. Each item is taken out of stock and will be returned to the salesrooms to continue the career for which it was destined. Each belongs to the here and now and represents the outlay of a present-day American's salary expended in purchasing home furnishings or personal adornment. Above all, each piece is a demonstration of the practical use of art collections for the improvement of current design.

The exhibits are chiefly the results of inspirational use of the collections at the Metropolitan Museum; in other words, they represent a kind of study which leads to fresh conceptions in design, conceptions in which the identity of the original is generally lost. The crucible of the mind has melted down a number of motives and colors and other artistic requirements and the mode of their blending has been determined by the ability and progressive thinking of the designer. Thus a new thing has been evolved, a modern design produced. And the new thing is better because it is based upon study of the old. Progress is possible in no other way. To aim at truth by ignoring the world's interpretation of it not only now but in the past is folly, nay more, lunacy. To "create" designs that are not responsible to any chords of human growth as shown in the artistic records of civilizations that produced our own is impossible; and those who try it add malice to folly, no greater sin, than which, could be attributed to thinking mortal. While speaking in this vein to a critic I have been asked: are designers, dealers and manufacturers "thinking mortals"?

The burden does not fall upon the designer alone; his soul is not his own. The manufacturer himself must grasp the value of study of originals, must realize the position of the museum of art as an addition to his own facilities of production. And more, the dealer or distributor must in turn appreciate this value and by his own diligent study of originals bring his information to such a point that he can sell his goods in terms of suitability of design, quality of design, form or color expression as related to a customer's needs.

Manufacturer, dealer, designer —all are of the same company, all can help *or* hinder the improvement of American home environment, all can use *or* ignore the best facilities that have ever been made available. A certain responsibility attaches to the production and sale of home furnishings, a responsibility almost education. Every piece somehow aids in forming young minds, becomes part of a background against which the youth of the nation sees its ideals. Business men are not in the habit of thinking in this vein when chairs and wall papers are turned out by the thousands of pieces or rolls. Is it time, then, that they should? Will our industrial art have the merit of presenting a truthful record of our faith and works? Or have our producers more faith in the ledger than in their works? Those who have seen this exhibition declare that at least these firms and individuals have risen to the higher level.

If design sells the article, the design must be good. To be sure, this requires a degree of judgment which designers, makers, buyers and sellers in nine cases out of ten do not possess; and among the purchasing public even the tenth has yet to achieve that pinnacle of appreciation. But these are stirring days, as the exhibition here plainly shows. Producers and dealers, designers and public all are beginning to feel the leaven of a new growth. Somehow progress comes—though at any given moment there may be breakers ahead, we discern now and then through the confusion of miscellaneous designs some light that shows the course. The exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum gives that promise; it is the most salutary evidence of our faith in ourselves, of the conviction of an always increasing number of producers that the best design is good enough for America and that the best resources must receive constant use to achieve that end.

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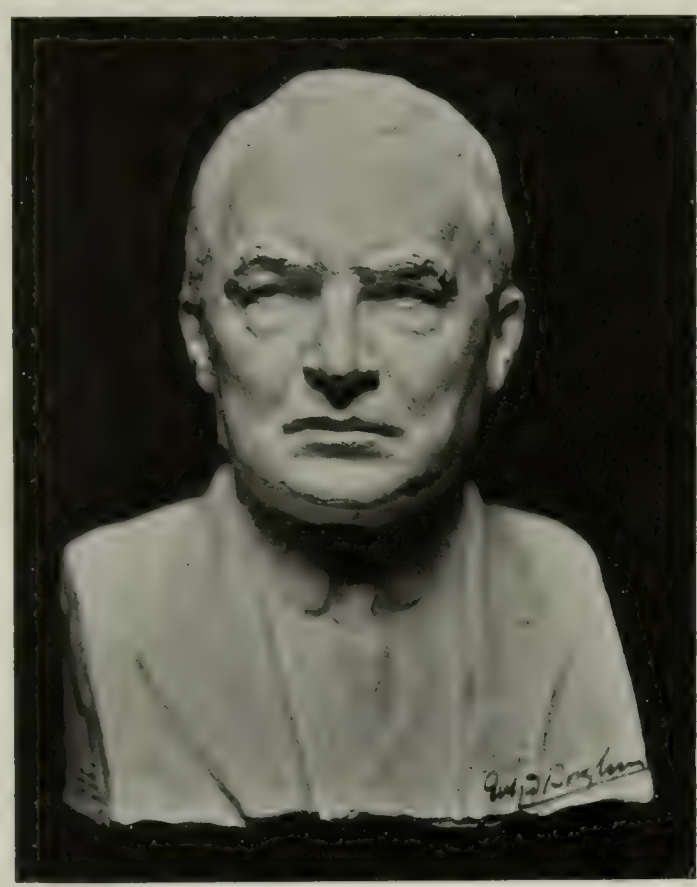

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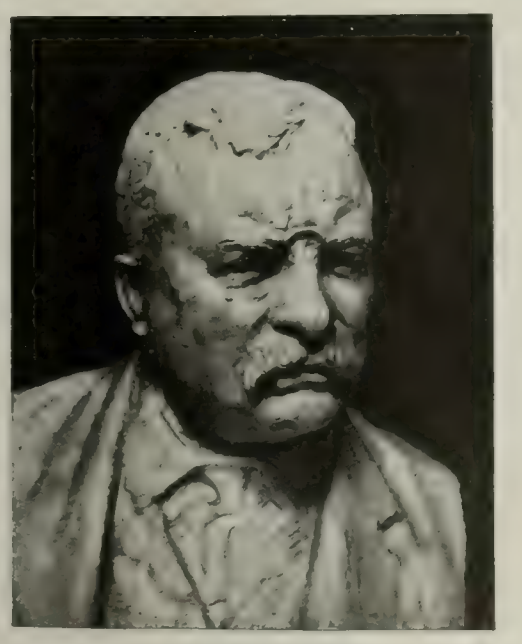
BRIEF SKETCH OF GUTZON BORGLUM

JOHN GUTZON DE LA MOTHE BORGLUM, known as Gutzon Borglum, and hailed by Rodin as America's greatest sculptor, is by birth as well as genius entirely American, born in Idaho, when Idaho was a frontier state, in 1867. In 1890 Mr. Borglum went to Paris and studied at the famous Atelier Julien and the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and exhibited at the Paris Salon. After several years spent in the companionship of the great Rodin, as a pupil whom Rodin himself later designated as his successor, Borglum devoted most of his time to sculpture. He made the colossal figures of the Twelve Apostles which adorn the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. The Metropolitan Museum of Art owns his Bronze group, the Mares of Diomedes. Probably his statue of Lincoln is the most widely known and best loved of all Gutzon Borglum's works. This is the seated Lincoln, commissioned for the city of Newark, New Jersey; it is an intimate study of Lincoln as he was when alone.

Mr. Borglum has begun the most colossal piece of sculpture ever undertaken in the history of the world—the great Stone Mountain memorial to the Confederacy, near Atlanta, Ga. On the sides of a mountain of solid granite will be carved from the living rock the Confederate army, figures of men and horses fifty feet tall, in high relief.



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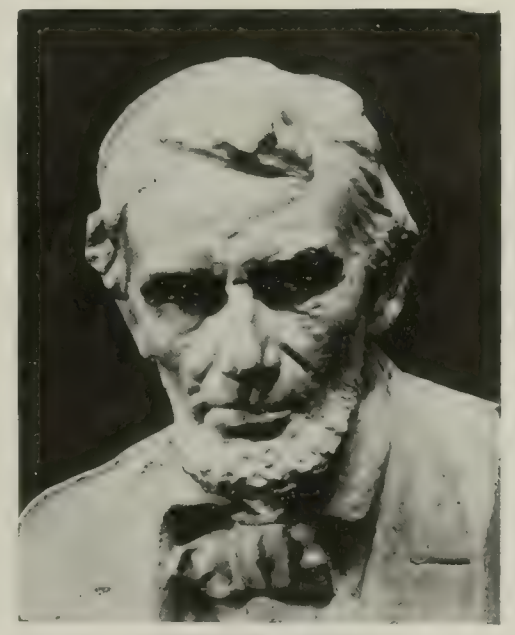

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Guest Conductors

(Continued from page 271)

an orchestra of very inferior quality, as coarse and unsonorous in the strings as the National Symphony Orchestra was last year, he gets effects that are always planned, calculated, and achieved with the skill of a master, giving that sense of a dominant will that so few conductors, after all, can give.

But while this precision was delightfully evident in the old Italian pieces, with which the Carnegie Hall program commenced, its correlative defect, a matter-of-fact inelasticity and inexpressiveness, appeared disturbingly in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Just as Mr. Coates's Elgar is brilliant but crass, so Mr. Toscanini's Beethoven, for all its speciousness, is dry. It was the letter, not the spirit, of the beautiful Allegretto that he caught; and all the nobility, the imperial summons, so to speak, of those held A's in the trio disappeared in a rapidity of tempo and an insignificance of accentuation that made them sound like irrelevant mechanical formulæ. And there was the tendency to exaggerate everything, especially dynamic contrasts, even when the musical significance is thus jeopardized, that betrays always the intrusion of what we have called the exhibition and acclaim attitudes into what ought to be an æsthetic experience. When Mr. Toscanini, for example, plays the first two measures of Beethoven's scherzo, marked by Beethoven *forte*, so *fortissimo* that you cannot hear, at the *pianissimo* in which he plays it, the entrance just following them of the theme which Beethoven has marked only *piano*, he is guilty of *lèse-art*. He is making effects, not transmitting beauty. In general, his pianissimos are all too soft (someone remarked that you could see them but not hear them), and his fortissimos are all much too loud. And, as usually happens in such cases, he has no middle grades at all. A *crescendo* meant by Beethoven to be long, gradual, and cumulative, is turned in a quick transition from softest to loudest, followed by a monotonous continuation of loudest.

BUT perhaps enough has been said to show what a subtle temptation the great conductor labors under to heighten all his contrasts, to exaggerate all his effects, until the still small voice of music, of poetry, of emotion, is drowned, and the picture turns into a chromo. In spite of their great gifts, both Mr. Coates and Mr. Toscanini to some extent succumbed to this temptation. If one had any doubts after hearing them of how the more intimate kind of music suffers from such treatment —Elgar in the case of Mr. Coates, Beethoven and Brahams in that of Mr. Toscanini—one had only to hear the performance of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Mr. Leopold Stokowski, to get a sort of touchstone for checking one's impressions. The subtlety and variety of tone-color and of dynamic shades at Mr. Stokowski's command, the countless grades between fortissimo and pianissmo, the deliberation and restraint of the crescendos and diminuendos, the clearness and yet subordination of all inner voices remained, as they always will, in the hands of one who has the spirit of the artist rather than of the exhibitor, means rather than ends, means for the moulding of Beethoven's marvelous structure in all its beauty and eloquence. This was Beethoven himself, given us through Stokowski, who disappeared in what he did. . . . All of which goes to show the advantage of having a temperament sensitive to what Rolland calls the "intimateness" of music.

Institutional Versus Individual Collectors

(Continued from page 275)

ing committee. A curator of Far Eastern art or of Egyptian art is not much hindered by the purchasing committee of a museum, because the layman trustees know that they are not experts in these departments. But modern painting—that is a field in which everyone considers himself expert!

In 1920 the Museum did not add a single modern painting of importance to its collection. The management of the Hearn Fund has been at best lamentable. No collector of intelligence would be so timid, and even some of the auction-room speculators, who pose as collectors, have done better.

The reason the individual collectors defeat the Museum in the race for modern art is not, as in the case of old masters, because the individual has more money to spend. It is because the museum is hampered by a committee which, to modern art. The museum action in this direction, is opposed to modern art. The museum would do much better to leave modern art in the hands of its very able curator, but if this is against the rules governing public funds, it might at least select a purchasing committee composed of such men as Arthur B. Davies, John Quinn and Albert Barnes, men whose collecting has proved their intelligence and who are known to have vital interest in this vital function of the museum.

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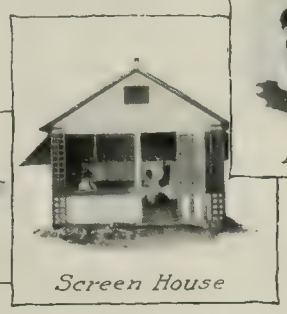
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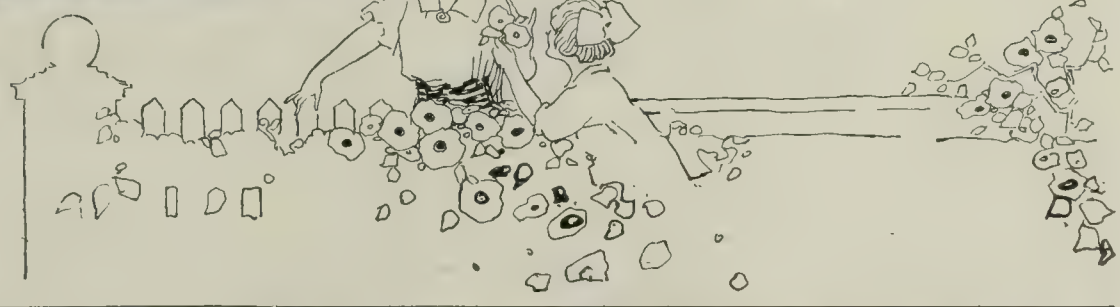

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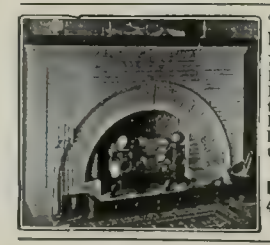

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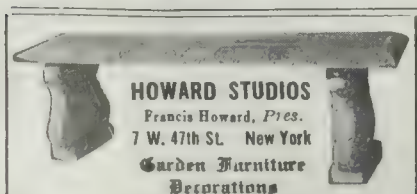

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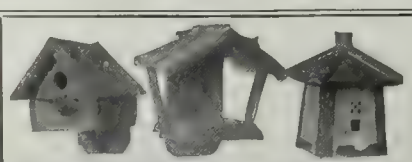

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The Harvard Glee Club

(*Continued from page 295*)

in spite of all obstacles anything so good as this, once demonstrated, is almost certain to be widely emulated. If the movement spreads, it is not too much to say that it will in a few generations transform our entire musical life. To set young people to making good music for themselves is fundamental. It is placing something else, something better, in that vacuum that nowadays rag-time, jazz and the "canned music" of mechanical instruments rush in to fill. It is creating future audiences of men less complaisant to mediocrity and less personal than women, the dangers of whose "distaff rule" in music has been set forth recently by Mr. Paul Rosenfeld. Audiences who as youths prefer folk-songs to inanities will as men prefer Beethoven and Brahms to Jerome Kern, or even to Tschaikowsky; and that will end by vitalizing every department of our music, and lifting it at last above the miasma of commercial exploitation and feminine patronage, in which it now stifles.

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The Automobile Show

(Continued from page 293)

hibit, including a smart sport model said to be capable of high power and speed.

The Marmon Company has an extensive exhibit, with no changes from last year's models except a new speed car, which is exceptionally pleasing. In this model the radiator has been lowered and the line from the radiator to the cowl has much less slant, giving the car the racy appearance that it ought to have if it is to do the eighty-five miles an hour that it is guaranteed to do.

And here our space is at an end. Obviously it is quite impossible to enumerate, much less describe or comment upon each of the eighty-nine different makes of automobiles!

The important fact about the show—the outstanding thing about it—is that it appears to be a forerunner of a return to normal production and to normal buying.

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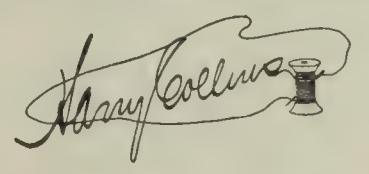

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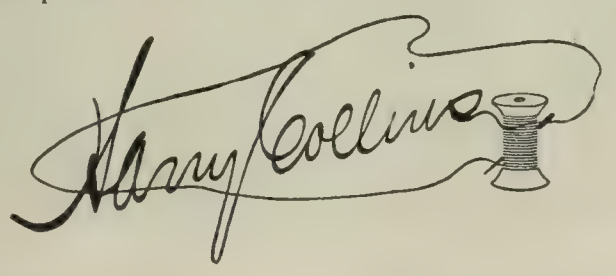

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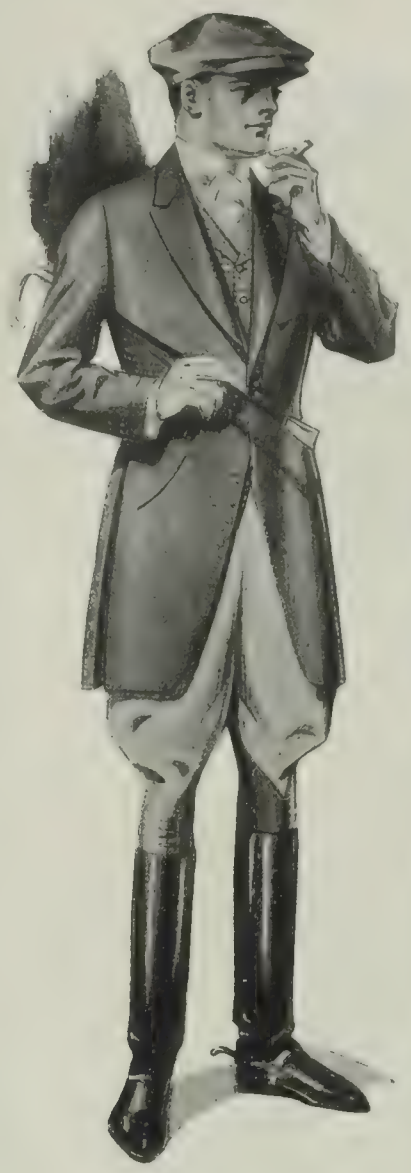

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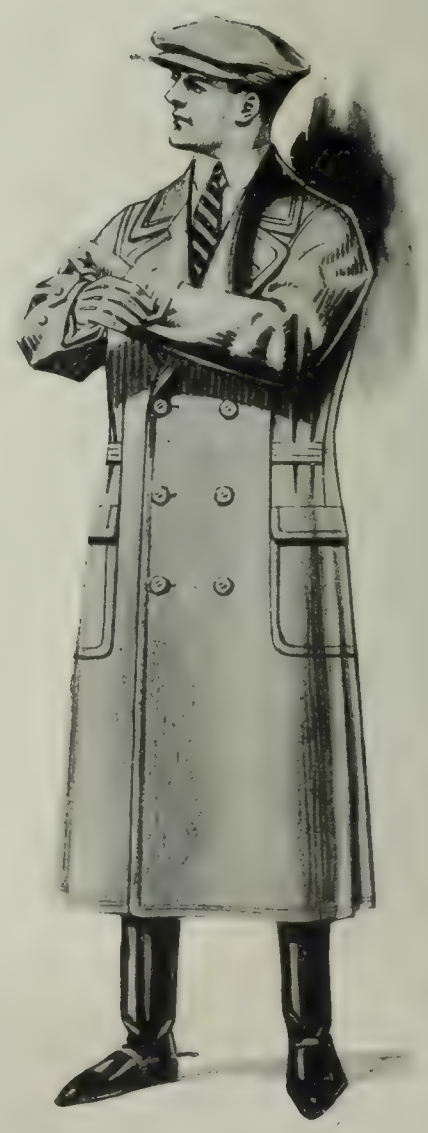

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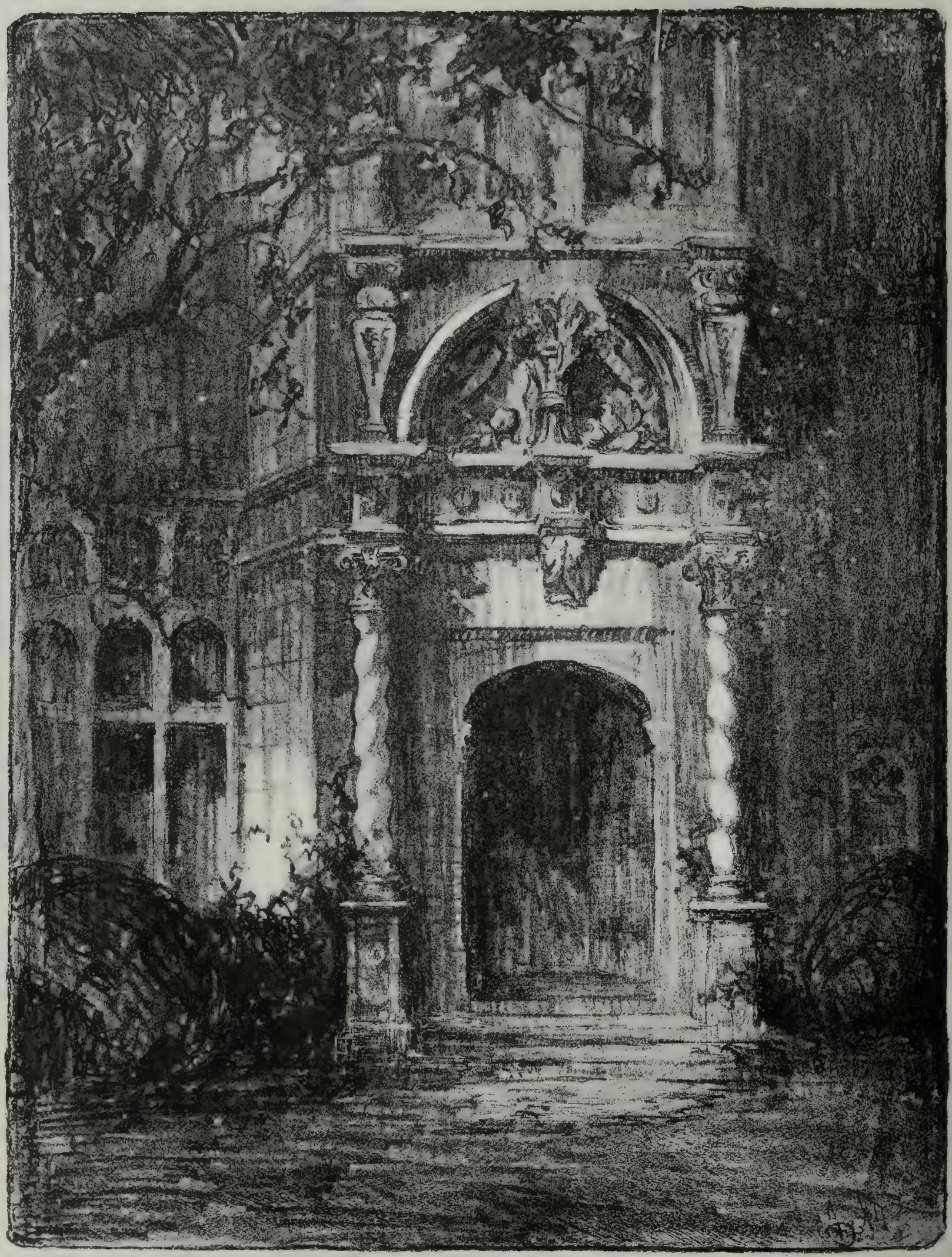

From an original lithograph by Leigh

A STUDY IN COUNTRY HOUSE ARCHITECTURE OF THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE

The entrance of the W. R. Coe Residence, at Oyster Bay, Long Island.

Walker and Gillette, Architects.

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VOLUME XIV NUMBER 5

March, 1921

How the Architect Works

A Realization of Architectural Vision

By MATLACK PRICE

"VISION" in architecture, as in many other creative fields, is a word which generally has been used either too narrowly or too loosely. It has been the refuge of the impractical dreamer and the subterfuge of the unimaginative plodder.

Vision, rightly understood, has always meant to me not one thing—a dream—but many things. The vision, in other words, cannot be perfect, and certainly cannot be fruitful unless it carries with it the knowledge and the ability which are necessary for its realization.

Architects, from the nature of their work, have need to be practical, and so engrossing, indeed, are the practical aspects of architecture, that many lose their sense of vision and create that thing which is condemned as purely "utilitarian."

In none of the arts, certainly, is vision more to be desired than in architecture, because the architect must see his house before it is built, must see it inside and out, in three dimensions and in actual colors and actual materials. A house, or any other kind of building, is more than merely an idea—it is a thing of many parts and the work of many hands.

One of the architect's invisible functions, and one that is most frequently overlooked by the man for whom he is building, is the architect's duty to make clear his vision, so that the house may be seen through his eyes. The architect, by virtue of training and experience, can far more readily visualize the finished house, in detail or in its entirety, than his client is able to.

Such is the real origin of the colored perspective drawings which most architects prepare, and these drawings would, in general, command more respect than is often the case if they were both more accurate and more imaginative.

I think it is true that an able and experienced mind can imagine accurately, while a mind of smaller caliber can actually create or construct a thing inaccurately. Too many preliminary drawings are inaccurate, and, in some cases, deceptive. They may show a house as it *might* look, but the actual building, when it is completed, is strangely dissimilar, and often disappointing. In other cases, too little, rather than too much imagination has entered into the drawing. The architect may have failed to show the house as being as attractive as its completion later proves it to be—though it seldom happens that a building is any better than the preliminary drawing for it.

The right kind of preliminary drawings, obviously, are as important to the architect as they are to the client. For the client, such drawings tell him what he wants to know, and what he can find out in no other way, as to how the house will look: for the architect, such drawings are the crystallization of his vision—they tell him that the house can be made to look, in execution, as he sees it in his mind.

Two unusually interesting houses are illustrated here, and the illustrations will bring out, through comparison with photographs, the accuracy, and at the same time the imaginative qualities which can be embraced in preliminary drawings. The Thomas W. Lamont town house is but half completed, and therefore no photographs are available, but in the case of the W. R. Coe house an interesting comparison is possible between certain preliminary sketches and photographs of the executed work.

Preliminary idea drawing for an interior in the T. W. Lamont house—a definite vision of a picturesque room depicted with accuracy and imagination

Facts of peculiar interest to designers in general become apparent in a study of the sketches for several of the interiors of the Coe house, and the sketches for interiors in the Lamont house may be taken as in no way impractical and visionary dreams, in the light of evidence to the contrary in the Coe interiors as photographed from the finished work.

These sketches illustrate, in the first place, the most interesting aspect of designing. No finished piece of work, in the final analysis, be it a chair or a cathedral, is any better than the inspirational part of its design. The execution, no matter how fine, will not place the mark of excellence on creative work if there is no underlying idea, no underlying element of creative art on the part of the designer.

The day is one of specialized production, and many hands and many processes come between the originator, the designer of a thing and the finished product as most of us see it. The artist who makes and finishes with his own hands the thing which his mind has created in the form of an idea—that artist, so plentiful in the Middle Ages and in the Renaissance, is nearly extinct. But we must not allow any belief to grow that artists are extinct, and that the age of the machine and of volume production has sealed the last chapter of art.

Far from it. It is not conceivable that so vigorous a civilization as that of today, reflecting such a vivid and complete pattern of life, is not peopled with legions of artists. Most of them are invisible because of the many hands and many processes that come between their work as it is seen and their original concept of that work, as only a few see it.

The designer, generically speaking, is an unknown worker in our midst.

The painter is easily identified, so easily, in fact, that, to the careless mind, "painter" and "artist" are synonymous, and a limited definition ignores the other artists, whose talent creates all that is beautiful and interesting in our environments and in things that we thoughtlessly

The garden front of the W. R. Coe house, with terrace and pool and a pervasive sense of picturesque romance—an architectural vision which became a reality. From a lithograph by Leigh

use and wear. The identity of the architect is, at least, a matter of record, although his prerogative of signing his work is seldom exercised. If all buildings were signed, as they should be, it might become a general habit to look for the signature; but even so, the prevalent lack of public curiosity in such matters would keep the architect, the designer, in obscurity for many more years to come. Public curiosity in the matter of the designer's identity must be aroused and stimulated. Beautiful things are not a result of chance or luck or expenditure, or of any of the totally unrelated factors which are generally credited, in those rare cases in which the usual observer is even sufficiently interested to seek any cause for beauty.

I do not think that the condition of the designer's obscurity, as it exists today, results from any general intent to deliberately ignore the designer: it results, rather, from the fact that people are shown, in endless succession, either a finished thing, or an illustration of the finished thing. Architecture, furniture, textiles, silverware—these things are never seen in the making. Consequently the "maker" is seldom if ever given a thought.

A building—the Coe house, for instance—may be beautiful, as you look at it, or study a group of photographs. But the reasons for its beauty are all contained in the idea sketch of the architect, who is the designer, and it is this sketch, this first stage of the building's creation, that is seldom seen and even more seldom thought of.

The subsequent stages become, in comparison, less interesting. The inspiration is in the first sketch: the realities of execution begin to appear as the idea is translated into the successive stages of scale working drawings, full size detail drawings and models.

And here becomes apparent the strength of the real designer. If he is not strong, the processes of execution which come after his idea sketch gradually diminish the beauty of the concept. The true designer, who knows the media and the methods which will be combined to execute his idea, will conceive and develop an idea with such accurate vision that the media and methods of its execution will enhance rather than destroy its beauty.

It is this kind of vision that is apparent in the architectural idea sketches which illustrate this article. They are graphic evidence of the definite type of vision which is the mark of the designer.

To attain vision of this sort, two things are necessary: one being the creative instinct of the true artist, and the other a range of experience which will direct the imagination only toward conceptions which can be executed with a minimum loss of values, as between the idea sketch and the finished work. Experience, too, will operate toward making practical considerations so instinctive as not to chill or retard the fires of inspiration.

There is yet another angle from which to look at idea sketches, whether they be for an architectural project or for any other expression of creative design—from the standpoint of appreciation. Without some familiarity with the inceptive stages of making a thing, how are we to fully appreciate its finished appearance? In other words, if it can be possible for the layman to share in part (for it can be in part only) the artist's vision, how greatly each would benefit.

Would it not be interesting to see Mr. Cass Gilbert's first sketch for the Woolworth Building? Seeing it, would we not feel some share in the architectural vision which conceived that great tower, and feel a greater appreciation of the architectural skill which made the vision a reality?

The message is the same in every expression of art. Art cannot be created without vision, and cannot be fully appreciated or understood without some degree of participation in that vision.

If that participation could be made general—here would be a worth while task for the expository writer. It could be a life work, and might not be completed even in a lifetime.

By participation in the designer's vision I do not mean an impossible thing. To show everyone all the idea sketches from which have emanated all beautiful things would, quite obviously, be impossible, and worse, it might destroy a certain amount of glamor, though this is doubtful.

The condition most to be desired is that in which the users of furniture and other things, and the dwellers in houses might come into possession of some insight into how designers work.

This insight would tell them much, and give them a variety of new angles of appreciation. They should see, of course, the real de-

A town house of unusual charm, in which the architectural style of the English Renaissance is utilized with skill and imagination. Pencil sketch for the T. W. Lamont residence: Walker & Gillette, architects

Preliminary idea drawing for a portion of the stairway in the T. W. Lamont house—a sketch which would be valueless if it were either inaccurate or unimaginative

signer, the man whose work is not governed by superficial considerations of style, but by a sincere intention to make a thing which will be both suitable and beautiful.

In the making of anything, whether a house or a gate-leg table, the designer should see, as his only real restrictions, the *purpose* of the thing he is making, its uses and the materials for its construction that are available to his hand.

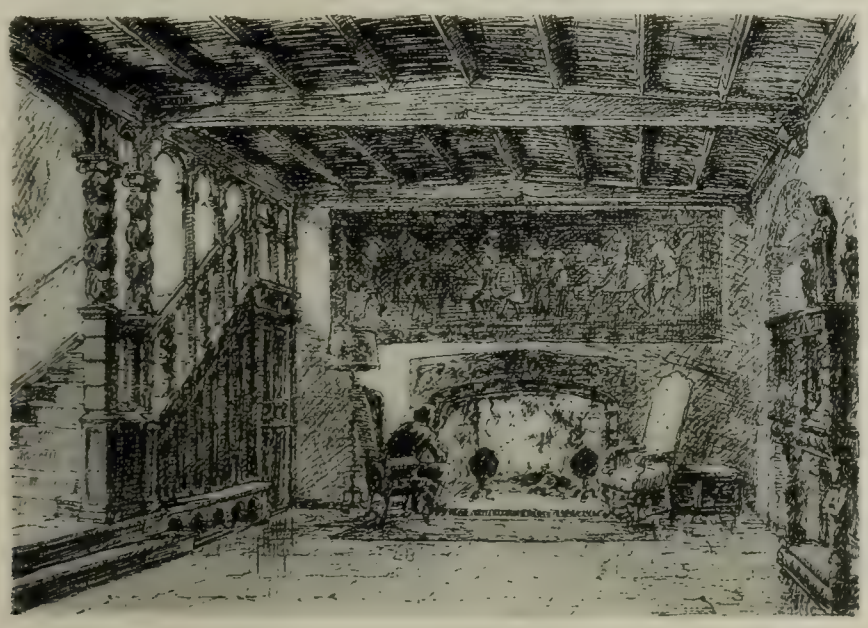
These things are not unlike the pigments on the painter's palette. They are the media of his art, and as an artist, it is the designer's function to use his media for the making of a beautiful thing.

The able designer, furthermore, does not think so much of restrictions imposed upon his work, be they what they may—he thinks rather of the opportunities. He thinks of the different ways in which the purpose of a design may be expressed in its structure, and he thinks of the wide variety of expression latent in materials. He has not only the mere delineation of the thing he is designing—he has, as well, the aid of color and texture of other physical properties of materials. If he does not use these to their greatest advantage he is not an entirely able designer.

Though these things are the substance of conversations among most designers, how many people among the lay public are sensitive to such things, for example, as texture. So few reactions are informed with knowledge or inspired by sensitiveness. To most people it matters not if a surface that should be rough is polished, so that it is glossy instead of dull. It matters not that an artificial, glassy surface is often applied to oak, in spite of the fact that the very nature of oak, its sturdy ruggedness, is better expressed in surfaces of varying dullness.

If general public perception were ever to become understandingly sensitive to such things as these, it would become increasingly necessary for designers to do their best work. And, with widespread appreciation of the fundamentals of the designer's art, he would be continuously inspired to do work that was sincere and honest, and he would have, for the first time since the Eighteenth Century, a real audience. There is a revival of appreciation of beautiful things, but the appreciation is too largely superficial.

For always, behind every beautiful thing, there is the designer, whose vision sees the beautiful rendering of the work to be done, and whose skill makes the vision a reality.



Idea drawing for the entrance hall in the T. W. Lamont residence—a drawing which is an exact picture of an interior which has not yet been completed

Idea drawing for the library in the T. W. Lamont residence—a room which is real and definite in the architects' mind, though it is as yet a material reality

The whole effect of the W. R. Coe house, in a rendering which combines the picturesque with the accurate. From a lithograph by Leigh

A GREAT COUNTRY HOUSE ON LONG ISLAND

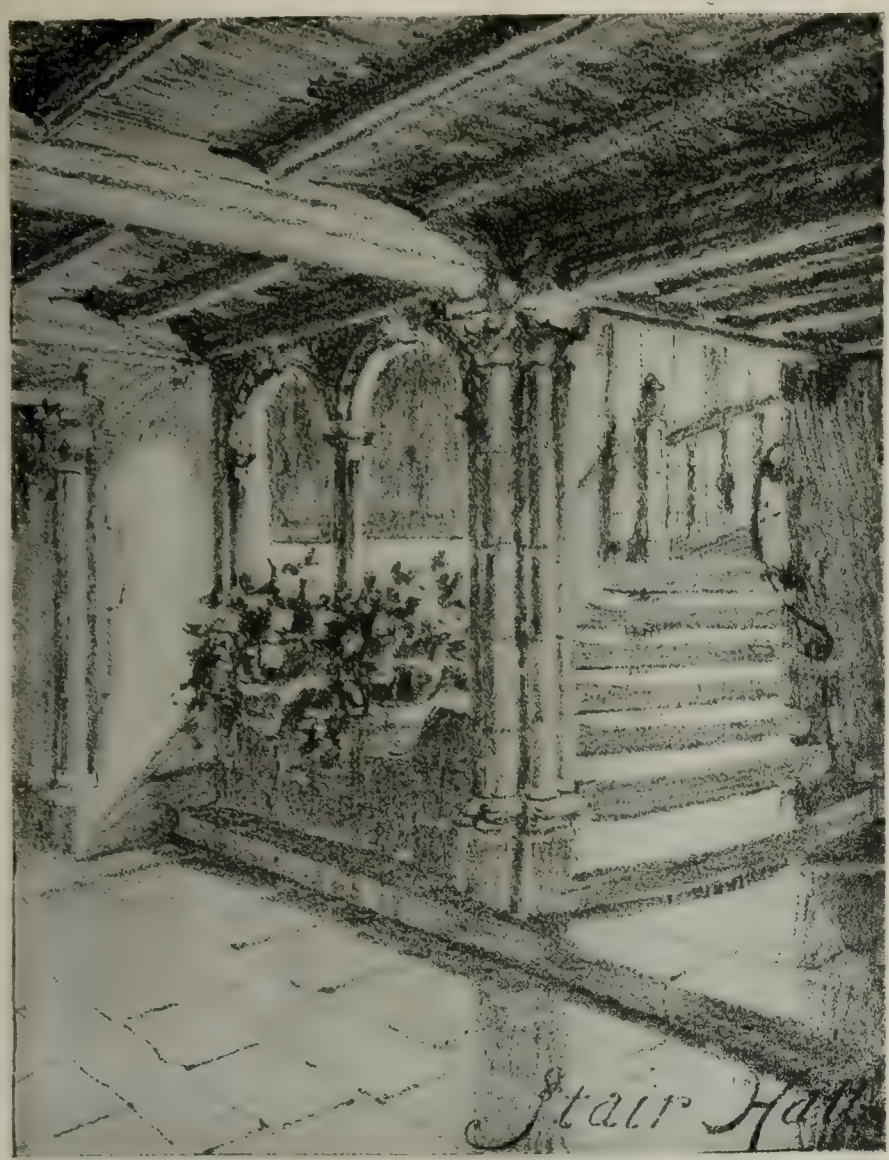
The W. R. Coe House at Oyster Bay, Long Island

Walker & Gillette, Architects

The photographs on this page, presenting, as they do, the camera's accuracy, convey this message: that definite vision on the part of the architect will result in the attainment in his finished building of the picturesque qualities he wishes to express, and that the art of architecture is a pictorial art, in which pictures are built instead of being painted. According to the vision and the experience of the architect, the finished building will realize the dream that is set forth in the preliminary idea sketches

An interior and a corner of the loggia that overlooks the garden terrace of the W. R. Coe house. Architectural ideas which have become architectural realities

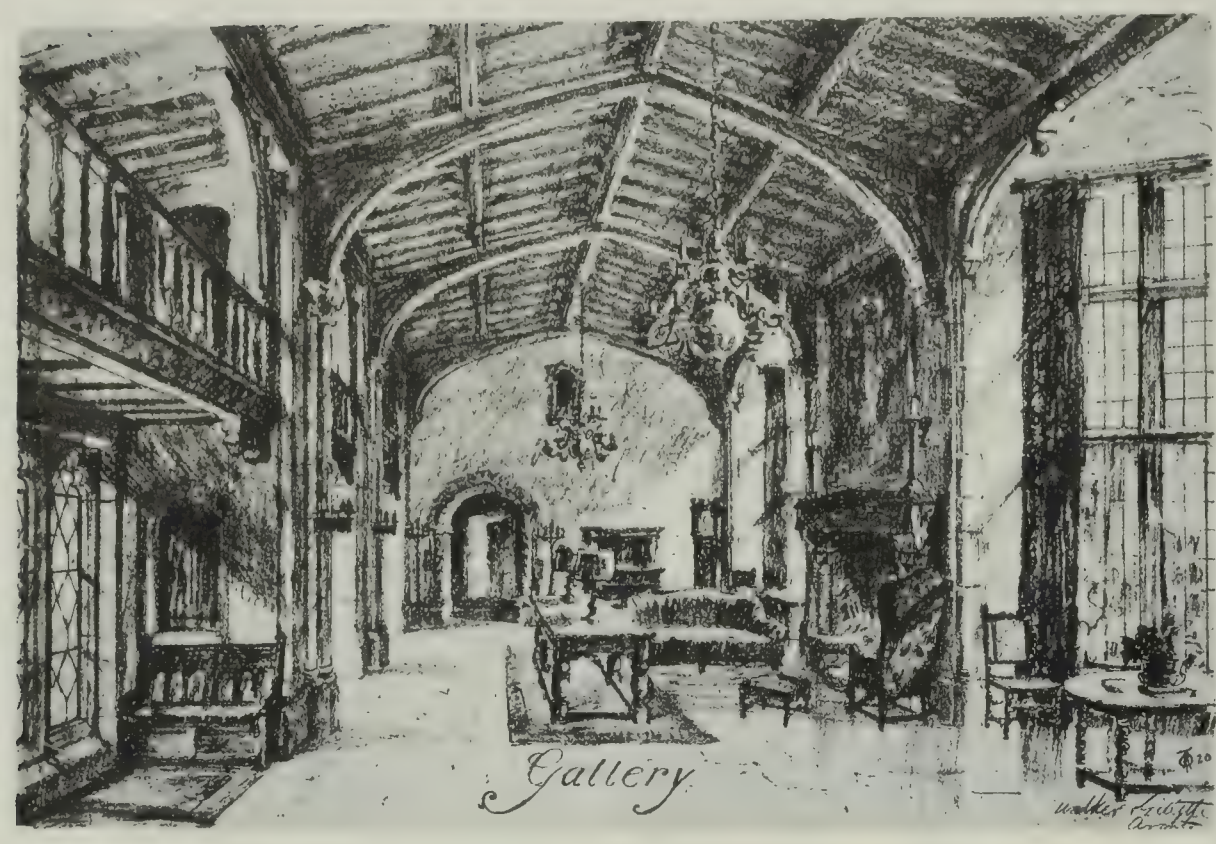
A Page Comparing the Architectural Idea and the Architectural Actuality



A detail of the stair hall, seen in the preliminary idea sketch and in the executed work. Certain changes in design have been evolved, but the character of the treatment is identical

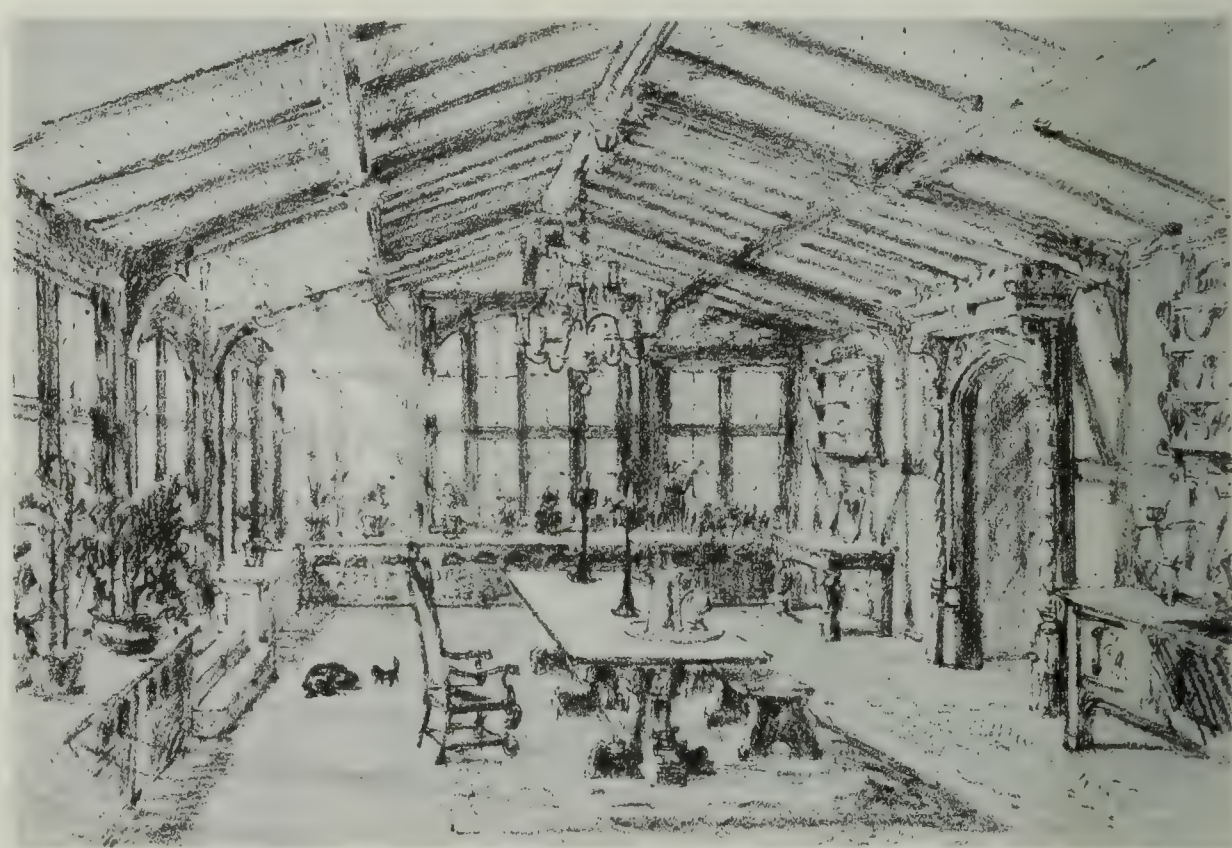
A comparison of the detailing of the "long gallery" in actuality and in the idea sketch shows a remarkable instance of finished execution and architectural prevision

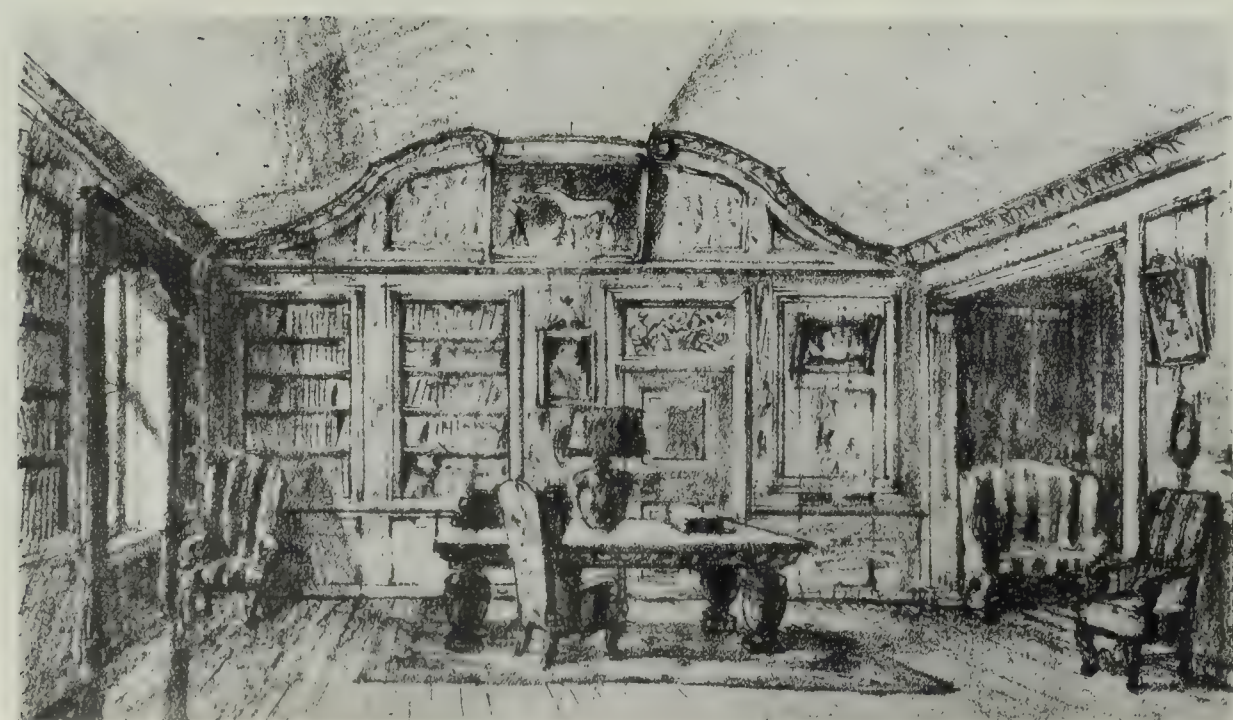
Three Architectural Idea Sketches



The architect's idea sketch for the great gallery of the W. R. Coe house contains the elements which are more essential to the finished result than are to be found in working drawings or in execution. A sketch of this kind visualizes and records an idea. It is the projection of the artist's creative mind upon paper

In this sketch for a solarium on the top floor of a city house, the architects again project their vision in tangible form, and create an interior which, in the course of construction, will pass through many hands and represent the work of many people. The significant fact is that if it were to require a hundred mechanical draftsmen and artisans to construct this room, the "idea" of the room was the work of one man—the architect, whose work (if he be a true architect) is a hundred times more important than the work of the others





The idea sketch for the private study in the W. R. Coe house shows, in addition to its appropriate and consistent character, a most unusual ceiling contour. That the finished room realizes these qualities is evidence of the creative ability, as well as the accuracy in vision of the architects who designed it

"A Rare and Gallant Soul"

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This title, quoted from the *New York Tribune* of February 11, headed an inspiring and sympathetic editorial obituary of James Gibbons Huneker, who died on February 10. Again quoting: "His long years of writing spanned a beginning and an end, almost a complete transformation, in the intellectual outlook of his country. . . . His effort was . . . to match atmospheres and backgrounds and distinguish between subtle flavors and colors of picture, song and book." The following article was already written when Mr. Huneker's death occurred.

"WE need a few more Hunekers!" cried Benjamin de Casseres.

I was first introduced to him through the New York *Times*, where he would start to write a musical criticism and finish with a verbiage that included all the arts. Sunday morning I would begin and the following Saturday night, if fortune was propitious, I had completely assimilated the article. Not that I was slow, but that I was gullible. Not that Huneker was impregnable, but that he was depthless, widthless, lengthless. "He's an expensive man to read," a conversationalist once coincided. "He refers so inebriately to Baudelaire, Huysmans, de Gourmont, Mirabeau, I can't continue with his topic until I've become familiar with his types. He compelled me to engage a foreign linguist that I might more faithfully enjoy Sainte-Beuve."

Not Huneker himself, but the eclectic ones to whom he alludes—there's the financier's rub. Because once initiated into his luxurious coterie, always a Sybarite! You must give them banquets and invite Mary Anderson, Madame Bernhardt, Dusé, Modjeska, Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Minnie Fiske, and Georgie Drew. You should hint that the surprise of the evening is a divertissement Campanini collaborated upon with Rosina Galli. You must entertain at tea Dostoievsky, Jules Sandeau, the Karmanov Brothers, Georg Brandes, George Sand, Tolstoi and Edgar Allan Poe, where Sophie Braslau will serve behind the samovar and John Barrymore will pass gold-tipped cigarettes from Vladimir. At an intimate musicale have Alfred de Musset, Rachmaninoff, Franz Liszt, H. L. Mencken and Lilli Lehman. You must invite to the opera Kyrle Bellew, Richard Mansfield, Cézanne, Alexander Dumas, Père, Barbey D'Aurevilly, Augustin Daly, the younger Arnold, and Lord Beaconsfield. To "Heartbreak House" you must arrange a box-party of Arthur Pinero, O. Henry, Ezra Pound, and Rabelais. After the premier of "Cyrano de Bergerac" you must gather Dante Gabriel Rosetti, Maurice Barrymore, Guy de Maupassant, Madame Nazimova, and Maurice Maeterlinck into your studio to discuss Ben-Ami. It is necessary to see that Aubrey Beardsley meet Gabrielle D'Annunzio. There is a new violinist, Jascha Heifetz, who, although he may not associate with Paul Verlaine, should have the opportunity to hear the master's songs. You must give a very exclusive week-end at Como, where the guest of honor will be Mary Garden and the troubadours Percy Shelley and Stephen Phillips. In the autumn to your villa ask Baudelaire for a rest. He will guide you in a gondola down the cool lagoon and polish his guitar with star-dust and replace two or three strings with burnished hair from Melissande. All these! There must be a private exhibition where Geraldine Farrar with Mr. Tellegen will appraise the works of Goya and Zuloaga.

At each of these gatherings you can rest secure if you appoint as *maître d'affaires* James Gibbons Huneker. He is accustomed to the discriminate rendezvous. As

James Gibbons Huneker, 1860-1921

a youth he played cards with Max Heinrich and sat on the knee of William Hewlitt. His father, "who had a baritone voice, and, like Galli-Courci, occasionally sang off the pitch," was always offering his hearth to de Pachman, Joseffy, Maurel. His mother, the quintessence of hospitality, knew that a home for such a family was ordained to be the alpha of musical Philadelphia. In this household the youthful Huneker experienced three startling impressions: war: he remembers the town bells and the city crying "Richmond has fallen!" assassination: he sees himself in his mother's arms, looking out the window and being informed President Lincoln was shot; tornadoes: when, of a sudden, the world darkened and the metropolis was made to feel like a leaf in the whirlwind. These he attributes to predestining him, "willy-nilly, to become a newspaper writer."

A portrait sketch of Huneker

He must have been a hungry little lad. He calls himself "Steeplejack" now, and says such brave, sophisticated things. "When a boy I was called Johnny-look-in-the-air, because of my reckless habit of rambling into obstacles, from moving locomotives to immovable lamp-posts. I suppose I was dreaming; at least, I was walking in the pleasing haze we call egotism." He won't even let his dreaming alone, without deprecating. "We are all egotists," he continues in the Apology of his autobiographical "Steeplejack." "A world without egotism would cease to exist; every grain of sand is self-centered, every monad has its day." He scrutinizes himself as a "professional egotist"—"for I write to make my living." He confides with Walt Whitman, "I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones." That is why he demands, "Why shouldn't a steeplejack make avowals? It is a dangerous enough occupation, and, oddly enough, one in which the higher you mount, the lower you fall, socially. Yet a steeplejack, humble as is his calling, may be a dreamer of daring dreams, a poet, even a hero. I, who write these words, am no poet, but I have been a steeplejack. I have climbed to the very top of many steeples the world over, and dreamed, like the rest of my fellow beings, the dreams that accompany the promenade of pure blood in young arteries; and now, after a half-century, I shall report these dreams and their awakenings."

He goes back to the beginning of the "half-century," however, when he rebelled against the uniformity of a military school and Latin and geography, Latin and Greek, mathematics, grammar and Latin, and Latin. He refused to adhere to anything but truancy. To keep him out of street brawls and to restrain his propensity towards being a magician, it was suggested he study the organ and assist in Christmas Masses. From kirk he traveled to locomotive works, where he tried to become a mechanical engineer. There was an accident; and grateful to have saved the hands which evoked in him personal pride, his parents thought he might endeavor to become a lawyer. "On a cold, cloudy Monday I was again a sullen lamb led to the slaughter. Mr. Wilson consented to take me as a law student, although I said nothing that would indicate a fairly reasonable desire to study. I simply did as I was told. . . . I first noted what I call my mechanical memory. I memorized as would a parrot. When I underwent regulation examinations at the Law School, I had no trouble reeling off page after page. But put me to writing out opinions on a possible case, and my vaulted memory collapsed. Not taking the slightest interest necessarily, I had nothing to say."

"Mr. Wilson's associate was Henry Galbraith Ward, a handsome young lawyer from New York, where he is today on the bench of the Supreme Court. Judge

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Among the Galleries in New York

Old Lady in Black: by George Bellows, who was awarded the National Arts Club Prize of $600

"WHAT about the future of art in America?" asked George Bellows. Perhaps the answer might be that "Art in America" would take care of itself if it were to leave off wasting its time on nebular fads, and were to produce more paintings of the vigor and sincerity of "The Old Lady in Black." This kind of painting is not so easy to do as some others, but it is tremendously worth while.

Aran Winds: by Power O'Malley

IT is a delighting experience, even if sometimes quite inconvenient, to be among fields and trees in the very early morning, when the world glimmers through a luminous silver mist. That is the world as Emil Carlsen paints it, a world of infinite subtleties and shades of silvered colors. His color is so happy that I have always been grateful to him for also drawing so well. And in the February exhibition of fifteen recent paintings at the Macbeth Gallery, he again proved the positive of the age-old controversy as to whether or not a still-life can be interesting. "The Picture from Thibet" and "The Moonstone" are far more interesting than the too-usual *genre* and the unnecessary type of portrait.

The picture from Thibet: by Emil Carlsen

SOME elusive quality that is something like wistfulness is felt in the paintings of Ireland by Power O'Malley at Knoedler's. Hills and mist and simple little houses, and a curious sadness that somehow is not sad. They seemed to have the same color and the same trueness to the country that Daniel Corkery wrote in "A Munster Twilight," and the same nearness to old ways of living.

Shipyard: by Harry de Maine

A CERTAIN kind of water colors—painted in an easy, informal, wet style of painting—are peculiarly suited to the recording of odd bits of life and landscape along New England shores. Harry de Maine paints this kind of water color, and maintained a high average, especially in color, in a group of forty-four which are hung at the Folsom Galleries from January 25th to February 5th.

Mud Pies: by Abastenia Eberle

A VERY real note of human interest has long adhered to the Macbeth Gallery in the presence there of the small bronzes of Abastenia St. Leger Eberle. Miss Eberle has nearly always chosen to catch, in modelling, some fleeting impression of little children, and in the doing of it has recognized informality as the only possible technique.

The small bronze, whether its manner is academic, or of the informal kind which Miss Eberle enjoys making, will always hold the affections of many besides collectors. There is a decorative quality in small bronzes which constitutes one of their great charms, and added to this there is a certain element of personality.

Christ Mocked: by El Greco

ABOUT the works of Spanish painters, whether early or modern, there seems always to hang a curious glamor, which is felt in all the arts of this most unknown of the Latin peoples. The works of twelve early Spanish painters, including Goya, Zurbaran and Velasquez, were shown at the Ehrich Galleries during February. In this group were four paintings by El Greco—vigorous, sombre, almost haunting.

UNTIL March fifth, inclusive, the Anderson Galleries are showing the Thirtieth Annual Exhibition of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, of which Mrs. H. Van Buren Magonigle is the president.

The works of this group always make an interesting contribution to the year's exhibitions, for the Association's membership includes the greater number of women whose paintings and sculpture mean something.

"Ecstase" by Harriet W. Frishmuth, shown at the 30th Annual Exhibition of the National Associations of Women Painters and Sculptors (Anderson Galleries)

Polish Dancer: by George Luks
C. W. Kaushaar Gallery

LIKE Bellows, George Luks can subsist on less adulation, explanation and cult-worship than many other painters, because his work usually manages to be considerably more interesting than anything that can be said about it. With the painters whose work is worth while, art has been always a thing to do rather than a thing to talk about. His recent exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries is typical of him.

Drawing-room of Lloyd Warren's Residence: by Edith Blight Thompson

THE painting of interiors in a way to make them interesting is no small matter, though some choose to call it a mere knack. Adding Miss Thompson's brilliantly done interiors at the Kingore Galleries to the longer known achievements of Gay, Benson and Tarbell, why are there not more names on the list?

George Illian, maker of posters

J. J. A. Murphy, the Guild Secretary

F. G. Cooper, maker of posters

The Guild of Free Lance Artists

A Group With a Constructive Purpose

With portraits from life, drawn by Oberhardt for "Arts & Decoration"

GUILDS—and lances, too, for that matter—are part of the tapestry of Medævalism. If the things, rather than their names, however, were taken as symbols, there would be, first, a picture of a league or group of people engaged in the production of something, and evidence that they had formed the group for constructive purposes, such as mutual interchange of experience and the maintenance of certain ethical codes in the practice of their work. The lance, in historic fact a knightly spear, is a symbol that must long hold a high place in the affections of mankind, so long as mankind preserves any respect for "the field of honor," for tournaments and for the lone knight who rides forth on an errand of rescue or defense or avenging justice.

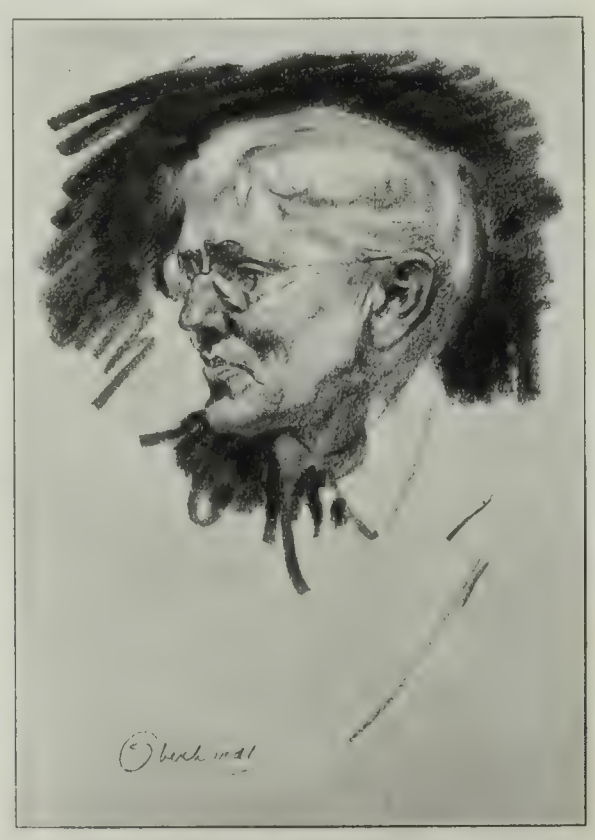
In this day and age certain unfortunate connotations come to us with the ideas of "organization" and "combination," because organizations and combinations have too often, even when formed for high purposes of efficiency and service, grown selfish and aggrandizing, and have gone from the paradigm that "union is strength" to the predatory aspiration that union is a means of securing special privileges and preferments, through coercion, at the expense of individuals and society alike.

That such alignments, long the substance of political and sociological evolution and controversy, should enter the field of art has come as a shock to many, though the reasons are not obscure.

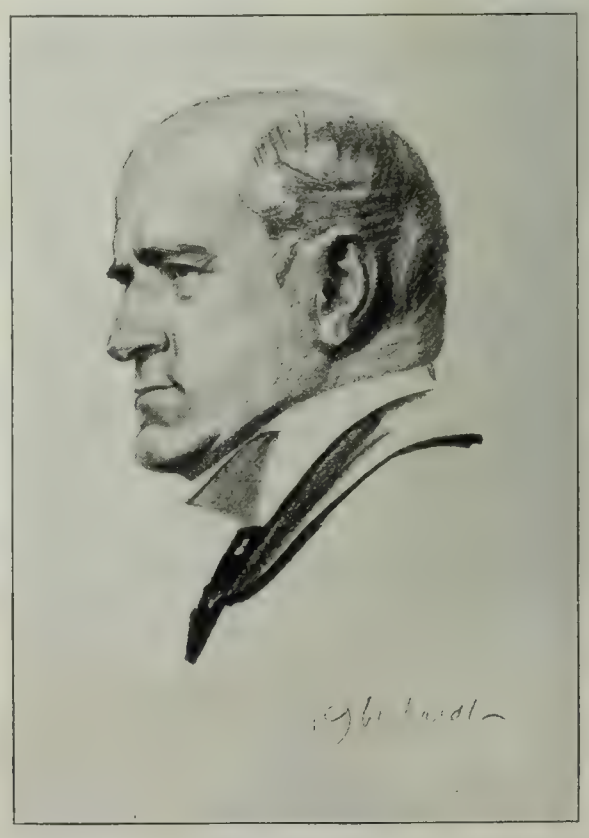
At the present writing it may yet be possible to discuss the situation without undue prejudice or bitterness. The contention which brought the Guild of Free Lance Artists into existence, however, necessitates some general familiarity with that large realm of art which engages the work of illustrators and commercial artists.

The work of making illustrations and cover designs for magazines, and making illustrations, decorations and hand lettering for advertisements (especially the latter) has come to be a highly specialized kind of art, not only

G . P. Nelson, well known illustrator and posterist

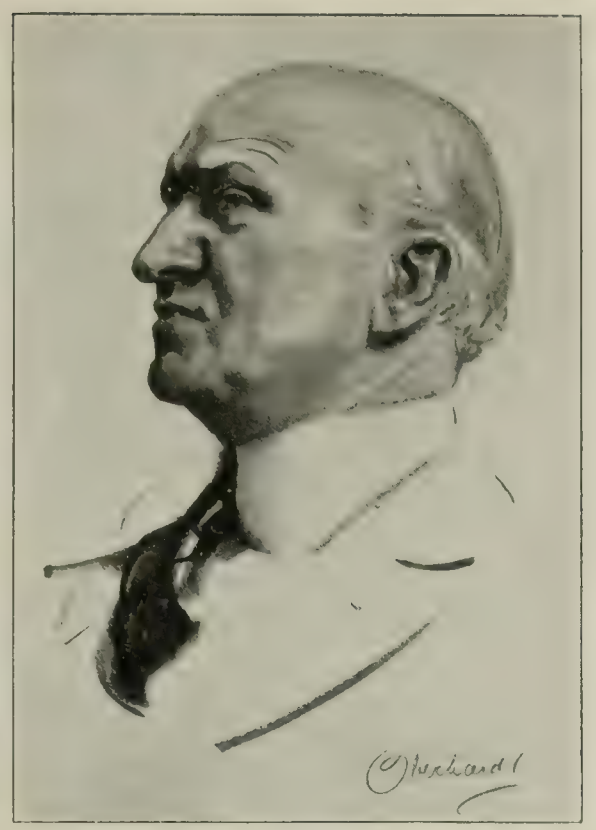


John Alonzo Williams, a veteran illustrator and Salmagundian



Charles Dana Gibson, who is always Charles Dana Gibson

John H. Hutaff, maker of poster designs



Orson Lowell, one of the pillars of strength of the Guild

Wallace Morgan, at the forefront of magazine illustrators

in its making, but in the conditions under which it is bought. Such work is not offered for sale to the general public, but is bought, on order, by men of more or less expert qualification—the art editors of magazines and the art directors of advertising agencies.

As a natural consequence of the highly specialized development of advertising, a number of "art services" were organized. These consist of staffs of salaried artists, under a definite business management, with canvassing representatives who display to all buyers of illustrations and advertising art portfolios of examples of the work of the different staff artists. At the present writing it is a simple statement of fact that such organizations have a perfectly legitimate and useful place in the production of advertising art, if conducted along ethical lines, and it was in opposition to no such organizations that the Guild of Free Lance Artists was founded. That the illustration of books and magazines can ever be developed along primarily commercial lines, provided that the race of art editors does not

C. B. Falls, president, founder and organizer of the league, "First to fight." One of the foremost poster painters of this country

become entirely extinct, is open to grave question, and involves an inquiry too broad for inclusion in the question in hand.

Before putting forward the earnest contentions of the Guild of Free Lance Artists, the writer wishes to make the direct, unequivocal statement that there are organizations for the production of advertising art whose methods are above reproach, and whose work presents qualities of high and uniform merit.

Such organizations, no less, perhaps more, than the free-lance artist, suffer from the practices of supposedly similar organizations whose methods are open to severe criticism, and whose work is of merit neither high nor uniform.

Two of the chief offenses of this type of organization are the exploitation of artists' names, and the charging of more than a legitimate margin of profit on finished drawings. In the first instance, there have been numerous cases in which "art service" organizations have stated that certain artists were "working for" them, conveying the impression that these artists were exclusively in the employ of the service, when, as a matter of fact, the artists, free and unaffiliated, had either executed a drawing on assignment from the "service," or been asked if they would be willing to do so. Many artists who have signified such willingness have been genuinely shocked to find their names printed in a roster purporting to indicate the "talent" actually employed by an organization for which they have never done a pencil stroke. In this manner, and in other ways, artists have too often lost their identity as free and independent workers, and at the same time have received no compensation for such loss.

To catalogue the malpractices of the unethical, unscrupulous and predatory type of "art service" would be a sordid business; most artists and most buyers of advertising drawings would learn from such a catalogue nothing that was new, and the lay imagination, uninformed, could readily conceive of many evils that can result from unintelligent and unscrupulous "organization" of the productive work of artists.

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Charles E. Chambers, an illustrator who comes safely within the "ten best"

Arthur I. Kellar, one of the best known and most able of American illustrators

The Modern Ballet: Embodiment of All the Arts

The Pavley-Oukrainsky Russian Ballet with the Chicago Opera

In the development of the modern ballet the arts of music, drama, sculpture, composition and decorative design are combined in a living expression of the beautiful

A group of pictures from the Pavley-Oukrainsky Russian Ballet, which makes its appearance in New York with the visiting Chicago Opera Company, at the Manhattan Opera House

Music: embodied in rhythm of line and motion

Serge Oukrainsky in a Bacchanal moment. Another decorative aspect of the ballet

Andreas Pavley
Decorative Art: embodied in gorgeous and fantastic costume and in the decorative element of graceful pose

Pantomime — The Wordless Drama: Pavley and Oukrainsky in "The Bird and the Serpent"

The Pictorial Element: The art of design embodied in the group composition of figures

Sculpture: embodied in classic composition, which the Greeks recorded in marble

Stars in Their Courses

The Opera Season at the Rival Houses

By ROLAND WOOD

SOME day, when the managements of the Metropolitan and the Chicago Opera companies have compounded their differences, we shall have two great, permanent and unclashing opera houses. One, the existing Metropolitan, reserved for serious works; the Manhattan, dedicated to lyric opera.

This is the plan which Paris has long favored. It does away with jealousy and ill-feeling. It gives both houses a fair, honest chance. The Opéra-Comique is not a competitor of the Paris Opera—it is its complement.

Meanwhile, for another year or so, the war of the two hostile companies goes on. It may be rather hard on both the rivals. But, as things stand, there seems no help for it. Our operas are today at daggers drawn. And we, the public, get the benefit. The Manhattan has a stronger spell drawn for most of us than the Metropolitan, thanks to its brighter stars and to the novelties it has produced. But there is room for more than one of them.

The appointment of Miss Mary Garden to the directorship has lent lustre to the Chicago enterprise. Though sometimes more uneven in detail than the more stolid, but better disciplined artists of the Metropolitan, the Manhattan singers have delighted us at many of their performances. The stars of the Manhattan, man for man and woman for woman, have more than equalled Mr. Gatti-Casazza's. On the other hand, despite the addition of Maëstro Polacco to the Chicago forces, the orchestra, the chorus, and the settings at the Metropolitan have outdone those at the opposing home of opera.

If, by the waving of a wand, the Manhattan stars could be transferred to the Metropolitan, or the orchestra and chorus, with the stage accessories, of the Metropolitan could be taken to the Manhattan, we should once more have what we had long ago—the finest opera house in the whole world. At present we have two imperfect schemes, each with plain merits and grave flaws. To satisfy those who are critical, the Manhattan must reform its orchestra. The disbanding of one of the New York Symphonies should make this easy. And, next, it should and must reopen its chorus. The Metropolitan, again, should drop some singers, and give us fresher, purer, better stars, more skilled stage management, and a more modern repertory. Till these things happen (as they may next year) we need not boast about our lyric stages. Some see the truth already. Some proclaim it. But many who should do so hold their tongues.

The Manhattan owes its triumphs not to the all-around excellence of the performances seen at that house, but to the appearance in the casts of such artists as Mary Garden, Lucien Muratore, Galeffi, Titta Ruffo, Galli-Curci and the rest, of whom one or two, and notably Joseph Hislop, the Scotch tenor, are newcomers. It would be strange if, with such singers, it could fail at least to draw the crowd; though it may take a little more than all their voices and their art combined to win and hold the approval of judicious opera-goers. For, after all, what one demands of every opera house is more than singing, more than a bright group of stars; it is the interpretation of good operas in a way which does full justice to the composers and librettists. Yes, the librettists also. They are much ignored, but they inspire the men who give us their great music.

Mary Garden, singing director of the Chicago Opera Company

Quite as important as the singers is the orchestra, especially in modern lyric dramas—which we call operas. At times—as at the performances of Henri Février's "Monna Vanna" and Gino Marinuzzi's "Jacquerie"—we have had no cause to complain about the reading of the scores by the musicians. Too often, though, this season the conductors and musicians at the Manhattan have hardly hinted at the intents of the composers.

I am thinking now of "Norma," of "Rigoletto" and of "Manon." The orchestral meanings of those works were lost in many passages; perhaps because the conductors were not used to the acoustics of the house; perhaps because the musicians were inadequate. For all I heard of some instrumental episodes in "Manon," the players might as well have been mere pantomimists. As the maëstro who directed the performance is the best, I dare say fully half the blame should be ascribed to his misgauging of acoustical conditions. But audiences care little about causes. They expect results.

As this is written, half the brief season at the Manhattan has run out. Within three weeks, we have had much delight from it, some disenchantments and some real surprises. Except in "Manon" (which is not well suited to his manly style), Muratore has been a wonder and a joy to all who love good art. As an interpreter of parts like the Prinzevalle of "Monna Vanna," the Don Jose of "Carmen," and Romeo, he towers head and shoulders over all his rivals. He has the style, the impassioned fervor and romance which fit such characters. His des Grieux lacks first the youth, and next the fragile charm the rôle requires. He has art and grace, and, while not a born tenor like Caruso, he gives one vastly more legitimate pleasure.

Beside him, in some operas, has stood that bewildering woman, Mary Garden. It is the fashion here to slight her as a singer and emphasize her qualities as an actress. I have no patience with this condescending attitude. For though she does not always use her voice quite as well as she could, I challenge you to name another artist who can approach her in the "Garden Scene" of "Faust," the grand air ("Depuis le jour") of "Louise," and other vocal tests. Those who make light of Mary Garden's voice and singing cannot have heard her interpret florid parts—for instance, Violetta. She has been trained in the good opera school of Paris, and if, in recent years, she has allowed herself some liberties, it has been largely, if not wholly, for the sake of being free to interpret. She is an artist, first and foremost, in her characters. Her field reaches from the Mélisande of Debussy to the Thais of Massenet. She is always at her finest in poetic parts, not as the courtezans with whom she has been identified too frequently in opera. If she had never given us more than Mélisande, she would have proved her title to high rank and honor.

A great attraction of the present season at the Manhattan is, of course, that phenomenon, Titta Ruffo. He has quite as large a following, in the Italian world, as Caruso. While less discreet and more vociferous, now and then, than his fellow baritones, Galeffi and Stracciari, he has the power to stir up transports of enthusiasm. When he appears, mobs crowd the lobbies of the opera house. The Italians love him, at his best or worst.

Another singer of unusual charm who has been singing with the Chicago company is the Scotch lyric tenor, Joseph Hislop. He has distinction, taste, and a well-trained, fluent voice. He is young and lithe. As Mario and Pinkerton and Rodolfo he can laugh at rivals. He might make a quite remarkable des Grieux.

Raisa, in some parts, is still a power. So is our "Minnesota Nightingale," Florence Macbeth. And so of course is Galli-Curci. We may also hope for much of the American, Charles Marshall, whose assumption of the

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A Grim, Dark, Curious Tragedy

"Eyvind of the Hills," the Work of an Icelandic Dramatist

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

IN "Eyvind of the Hills," produced at the Greenwich Village Theatre a short time ago, at a series of matinées, we were confronted by a grim, dark, curious tragedy. We might dislike it or extol it to the skies. We could not pass it by without exhaustive comment. It is the work of an Icelandic dramatist, whom some have ranked with Björnsen and with Ibsen. A cruel, savage, and romantic play of love and passion, hate and human disenchantment.

Acknowledging all this, as most must do, I cannot say that I perceive in the one work by the late Johann Sigurjonsson yet known to us another "Ghosts" or an equivalent for "Beyond Human Power." I admit the fancy of the author and, through what reads like an uncommonly good translation by Henninge Krohn Schanche, a Scandinavian, I can get glimpses of a real and honest poet. What I do not find in this "Eyvind of the Hills" is the expertness and discretion of the dramatist. Nor does it seem convincing at one point, when, at the end of the third act, it asks an audience to believe that a true mother, even in the wilds of Iceland, would kill her children for such reasons as the heroine's.

For months past the professors in our colleges have raved of "Eyvind." The play has been performed (and liked) at Harvard. It has been talked of and reviewed by many writers. A revelation it appears to some. A disillusion it has seemed to others. To me it is a work of ample promise. But not, by any means, a work to swear by. It is too rambling, too discursive, and ill-knit. Not till the fourth act does it touch the heights of gripping, vital, terrible, tragic truth. To give effect to what its author meant by it, we should have actors of extraordinary powers. It should be played with a broad, rugged, fervid style, by artists able to interpret primitive forces. It needs much pruning for the stage, if not the study. The exposition is dragged out too much. Nor is it till the last half of the second act that it engages and arrests our honest interest.

Halla, a farmer's widow, well to do and brave, loves her overseer, a roaming blade named Kari, who, for what seems to us the trivial crime of sheep stealing, has been sent to jail. He has escaped and joined the outlaws of the hills. But, after Halla and he have gone far in love, the Bailiff Björn, a stern and ruthless soul, own brother of the heroine's dead husband, tracks him down. Again, though, Kari (who has admitted his identity with Eyvind to the widow) gets away. And this time Halla joins him in his flight. Björn, with a posse, follows the two fugitives, and to prevent her second child—the child of Eyvind—from being captured by her merciless brother-in-law, the mother flings her, in a moment of hysteria, into a rushing stream. Before this, as she tells a man named Arnes, she has killed another of her children, who has been threatened with starvation in the snows. She seems to have a baby-slaying habit. And, for my own part, I refuse to accept her motives for her double crime as valid.

"Eyvind"

Margaret Wycherly in "Eyvind of the Hills"

In the acting, to be sure, one overlooks the trifling fact of that first murder. It is not until we have a moment's pause that one asks why or wherefore. Those who are learned in the beguiling ways of Iceland folk may tell us what they please. We feel—we know—that human nature fights against infanticide. We are not shocked when Eyvind stabs Björn. His crime is normal. But that a mother, who adores her babes, would kill them, we cannot admit.

Nor do we ever understand how, with nine men to dog them, the lovers again dodge the law. The author has disdained all explanation of their last escape to a remote hut in the hills, where, in the last and impressive act of "Eyvind," we meet them, growing old and gray and fierce, without one scrap of food between them and starvation. A storm besets them in their wretched home. The wind howls madly and the snow falls thick. Anguish and loneliness, the lapse of years and years, have worn out love and changed it into loathing. This, though it may be dreadful, has the black truth. But, in the acting, the sight of those two victims groping here and there, almost in darkness, as they fling insults at each other, snarling and raging and reviling fate, fills one with a horror so profound as to repel one. Yet—I repeat it—it all seems true, although so pitiful. And when at last, first Halla and then Eyvind, wander out into the wastes, to certain death, one's heart stands still—if one is gifted with a heart.

The persons in the play are strongly drawn. They have, most of them, the firmness of reality, although they have not till now been known to our New Yorkers. In Halla, Sigurjonsson drew a woman who, but for those baby-murders, might have been as impressive as the most classic heroine. Had she been set before us as a new Medea, we might have borne with her. But she is not presented as a new Medea. She is a loving, passionate woman, who apparently adores her children. And yet she murders them. The newspapers tell many tales of misery, of mothers starving with their babies in their arms in cheerless garrets. They never tell of mothers who, to save their children from starvation or harsh uncles, destroy them—as a rabbit does her young.

There are flaws a-plenty in this tragedy. Too many rather vain digressions. Too many needless and at times distracting characters. For instance, the rough boy who bores our souls out and afflicts our ears with his young antics. The dialogue, while poetic, is too often spun out for the sake of literature. But there are passages which linger in the ear. "Distance which makes mountains blue and men seem great" is, perhaps, the best example. The first half of the opening act is futile. It checks the drama and is therefore dangerous. Of the Icelandic "atmosphere" and customs, the most wise of us poor critics know but little. We assume that Mr. Platt, who devised the settings and costumes for the play, went to good sources. His backgrounds, at least, might be true to Iceland.

When she was called upon for tragic force, as she was twice, Margaret Wycherly proved equal to the strain. By sheer art and strength of will she covered up the outrageous facts of the two child-murders, and in the hut scene, at the end, she made one shiver. At the beginning she was just a bit too delicate, too refined, to seem convincing. And, like all the actors, except Edward Robinson, who was admirable as the outlawed Arnes, who goes with Kari to the wilds and there falls in love with Halla, she spoke too evenly, at times too slowly. Such plays as "Eyvind" need variety, and what in music is termed "tempo rubato."

And, none the less, despite the dramatic flaws of Sigurjonsson and the shortcomings of actors in the cast, we owe a great deal to the Greenwich Village management for having introduced to us, with proper reverence, an Icelandic poet.

"Halla"

American Women in the Field of Art

On the right, Mrs. John Henry Hammond, to whom industrial art progress in America owes much of its recent remarkable growth. She has given unsparingly of her time, her funds and her talent to art progress in America as president of the Three Arts Club

Mrs. A. Stewart Walker (below) is the wife of one of America's leading young architects. She has achieved considerable fame as an art patron and as a guiding spirit, with Mrs. Dunlop Hopkins, at the New York School of Applied Design for Women

Mrs. James C. Rogerson (above) was one of the most active spirits in the National Art Committee which fostered the painting of the war portraits recently put on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. Her other principal art activity is the directorship, with Mrs. Alexander, of the Arden Studios

On the left, Mrs. Ellen Dunlop Hopkins, to whose patriotism and genius the New York School of Applied Design for Women is a monument. She was the founder of this school, now internationally famous, and has been its constant inspiration for many years

Mrs. William Astor Chanler (below) is famed both as one of our leading amateur sculptors and for her brilliant relief work during the war when she was instrumental in converting the Lafayette home into a home for American soldiers in Paris

Mrs. Ripley Hitchcock (below) is one of those pillars of strength essential to the maintenancy of the art structure in America. She was the founder of the Three Arts Club, is now president of Art Centre, Inc., and a trustee of the Art Alliance of America

New Subtleties in Motion Picture Photography

Essentially pictorial compositions and subtly related tones have long been the achievement of the æsthetic photographer. To achieve such a result as this with a motion picture camera marks a new stage in cinematic art

These pictures are taken from "Bridges of New York," a film produced by the Kineto Company of America. Photographed by John Wallace Gillies. Copyrighted

A battleship in the Hudson, from Riverside Drive—an impressionistic motion picture

Williamsburg Bridge, a remarkable bit from a strip of motion picture film

High Bridge, over the Harlem River, and the railroad bridge at Spuyten Duyvil. The pictures on this page hold high promise for the future of motion picture photography, because they are not "stills" but are cut from the reel

The Arliss Augmentation of the Films

A Real "Raja" and a Film "Devil"

An Arts & Decoration Interview with George Arliss

IT was an interesting fact not so long ago that everyone of the stars whose pictures were being exhibited at the Rialto, Rivoli, Criterion, Strand and Capitol Theatres of New York City had held at one time or another, and some of them still continue to hold, the center of the stage in several theatres of the spoken drama. Douglas Fairbanks, who was cavorting in "The Mark of Zorro," had but a few seasons past given an inimitable performance in the James Forbes farce, "The Show Shop." Lionel Barrymore, late of "The Jest," later of "The Letter of the Law," offered as his latest characterization the film portrayal of Arnold Bennet's artist who was buried alive in "The Great Adventure." Down the street, blazoning in electric lights from across the night, was the name Conrad Nagel, now the Cecil de Mille leading man in "Midsummer Madness," formerly the successor to Henry Hull in "The Man Who Came Back" and Alice Brady's hero in "Forever After."

Otis Skinner had but the week before gone out on the road with A. E. W. Mason's new play, "At the Villa Rose," while his first film arrived in town from Hollywood and gave us his interpretation of "Kismet." Ina Claire, on 50th Street, was flickering in the Metro production of "Polly With a Past"; at the same time Miss Claire, on 46th Street, was immortalizing "The Gold Diggers." Mary Miles Minter came in "Lavender and Old Lace" and "Eyes of the Heart." Ten years ago we heard her dulcet immature voice in "The Littlest Rebel." Mary Pickford, the Gladys Smith of "The Warrens of Virginia," brought "The Love Light," and Alla Nazimova, of Ibsen, transposed her temperament to "Madame Peacock" and "Billions."

At the Goldwyn offices a preview was presented of Madge Kennedy's "The Highest Bidder"; at the Astor Theatre, the première of "Cornered" marked Miss Kennedy's return to the footlights; at the Belasco, Lionel Atwill, her leading man in "The Highest Bidder," opened in his maiden starring vehicle, "Deburau." The list goes on endlessly: Elliot Dexter, Elsie Ferguson, Gareth Hughes, Ralph Kellard, the Binney sisters, Will Rogers, Percy Marmont, H. B. Warner, William H. Crane, Eugene O'Brien, John and Ethel Barrymore, Geraldine Farrar, Mae Murray and Fritz Leiber. We have one more, George Arliss, and the announcement marks an epoch of its own. The Arliss augmentation sets the firecracker under our contempt: "Movies? Pooh!"

We can no longer pooh the movies. No traffic bluecoat is needed when highways are not traversed, and now that evidence is given to us why respect is forthcoming, there is no necessity for admonition. I asked Mr. Arliss if there had been family aversion to his first entering the profession of the mime. "Yes," he said, "but my mother was a very sensible woman. There were a good many of us and she believed every child should follow his heart's inclinations. The scepticism that is a part of one's general aspect of the stage is curious, and I think it is because of the environment. No parent minds if the offspring becomes a priest. No one looks askance upon a medical degree because physicians are cultured. To be a barrister one must have thorough education; but to be a clown, the merrier, the more successful. As I try to picture the theatre a hundred years ago, those of the community who were players were not socially fit to enter any pious home. That order of things has changed. Our actors today are not vagabonds, and a majority of them are University men. My vocation brings me in contact with so many pleasant people."

George Arliss as the Raja of Rukh in "The Green Goddess"

George Arliss

At the moment, Mr. Arliss must have had in mind Winthrop Ames, his producer, and the critic, William Archer, who wrote his new play, "The Green Goddess." Exactly, we are all keenly aware of the movies now because they bring us in contact with so many intelligent people. A Mr. Griffith, a George Loane Tucker, a June Mathis, a Sir Gilbert Parker, a Joseph Urban, a Ferdinand Earle, an Anita Loos—how can we deride their importance? From the first day Mr. Arliss started to work on his initial cinematic production, "The Devil," reports breezed about the offices and lobbies confiding rumors of his enthusiasm. From the very start Mr. Arliss entered in the right cooperative and happy spirit. He listened to direction; he studied make-up; he consulted about his manuscript, unlike many of the actors who, if they get the opportunity to work before the camera, do so with the attitude that pin money always comes in handy.

I asked him what he found the essential difference between the speakies and the silver sheet to be. His answer I have heard repeatedly, but each individual's conviction manifests a special significance. "The audience," he replied. "I missed that." And remembered how when we met I said of his performance as the Raja of Rukh in "The Green Goddess": "Your work inspires me. I am grateful for what you do not do," and he expressed, "That is good! The more we leave undone, the more your imagination is evoked." It proves he thinks no less of acting than of the audience. Players have told me that the latter counts enormously, and assuredly it does for applause and recognition. But to Mr. Arliss it means attention and stimulation. "You know how it is," he smiled. "Take away from him the divers cocktails a man is used to having before dinner, and in order to enjoy his meal, he must believe he has imbibed. Mark Twain tried to eliminate some experiences from his life in inducing himself to think he had endured them."

But the phantom audience hardly is the one that sits raptly *qui vive,* absorbing every gesture and intonation of this artist. At the Booth Theatre not a sound was heard while the Raja stood, stoic and suave, registering sophistry. The Mother Who Goes To The Theatre With Me whispered, "He's brought repose from the movies." Ah, no! To the screen he took his admirable restraint. It was his first film, and everyone of the expensive

(*Continued on page* 420)

The hall and staircase

The dining-room fireplace

The end of the drawing-room

The Villa Colletta

Tuscan Architecture That Has an Indefinable Charm

By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN

THE Tuscan villa is invested with a peculiarly subtle lure that seems to elude any close analysis. It is one of those mysterious, complex, indefinable influences that one must, perforce, accept as a fact and therewith be content.

It is doubtless due in large measure to the character of the country in the midst of which those villas are set, but there is something much more than that, something which baffles us when we attempt to put our finger on it and define exactly what it is. Everyone who knows the Tuscan villa has felt it, and apparently the spell has been potent in every generation since the villa began to develop as an institution, in the late middle ages. Else it never would have multiplied as it has.

North front of the Villa Colletta on the Via Bolognese, about a mile from Florence

Its capacity for ministering delight is perennial; its quickening charm is every whit as compelling to-day as ever it was when Dante, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, and scores of other great Tuscans, in their several ages, found solace or amusement beneath its roof or within its high-walled gardens; when Brunelleschi, Baldassare, Peruzzi, or Michelangelo helped to shape its form and to amplify, with Renaissance breadth and grace, what their nameless mediæval predecessors had already achieved; or when Mino da Fiesole and his pupils wrought to beautify its interior with many a bit of exquisite sculpture.

Thus much can we say without seeming to pry too closely into the secret of the villa's fascination. The villa life encircles the cities and towns of Tuscany, has a peculiar quality of its own, and in the neighborhood of Florence may be found the quintessence of that quality. Elsewhere in Italy villa life and the character of the villa are totally different.

In the Veneto the villas are great and imposing and are scattered far apart, unless it be in some special spot like the banks of the Canale di Brenta, where they are literally strung together like beads on a necklace. Round about Rome there are comparatively few villas, but all of them comprise estates of great size and magnificence, so that their pleasures are for the favored few, or for those visitors who now and again make pilgrimages thither and stroll admiringly through the grounds. Somewhere else the villas manifest some other common dominating habit. And so it goes.

But in Tuscany, and especially round about Florence, there is a striking ubiquity, or shall we not rather say universality, about the villa. It is everywhere. Sometimes it is large, sometimes it is small; sometimes it is exceedingly magnificent, sometimes simple and unpretentious to the last degree. But its individual Tuscan quality is unmistakable, and it is everywhere. You cannot leave the city gates of Florence, in any direction, without coming straightway into the midst of villas, and by whatever road you go, your way lies between villa walls.

What with this universality, and the diversity in extent existing between the individual villas, it is easy to see that the villa is a luxury well within the reach of even those whose means are but moderate. As a matter of fact, everyone living outside of Florence lives in a villa, except the *contadini,* who live in the little farmhouses attached to the villas.

There is an exceedingly intimate atmosphere about the villas because they are meant to live in and live with, and have always been used in this way. Notwithstanding the obvious domesticity, however, there is no lack of dignity, and even of stateliness. Though some of the villas be small in the actual area of their grounds, yet are they none the less desirable for their environment than are the larger estates, for, thanks to the hilly nature of the land, they have the advantage of a broad outlook over all the other villas nearby.

L'Oriuolo, or the Villa Colletta, in the Via Bolognese, is one of these small villas. Despite the fact of sundry alterations and a few additions, the house itself and its grounds are typical of the hundreds of other small estates that contribute to Florence and to other Tuscan cities so much of the distinctive charm of their environment.

L'Oriuolo originally belonged to the Da Fortuna family, of the castle of the same name in Mugello, and was in their possession at the beginning of the Fifteenth Century. A century later it passed into the ownership of the Niccolini, and subsequently was acquired by the Capponi and by them annexed to the estate of the adjacent Villa Pietra. The Marchese Gino Capponi placed the villa at the disposal of his friend, Pietro Colletta, the Neapolitan historian, who lived here for many years, engaged in his literary labors. A marble tablet, let into the wall of the house, commemorates this fact, and hence the villa derives its present name.

Like so many of the other Tuscan villas, especially those of the smaller sort, the Villa Colletta is a structure of no exterior architectural pretense whatever. In this respect it reminds one of the dictum of a certain British architect

(*Continued on page* 412)

The charm of these early English dwellings exerts itself to-day in our adaptations for modern American country houses

Sulgrave Manor

An American Legacy in England

IF one were looking for symbolic values in the restoration, and in the preservation as American property, of Sulgrave Manor, George Washington's English birthplace, it would be easy to speak of "hands across the sea," and of this charming old English dwelling standing for all time as a monument to the unity of two great English-speaking nations.

Unfortunately, the simplicity and the logical significance of such symbolism are beclouded on the one hand by our type of individual who believes himself to be so English that everything pertaining to "the States" is "crude" and "upstart," and on the other by our over-zealous patriot who has convinced himself that the founders of this country had no English background whatever.

If thought to any great extent comes to be directed toward this charming and picturesque old manor house, it is hoped that it may tell, in its own quiet and dignified way, of the original English background of much that is best and most valuable in our culture and civilization today. It represents the heritage of most of us, for it was from such dwellings that the forefathers of this country, with their courageous wives, came forth over dangerous seas to colonize the New World. How long, and with what feelings must they have looked, for the last time, upon those thatched roofs, the familiar domesticity of their door-yards and the safe tranquillity of grassy lanes!

Those of us today who query the origins of domestic architecture in this country, who feel, perhaps through heredity, a warm longing for the English type of country house, may perhaps find a special message in the birthplace of George Washington. It must tell them that here is a type of architecture that is racially our own legitimate property, a type which can never be alien to our instincts or our manner of living. Whatever manner of house may be questioned as being alien, or an affectation, the English house must always stand as a symbol of the home of all our most instinctive sentiments. The abode of successive past generations of one's own people can never be strange or meaningless.

The entrance of Sulgrave Manor

From such quiet, rural homes of England set forth over unknown seas the colonizers of our country and the founders of our nation

It is not beside the point to say that the restoration and preservation of Sulgrave Manor should be viewed in the light of symbolism, both sentimental and architectural, speaking, across the years, to all of us, and telling us for all time that the continuity of racial evolution is a thing too strong and too subtle to be broken by thousands of miles of ocean or by conflict.

The value of this fine old bit of Tudor architecture was perceived even before the beginning of the war, when a British committee of restoration organized under the presidency of the late Earl Grey. The idea was to buy Sulgrave Manor in order to save it in perpetuity so as to commemorate the hundred years of peace between the two countries, since the Treaty of Ghent, signed in the winter of 1814.

In the present six years' interval the old house has been placed under the care of a board of governors, with the American ambassador as chairman.

Our English background, definitely visualized in Sulgrave Manor, must always be, to most of us, one of the most revered and most beautiful of all our national possessions. May it be well preserved!

Beautiful Furniture Which Enhances its Environment

Photographs courtesy William A. French Co., Minneapolis

The point of interest in a fine English interior of the time of James I. The Caen stone fireplace and richly carved overmantel emblazoned with the original owner's armorial device, typifies in its architectural predominance that respect and interest which mankind pays to the hearth. The bench is an exceptional piece of Elizabethan design, possessing the rich qualities of the furnishings of such stately homes as Haddon and Hardwicke Halls

In this room the walls are deep rich prune color mottled with dark blue and the furnishings rely more upon color than form for the resultant richness. The commode is decorated in the late Eighteenth Century manner, the predominating color being turquoise blue. The contemporary French tables are antiques of tulipwood and the couch is covered in a wool tapestry in which mauve and green are the prevailing colors

The charm of this bedroom lies in the absolute simplicity of line and color. Built on Queen Anne lines, it is embellished with a few carefully chosen details of that period, as the foliated shell and pendant and the cartouche which decorates the cabriole leg

The character of this room is obviously masculine. The furniture is of oak, and shows an application of Jacobean motifs to modern furniture design. So virile was the character of Seventeenth Century furniture that any reproduction of its details imparts to the piece the very spirit of masculinity

The Furniture Designer Keeps Pace with the Decorator

Photographs courtesy William A. French Co., Minneapolis

Here reproductions of Tudor furniture are shown in an old setting. So skilfully have these pieces been finished that the wear of centuries seems apparent. Such furnishings possess as much charm and atmosphere as would be had by long association with mankind

Below, a small iron console with black glass top completes the narrow wall space of this room. The mirror frame is of iron, with details decorated in polychrome. The walnut chair is a copy of the Italian Renaissance. It is covered with antique scarlet velvet

On the right, note the monastic simplicity of this grouping. The chairs are Spanish, covered in painted leather and the chest, with its fine linenfold, is a characteristic piece of the English furniture that preceded the Renaissance

Above, typical of the dignity and luxury of the Renaissance are these chairs and console. The studied austerity of Renaissance interiors was the foil for the chromatic profusion of their fabrics and decorations. The rich crimson silk velvet of the upholstery against the marble trimmed stone wall gives a feeling of warmth and dignity

Playing at Sculpture in Miniature

A Page of Informal Essays in Wood, Ivory and Clay

"Three Old Men"—a miniature wood carving by H. M. Linding, delightfully obvious and surprisingly endowed with character

Another wood carving by H. M. Linding—so graphic in its rendering that its title, "The Fortune Teller," is superfluous

This minute ivory figure was released from the solid substance of a discarded billiard ball by Charles C. Christodoro

From the pages of books of adventure and romance and piracy Franklin Dwight models miniature figures of heroes and villains

Rugged and large in effect and extraordinarily modelled in detail, "The Gob" is another work by Christodoro

On the left, Franklin Dwight's miniature version of Long John Silver, the beloved villain of "Treasure Island"

On the right, a remarkable study of action in miniature—two pirates making heavy work of a treasure chest, by Franklin Dwight

(Pictures on this page copyright by Keystone View Company)

Travels in the Middle West

Random Impressions of Musical Life

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

BUFFALO is hardly the Middle West, I suppose, or at most only the edge of it, but it happened to be Buffalo that provided me with one of those symbols that so easily come to stand in one's mind for a whole situation. If you are fortunate enough to visit in Buffalo, in one of those capacious, dignified and often beautiful "homes," colonial, English or French, that line nearly the whole length of Delaware Avenue, you will find life moving with an ease, a grace, a charm that New York itself, being too hurried, hardly equals. But if you live in a hotel, and if it is so far uptown that you are obliged often to take your meals elsewhere, you will find to your dismay that in that capital matter of food you are soon reduced to what seems almost a struggle for existence. You may lunch well enough at a cafeteria, if need be; but at the thought of dining there your heart quails. Yet that peculiarly American institution, with its clash of dishes, its glare of unshaded high-power lights, its full visibility to the street, in some instances its jazz music intensifying the noise of the dishes, and its general air of "every man for himself, and the devil take the dyspeptic," does represent not unfairly all the crassness, the harshness, the good-natured hustle and "zip" of the Middle West. After a few days of such an existence a lover of amenity, of quiet and seclusion, of leisure and repose, becomes almost aghast in this maelstrom, as if he were a swimmer caught in Niagara. So, when I read in Buffalo the sign: "Begin the day right with a steel breakfast," I was only mildly surprised. Of course, as I soon found, Steel was the name of the proprietor; but anything seems possible in Cafeterialand.

Thus Delaware Avenue with its sumptuous "homes," and Main Street with its cafeterias, and nothing between them for a modest professional man with a thin pocketbook and a thin skin, reminded me once again of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's admirably explanatory formula for us in his "America's Coming of Age"—for all of us, not only for the Middle West—"the Highbrows on top, the Lowbrows at the bottom, and a vacuum in the middle." Is not that vacuum the trouble with our music, as with so much else? In one Ohio city, for instance, which shall be nameless, I dined before lecturing in the café of the best hotel, where a piano, a violin, a banjo and a drum hurled "jazz" at the defenseless ears of the diners with an insistence that reminded me of the savage rhythms I intended to cite in my lecture; and I naturally could not help wondering how far from them we had really evolved. That relentless insistence on the trivial which characterizes "jazz"—as if one were to shout in your ear, thumping you at every noun, such phrases as "Sooner or later, Nevertheless, Hit-or-miss, Razzle-dazzle, Watch-your-step, Follow-the-leader—" it is not just our modern version of the savage with his tom-tom, his "patting-juba," his shout or groan? And of what use to talk of Bach or Beethoven to people who prefer this stirabout to, say, Nevin's "Narcissus" or Dvorak's "Humoresque"? Bach and Beethoven seem to belong on Delaware Avenue, where a few listen to them because they love them, and most tolerate them because it is the proper thing.

Then there were the men I talked with on the trains, men of all classes, in Pullman cars, coaches, and smokers—their outstanding quality was the same harshness, hardness, joyless efficiency. I recall especially a California fruit raiser I fell into talk with in the dining-car. He was a bright-eyed, thin-nosed, grizzle-haired, quick-moving man, and all his talk was of prices, profits, freight rates, labor costs, standards of living, taxation, and the like. His one interest in the world was to exploit it, or to discover who was exploiting it, or how it might be exploited. So it was with most I talked with, at least of the well-to-do, so that I wondered how they could endure a universe in which nothing was of value for itself, but only for what you could turn it into, sell it for, or make out of it. Naturally, men so obsessed by the possessive instinct never dreamed of regarding things æsthetically, for their intrinsic interest. If you had spoken to them of art, they would have thought you were talking of something remote and "highbrow"; of something in a museum; they would have been puzzled if you had suggested that making daily life agreeable was art, too, that shading a glaring light in the diner, suppressing unnecessary noise, spacing the names of the dishes on the bill-of-fare, garnishing their chop with parsley, were all artistic activities.

It is this relentless exploitation of everything, this harsh ignoring of any possible charm in anything, that makes one sometimes despair of America. But the humbler classes make one hope again; having less things to exploit, being less insulated from life by money, they have tasted more of its savor. You will find much more response to beauty, as a rule, from Pullman car porters than from the cigarred and bediamonded princes of trade they serve. They are often almost child-like in their approval of a pretty thing, whether the full moon seen reflected in a lake or a more than usually successful "shine." A railroad foreman who saw me reading music, seated next him in the smoker, asked me if I traveled for a publisher or played the piano. He confided that his daughter, nineteen, had "taken piano" for some years, and that he wished I would tell him a nice piece to buy for her. Just now she was playing "Spring-Song," by—by—yes, that was it, Mendelssohn. For he liked her to play some regular pieces "and not always this jazz stuff," which she didn't like much, either, though her friends, of course, asked for it. I suggested Schumann's "Traumerei." He was no less intelligent and keen than the fruit grower, but his faculties were less sharpened to a point, his nature was richer and more leisurely.

IT was observations like these, trivial as they may be, that made me surer than before that if we are ever to fill that vacuum Mr. Brooks describes so vividly it must be more by building up from below than by filtering down from above. No doubt both processes are useful, but the latter does not usually go so far as the former, and is subject to unforeseen miscarriages and paralyses. The evening I lectured at the Conservatory in Cincinnati, an excellent group of ensemble players were doing the César Franck Quintet and the Debussy Quartet at a private house. Delightful for the guests, but one always wishes those influences might permeate further than they do. At the Institute of Musical Arts in Rochester, lavishly endowed by Mr. George Eastman, I found Mr. Alf Klingenberg, the director, exulting, as he well might, in his success in inducing Jan Sibelius to come to the Institute to teach composition. To bring over so distinguished a musician is certainly a feather in Mr. Klingenberg's cap. And yet one could not help thinking "Sibelius and Rochester, N.Y.!" One hoped it would not be Dvorak and New York City again, the champion of Beauty swallowed by the Beast he came to save. Sibelius *versus* Rochester—which will win?

What Mr. Klingenberg told me of the students' orchestras in the Rochester schools really interested me more than the advent of Sibelius. It seems that there is such keenness to learn the instruments that the stock of them which Mr. Eastman bought for the schools is constantly on loan. Here is a potent yeast at work. Every boy who learns to play a simple melody on the violin is thereby rendered to some extent immune to jazz-fever; and when you get boys and girls playing together in school orchestras you are forming in the only sure way a musical public for the future. Mr. Karl Gehrkens gave me similar heartening news of his student orchestras at Oberlin, Ohio, and Mr. Samuel Lockwood of his at Ann Arbor, Michigan. Mr. Lockwood has an orchestra of over sixty students, with every instrument except the bassoon, I believe, represented. They rehearse every Sunday morning, and play such things as the Schubert "Unfinished Symphony," the Grieg "Peer Gynt Suite," and accompaniments for concertos performed by local soloists, in which Ann Arbor is rich. Such active personal participation in making music as this is, I am convinced, the surest way to develop a genuine taste, especially when it is combined with hearing the best artists and organizations, such as the Flonzaley Quartet and the Chicago and Detroit Symphony Orchestras, which the tireless energy of Dr. Albert A. Stanley brings to Ann Arbor each year.

HERE in Detroit one cannot but be struck by the many strands of by-influence that radiate out from so vital an organization as Gabrilowitsch has made of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra in two years. Quite aside from the immeasurable influence on public taste of the concerts of the orchestra itself, there are the activities of groups like the Detroit Symphony String Quartet and the Detroit Symphony Ensemble (strings, woodwind, and piano), constantly disseminating a love of the best in music. There is also a close cooperation between the Symphony Society and the Detroit Public Library, which we in the East might do well to emulate. The library supplies material from week to week for the programs, concerning composers and schools exemplified, and no doubt the concerts in turn send many readers to the music shelves of the library, which is soon to move to its fine new building well out on Woodward Avenue.

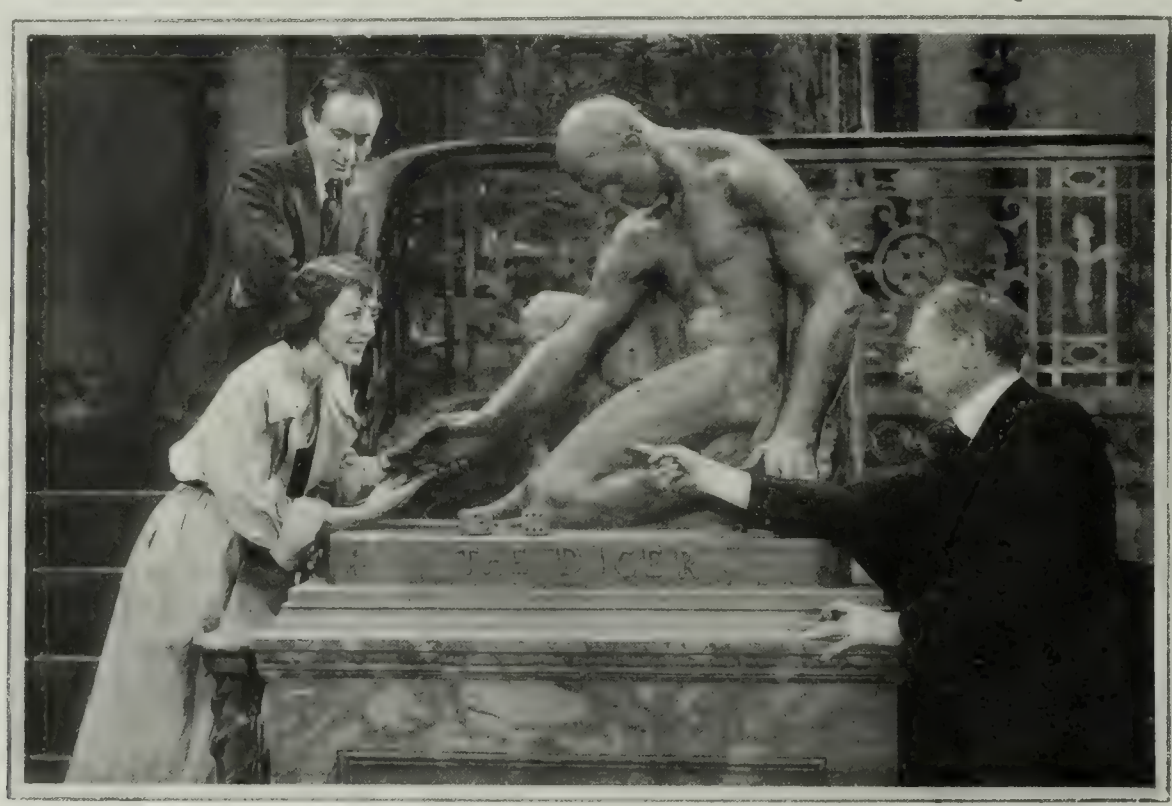
There is, then, much musical activity, of many kinds, in the Middle West. And if it still remains true that the sensitive, neither born to Delaware Avenue nor inured to Main Street, must still begin their day there, artistically speaking, with a "steel breakfast," they may yet look forward to dining at last on a more nutritious and inviting fare.

"Without Limit"—a Film of Gambling That Takes No Chances

Remarkable Settings in a New Production of Metro Picture Corporation. M. P. Staulcup, Art Director

The great gaming room, with the statue of "The Dicer" at the stairway, seen through the arch

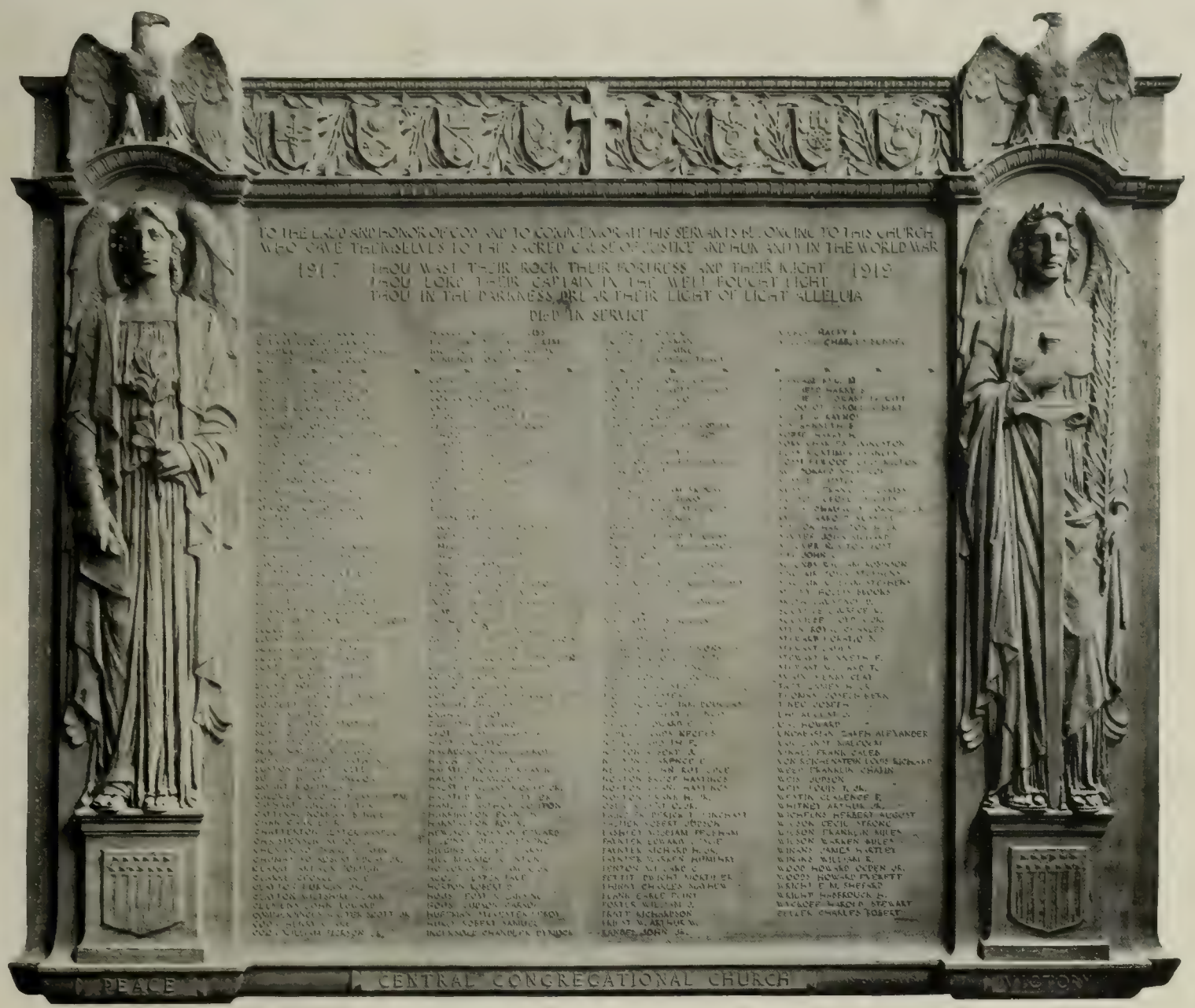
The setting for a modiste's shop, which enters the story, exemplifies the thoroughness with which the Art Director works



The setting of the gambling house called for a statue of a Roman dicer, and in order to carry out the scheme, the statue was specially modeled. The sculptress, Lucinda Davies Dubel, is discussing the statue with George Baker (right) and M. P. Staulcup (left)

A detail of interior decoration in an apartment which figures in the film, "Without Limit"—an instance of the newer standards of motion pictures

The complete composition of the stairway and the specially modeled statue of "The Dicer," as seen through the arched doorway of the gaming-room



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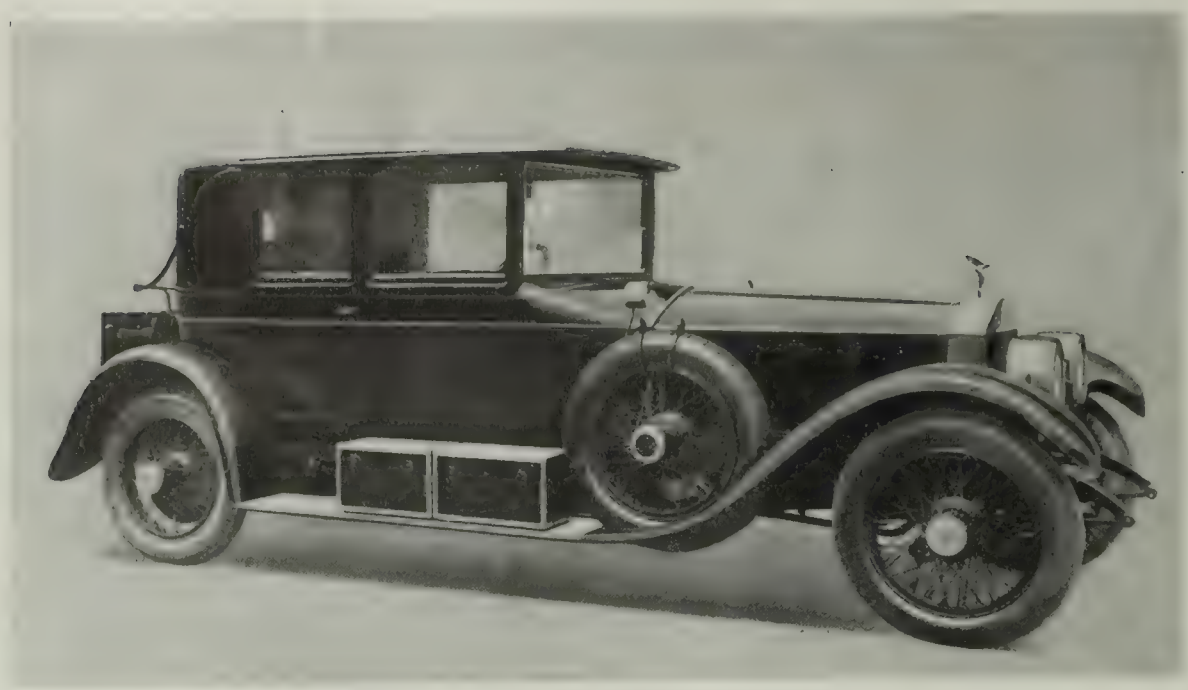


Rolls-Royce coupé with body, by F. R. Wood & Co.

Automobile Custom Coach Work

How the "Special Body" is Designed and Built

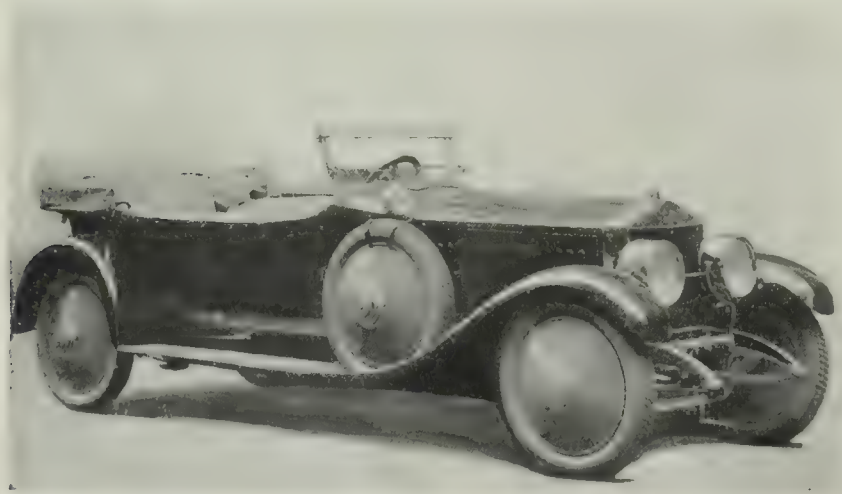
By BLAKE OZIAS

THE business of the coach-builder is a venerable one and an honorable. The stage coaches of the kings and queens of the old world were gorgeous creations. And they were built to serve their royal passengers for many generations. In design and decoration they achieved real artistic distinction. So much so that many fine old examples are preserved in museums along with the products of other crafts. Wonderfully carved and beautifully enameled panels heavy with gold leaf harmonized with upholstery of the most exquisite fabrics, while grace and dignity characterized every line. Stately equipages they were, and the coach-builder who possessed the coveted "warrant" to build them was highly honored.

The ancient coach-builder and the more modern carriage builder built the complete carriage. No very great engineering skill was required in building a horse-drawn vehicle. But with the advent and rapid development of the motor car most carriage builders abandoned the idea of building the complete carriage and confined themselves to equipping with bodies—that is to say, doing the coach work—the chassis built by others. There are a number of exceptions, to be sure—carriage builders who became motor car manufacturers; but there are many coach-builders who build motor car bodies only, and it is with the work of these that we are concerned in this article. Here in America most automobile builders also build complete cars, both chassis and body; but the more critical buyers invariably prefer to buy from the manufacturer the chassis only and have it fitted with a body especially designed and built to suit the individual taste. In Europe almost no chassis builder builds bodies at all. The coach work has remained exclusively the province of the coach-builder.

The plain dignified interior of a town brougham built by Holbrook

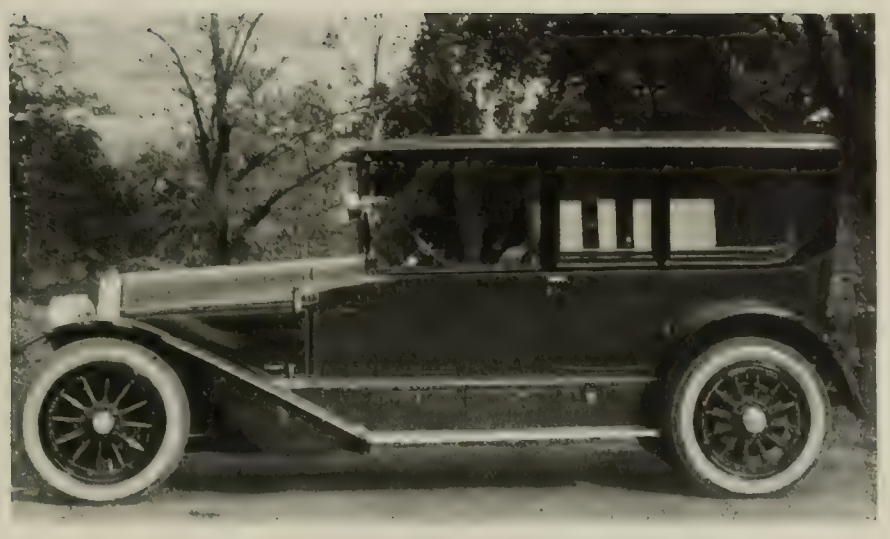
The designing and building of a fine motor car body requires much engineering skill and a great deal of creative genius directed along many lines. The first duty of the body-builder is to construct a body that will withstand the vibration and strains of travel at high speeds over roads not always as smooth as a billiard table. This is no mean task. Then come the considerations of comfort and style, or smartness. These two factors present to the designer almost constantly conflicting claims. It would not be so very difficult to design a beautiful motor car body if com-



Rolls-Royce touring car, with body by Brooks-Ostruk

Sunbeam cabriolet, with body by Brooks-Ostruk

Brewster cabriolet, with body by Brewster



Locomobile limousine, with body by Locke

fort could be disregarded, and it would be comparatively easy to design a comfortable body if the claims of beauty were neglected. But to achieve both beauty and comfort is an accomplishment that requires a degree of inventive genius and experimentation rarely guessed at by the average rider who is satisfied with and proud of his fine motor car in which he traverses The Avenue.

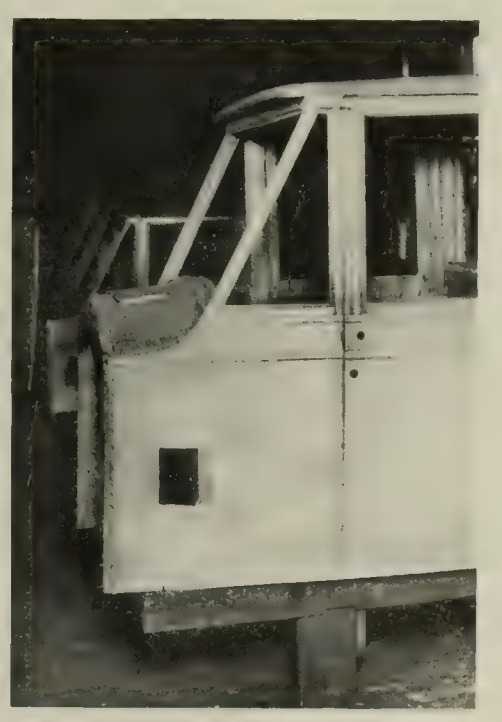
Building a body for a fine motor car chassis is almost as much of a job as building a house, and certainly quite a tidy little house could be built for the price you pay today for the highest grades of motor coach work. From five to seven thousand dollars is the usual figure. And the process is not so different from house building, either. The first thing to be done is to secure a design that pleases the individual for which the job is to be built. This is usually submitted in the form of a pencil or pen and ink drawing, colored as the body is to be finally painted. There are men whose profession is the making of such designs and who work independently of the actual body builder. They are like the architect who plans your house but does not build it. In these cases the body builder takes the place of the building contractor, working from the designer's plans. All body builders of any importance, however, have their own designers and design most of the jobs that they build.

After the design is finally approved a complete set of working drawings is prepared, and from these are made individual patterns, of full size, of every important post, panel and frame that goes into the construction of the finished job. These patterns then go to the wood-working department, where the parts are first roughly cut out and then finely and accurately machined. This is done with the greatest care, for it is in this way that rattles and creaks and cracks are avoided.

When these parts are completed the "shell" or wooden frame work is "stuck" together. This is the term used in the shop, but it does not do justice to the process. The putting together of the shell requires the utmost care and exactness. The parts are both glued and screwed together and are elaborately doweled and tennoned. When the shell is completed it is as solid as a rock; and if it can be kept from absorbing moisture and drying out it will remain solid as a rock for many years.

After the shell is completed the body is "metalled." In modern practice in this country the entire surface of the body except the roof is covered with metal, and almost invariably with aluminum. This metal is used for the obvious reason of its lightness in weight, but it has the added advantages of being easily worked into shape and of taking the color (paint) well. In metalling an automobile body there are many short curves and sharp angles that the sheet of aluminum must conform to, where its pliability without danger of cracking is an advantage. The shaping of the metal sheets is done almost entirely by hand, and in a well built body they hug the surface of the wood as tightly as a well fitting glove fits the hand.

When the body is completely metalled it is ready for the paint shop, where any slightest irregularities of its surface are carefully smoothed out by rubbing. Then it gets its priming coats of a neutral color, and finally the color of the finished job and the varnish. No good coach builder puts on less than eighteen coats of paint and varnish, and the process is not unlike the finishing of a piano or a fine piece of furniture. Of course, the paint and varnish must be of the very best quality and of a kind capable of withstanding great extremes of temperature and complete exposure to the elements.



Two stages in the process of body building

The completed body designed by Holbrook for a Packard chassis

In most coach builders' shops it is customary to do the upholstery work in conjunction with the painting. Time is saved in this way, since between each of the eighteen coats of paint and varnish there is the time necessary for drying. A first class body is never upholstered with anything but the finest grades of curled hair and the best of leather or fabric. These fabrics cost anywhere from ten to twenty dollars a yard, and most of the better grades are imported from England or France. In the selection of these cloths, their texture and design, done always in connection with the choice of the exterior color scheme of the car, there is an opportunity for pleasant harmony or striking contrast.

In addition to the construction, painting and upholstery, there remains the matter of fittings, door and window regulator handles, lighting fixtures, vanity cases, smoking sets and whatever fol de rols the owner may desire. Very elaborate vanity and toilet cases were in vogue a few years ago, but the tendency in this country today is toward the simplest sort of convenient pocket, fitted with perhaps nothing but a small silver-framed mirror.

There is also the dictograph or telephone equipment for speaking to the chauffeur that has been installed during the construction of the body, along with the elaborate system of electric wiring.

Poiret, Interpreter of His Own Age

An Artist Who Considers Architecture the Base of All Arts

A Special Interview to ARTS & DECORATION

Poiret's working desk

POIRET considers architecture as the base of all arts. Even music to him is only a construction of sounds. Those who know Poiret's talent as a violinist and a musician will not retain this remark as a mere opinion, but will rather see in it the psychological trend of a mind that guides this artist in everything he is creating. And when this artist speaks of architecture, does he not mean the respect of line and the confinement to geometrical laws? As a decorator and couturier he obeys these laws, and if he applies them to a coat or to a chair it is because to him, like to any painter, composer, or builder who possesses the sense of proportion, all that is right from the architectural point of view is bound to be beautiful. He believes that new forms exist only in objects that are created for our modern needs, and since nowadays the need of comfort and mechanics dominates everything else, it is only in objects in which art applies itself logically and intelligently to mechanical laws that real beauty and new forms can be found. In years to come scientists will probably be able to explain the force that prompts the instinct of the artist to master the equilibrium of masses and volumes in perfect unison with the machine.

In the meanwhile, and on account of this unknown force, an engine designed, as it would seem, for a purely scientific purpose, can procure great æsthetic enjoyment even to such a refined artist as Paul Poiret, who, after he had seen at the aviation meeting of Bac the new American flying machine of Dayton Wright, proclaimed it *le comble de l'art.*

Approaching clothes as an architect, Paul Poiret was the first among couturiers to build his clothes over an uncorseted figure. Thus, within the cylinder of the chemise dress, at last the shoulders have found their natural parallel in the released reins. The torso begins to breathe and every gesture and attitude of the freed body through the folds of Poiret's clothes beautifully affirms the architectural tendencies of the modern movement in art.

Even if we admit that it is logical and infallible for an object to be purely modern and artistic, not only because of its forms, but for the scientific *raison d'être* that compels it to such forms, we still respond to art with too much emotion to be willing to accept any synthesis without beauty.

To be modern a costume does not have to be covered with futurist patches or otherwise possess the outward peculiarities by which the public rather recognizes than feels modern art. Therefore it matters little if Poiret, who possesses to the highest degree the supreme sense of proportion and a most extraordinary palette,

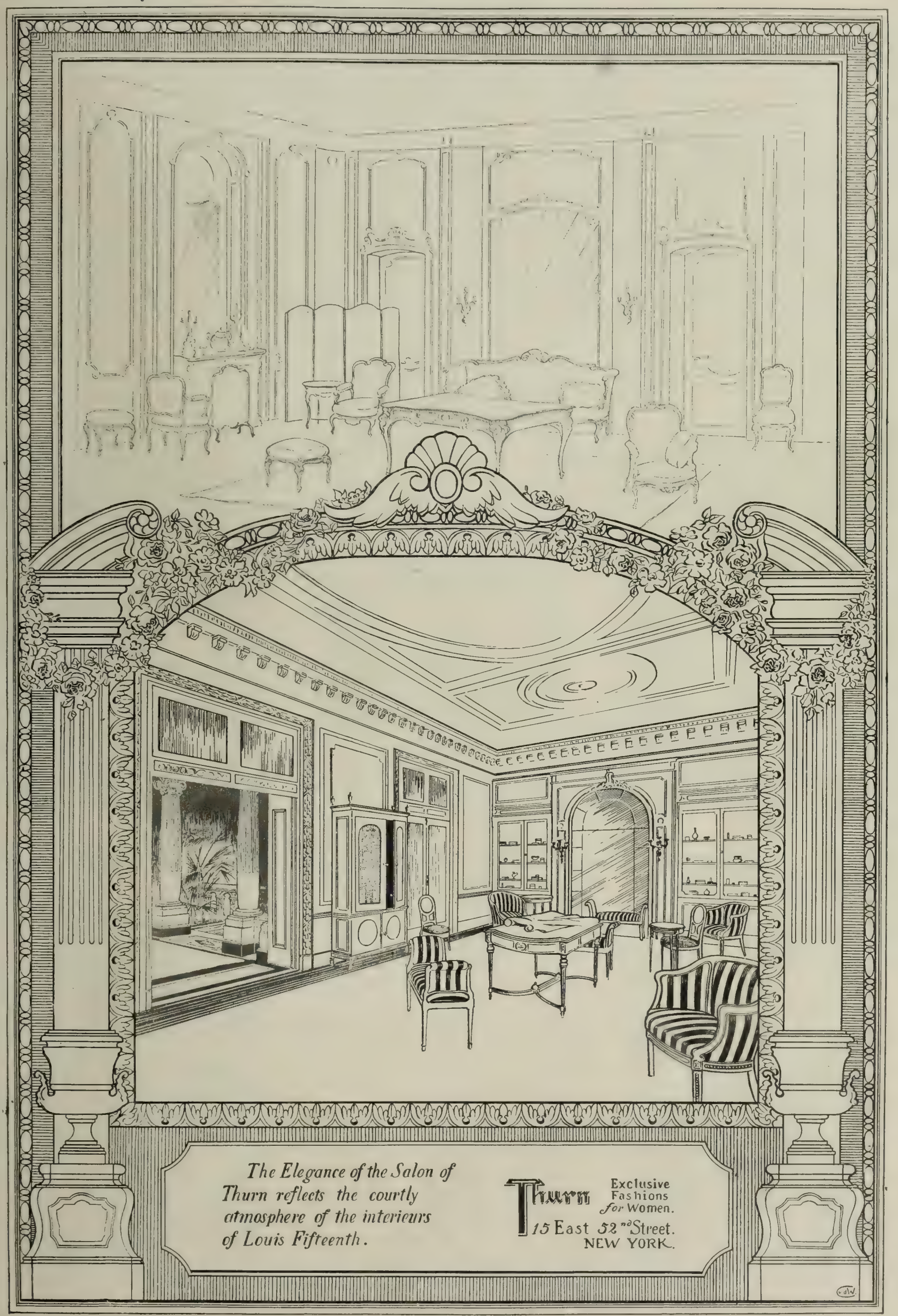
Design, Les Pommes, made in Poiret's school, Martine

The desk closed

Paul Poiret with one of his designs in china

takes often his inspiration from lands that are not ours or times that are not modern. At the hour he creates, any land or period may touch his sensibility. The important thing is that his sensibility is keenly modern and all he creates imposes itself through beauty. For no other reasons this man, who makes costumes and designs furniture, is proclaimed an influence by all modern artists. The subtlety with which he evokes a period and gives to it the zest of modernism, creating a sympathetic contact with the public and stimulating its artistic appreciation, has made his collaboration to scenic art invaluable. Just lately, in *L'homme à la Rose*, he designed all the costumes of picturesque Spain in the days of Don Juan, and is fully sharing the artistic success of this new play by Henri Bataille. As in the dresses of his dressmaking salons, these stage costumes are built in masterly strokes—the materials and colors are sumptuous and the details precious in their finesse.

To Poiret's mind an object is not artistic unless by its touch an artist can receive the full enjoyment of its perfection. The knob that is used to open the drawers of his desk, through its form and polish, is brought to procure such enjoyment, and with the same intention the corners of his tables are harmoniously curved. And since his dresses, perfect in their structure, become poems of symmetry simply through his clever application of textures and colors; since his "interiors," composed with furniture perfect in architectural precision and framed by walls decorated with fruit and flowers of enamel and mosaic, are like modern ballads, should not Poiret be called a poet rather than an architect?


The Elegance of the Salon of Thurn reflects the courtly atmosphere of the interieurs of Louis Fifteenth.
Thurn
Exclusive Fashions for Women.
15 East 52nd Street.
NEW YORK.

"From the Books of—"

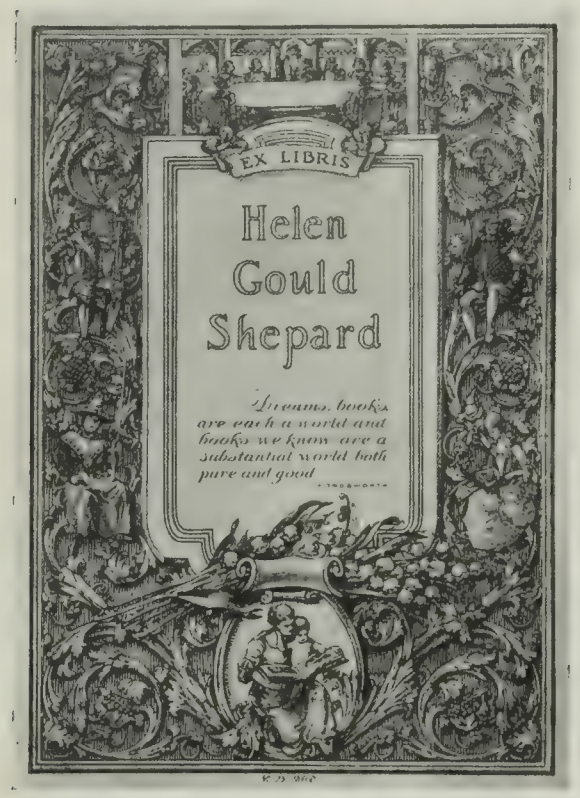
Book-plates by Elisha Brown Bird

By MATLACK PRICE

IT is so long, now, since the great vogue of the book-plate, about fifteen years ago, that the casual observer might almost suppose they weren't being made or used nowadays.

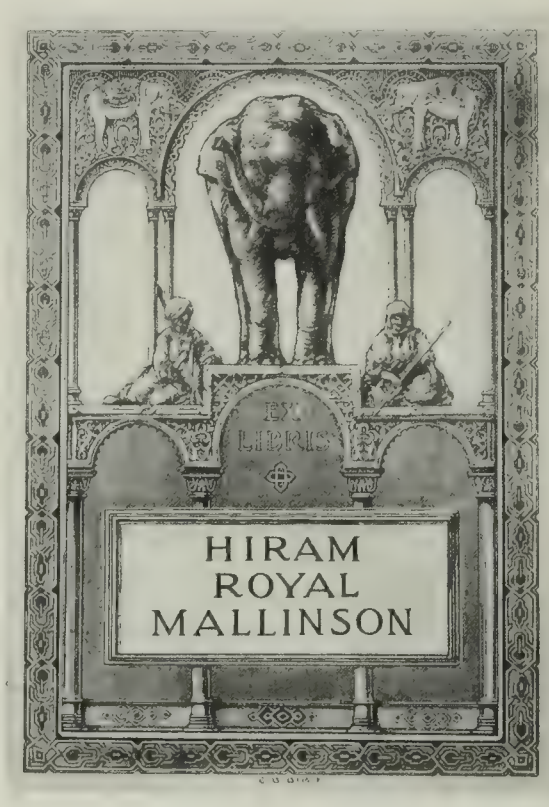
Fortunately, however, book-plates will always be used as long as people use books and as long as a certain proportion of those people care for their books.

Regardless of the historic origin of book-plates, which would involve an academic thesis on the subject, the booklover's real reason for wanting a book-plate is two-fold. He wishes to mark his ownership of the book, which he treasures, and because he really cares for the book he cannot bear the idea of writing his name on one of its front pages, and must therefore make his mark of ownership artistic.



And so a carefully, and perhaps beautifully designed label is made, bearing the owner's name and other things, and this is neatly pasted in the inside of the book's front cover.

Of all the many forms of applied art, the design of book-plates should certainly be governed least by fixed rules. Every book-plate is an individual and personal thing, and the design is at its best when it conveys some idea of the personal tastes or interests of its owner. The reason for the prevalence of heraldic book-plates in early days is obvious: the coat-of-arms was the most distinctive, as well as the most personal, motif for all who possessed any books, and even today, when heraldic devices have lost much of their original significance, they are peculiarly appropriate on book-plates.



No object is to be gained by attempting to classify different types of book-plate design, for each is the result of a special set of requirements, and many of the finest book-plates ever designed have combined elements from several different types. Every book-plate, in fact, must be judged on its own merits, and, generally speaking, on two scores: idea and execution.

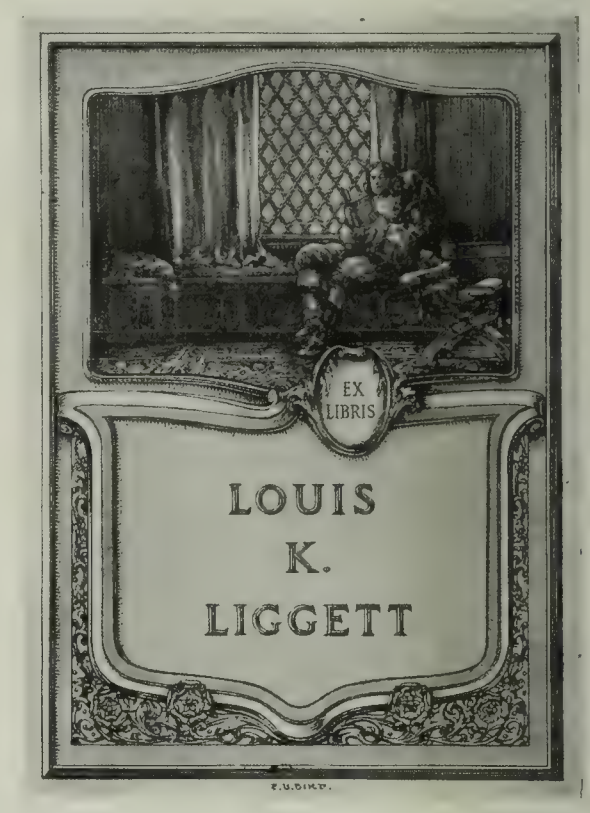
Ideas in book-plates are not nearly so essential as ideas in some other forms of applied art, yet there is a certain *desideratum,* which is appropriateness. Wherever possible, the idea should be one not too remotely connected with books, and combining, if possible, the idea of books with the owner's tastes.

Another aspect of appropriateness is found in making the book-plate as nearly as possible suitable for use in the various kinds of books comprised in the average library. A certain degree of dignity, no matter how informal the design, is a good standard, for a dignified book-plate seen in a copy of "The Young Visiters" does not offend the sensibilities nearly so much as a frivolous or humorous book-plate in a fine edition of "Plutarch's Lives."

Many book-lovers who specialize in such special kinds of books as "Americana" solve the problem by having a special book-plate of highly appropriate design, in addition to the plate for use in their general libraries. The practical problem of large and small books is readily solved by making the same design in two or three sizes.

Another special type of book-plate is the plate designed for libraries or collections of books which are given or bequeathed.

Among the most representative of living American book-plate designers is E. B. Bird, several of whose plates illustrate this page. Mr. Bird's book-plate designs show a fine degree of carefulness—that quality which so beautifully distinguishes plates which bear the signatures of French, Sherbourne and Spencely. Delicate and painstaking execution accomplishes scale in a book-plate design and makes it a distinctly æsthetic addition to the finest and rarest of books.



THE Charm of the Breakfast Room is unquestionably enhanced by the introduction of carefully chosen painted furniture.

If thoughtfully designed such furnishings possess the quality of Permanence and are in no way faddish.

Pieces of fine painted furniture may be the basis for a delightful decorative scheme, imparting to this room distinctive individuality.

WM. A. FRENCH & CO.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

INTERIOR DECORATORS
AND MAKERS OF
FINE FURNITURE

The Hand of the Designer in Advertising Art

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*In these two pages it is the editor's intention to deal each month with certain of the more distinctive features of advertising art as aided and furthered by art, and to comment upon examples which are distinguished by the merit of ideas as well as execution which raise them above the ordinary.*

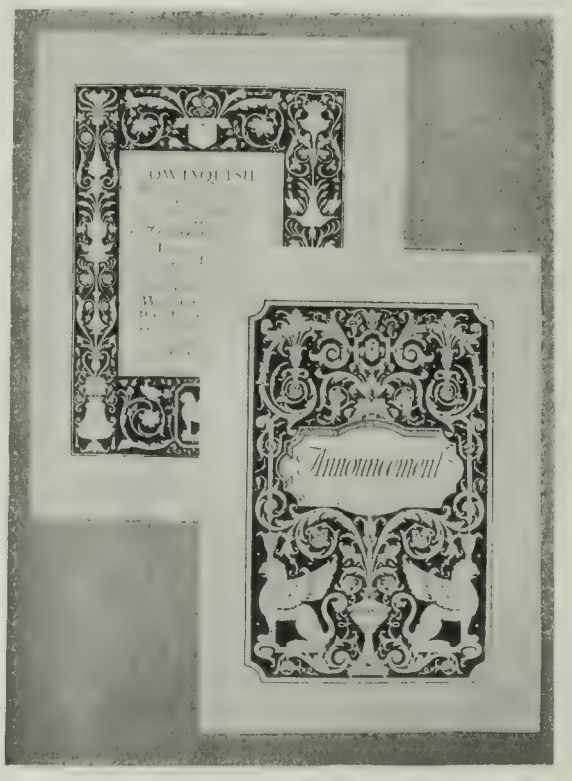
A STORY, which is none the less significant for being amusing, is told by Mr. C. B. Falls, the well-known designer of posters and decorative illustrations. Many years ago Mr. Falls was doing some initials and head and end ornaments for a magazine, and, upon trying to explain the nature of these drawings to a lady who was interested in his work, he found it impossible to convey to her mind just what the things were. Finally he showed her the drawings, and some pages in a magazine which had used some of his work before. "Oh," she said, "I never knew that anybody *did* those things."

Exactly. A great many people think that beautifully drawn borders and initials and typographical decorations somehow "happen." Many more people do not notice them at all, and thereby miss a rich field of enjoyment which belongs to those who have, by natural instinct or study, an appreciation of the beauties which may exist in the printed page or in other printed things.

There is so much poor typography and careless designing that the more credit is due to those artists who have devoted themselves entirely to careful and studious *design* in the field of advertising. As in every phase of advertising, more good things are being done each year, and a few conscientious designers are holding up a high standard in decorative design which will have a cumulative effect as time goes on.

Looking back a few years, older students of decorative design as related to type and the printed page will remember, with a very real fondness, the pioneer work of Will Bradley, who was one of the first men in the era of modern advertising to practice and urge the use of better design for borders, initials, typographic decorations and all that goes to make up a pleasing and well-studied piece of printing.

At New Year's two designers sent forth this ship of greeting, in a large print done in woodcut style. The Brothers Rosa have added many finely drawn decorations and pieces of lettering to advertisements



Two bits of decorative work and lettering by O. W. Jaquish, characteristic of his finely drawn adaptations of Renaissance motifs

An unusually distinguished full page advertisement drawn by T. M. Cleland, in the manner of an early copper-plate engraving

The master-typographer of today, in the matter of type design and typographic decoration, is Fred W. Goudy, upon whose work, as well as that of Will Bradley, the writer hopes to present an entire paper.

Certain other designers today are assured of their place in the annals of the printing art in this country, and it is upon their work that the present comment is based.

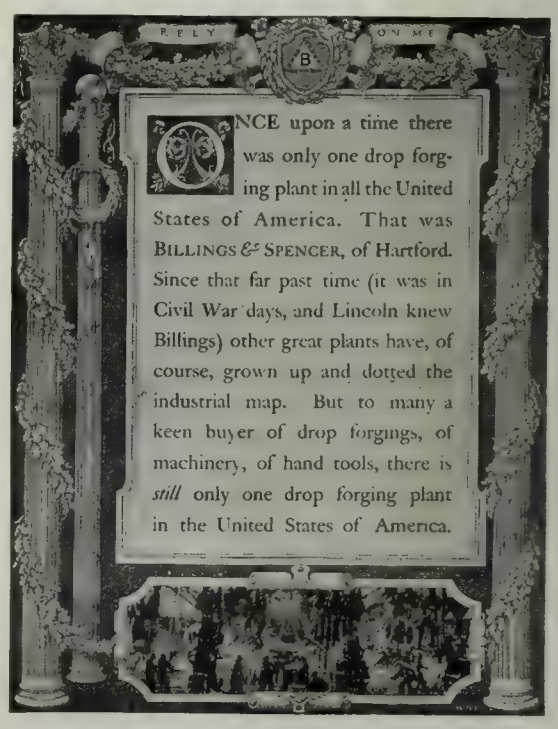
T. M. Cleland, W. D. Teague, O. W. Jaquish and the brothers Guido and Lawrence Rosa are contributing to advertising art a degree of study and a *finesse* of execution which exert a profound influence upon the merit of much contemporary work.

Mr. Cleland is both designer and typographer, as are the others, and, indeed, it is essential that the artist who works upon any borders, decorations or lettering to be used in close conjunction with type have a fine sense of the niceties of typography in order to effect, in his work, the necessary identity of scale and "color" as between the drawn portions and the set type.

Mr. Cleland is represented here by a splendidly dignified and impressive line drawing, in the manner of an old copper-plate engraving, for a full-page advertisement of the Rolls-Royce motor car.

Mr. Teague has long been known as the designer of some of the finest border lettering in the field of advertising. Readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* could not fail to have been impressed by the decorative borders and initials of the page advertisements of Billings and Spencer, by "W. D. T.," and even more widely known is much of Mr. Teague's beautiful decorative work in the advertisements of Community Silver and Arrow Collars. In the Billings and Spencer decorations the style is a rendering of pure Italian Renaissance; in the others, Eighteenth Century French, and the style of the Brothers Adam are the basis. Mr. Teague, indeed, has divided his affections somewhat between decorative work and lettering in the styles of the Italian Renaissance and the Eighteenth Century France, with certain excursions into the style of the Brothers Adam.

Mr. Jaquish has achieved some unusually interesting and successful designs for trade-



One of a series of full page advertisements which were arranged and decorated by W. D. Teague

marks, and, possessing a knowledge of types which is both practical and æsthetic, without being ultra-academic, has also designed a variety of beautiful printed matter. With the logical belief that good work is the best evidence of its own merit, he has designed several personal announcements, and, this year, a decorative calendar, in black and white, incorporating, in the manner of old Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century maps, a diagram of the location of his studio.

Another illustration shows a recent book for which all the decorative work and lettering was done by Mr. Jaquish. The purpose of this book is an interesting one, in that it marks a great advance over anything resembling a catalogue of silverware. The patterns are shown, but only as an incident to photographs and text which set forth the correct usage in setting tables for different occasions. The entire book is therefore designed with a view to corresponding "correctness" in typography and decoration—in short, it is designed to be a book so beautiful (as well as so useful) that it will be kept permanently. The cover is of light Wedgwood blue, with the decoration stamped in silver, and the picture, typifying the "Hostess," by Miss Neysa McMein, is in full color. The frontispiece, also by Miss McMein, is in color, and the entire book represents a coordination of writing, editing, illustrating, special photography, decorative design, lettering and typography which makes it an example of the highest development in modern advertising.

Another interesting book is illustrated in part, "The Style of Knoleworth," the name of its designer, however, being unfortunately impossible to ascertain at the moment. Much thought and a great deal of conscientious work are apparent in the finished effort of this bit of advertising. Illustrations show the cover, frontispiece, title page, and a typical page of text, as well as the attractively designed envelope which contains the book. Inside the cover a very interesting and antique-seeming design in end-papers leads on to the title page, which, like the outer envelope, is composed with a border, hand-drawn "rules" and characterful lettering. The type pages are carefully designed to correspond in feeling with the character of the whole book, and by virtue of the hand of the designer, a peculiarly happy impression of the style of "Knoleworth" is received by those who turn and enjoy the pages of the book.

The designing of an advertising booklet, or brochure, or monograph, or whatever it may be named, affords a peculiarly interesting field for the designer because it comprises so many details which, by virtue of able design, may be made to express the advertising purpose of the whole as effectively as the specific text and illustrations. In other words, the hand of the designer, in this kind of advertising work, is as important as the pen of the copy writer.

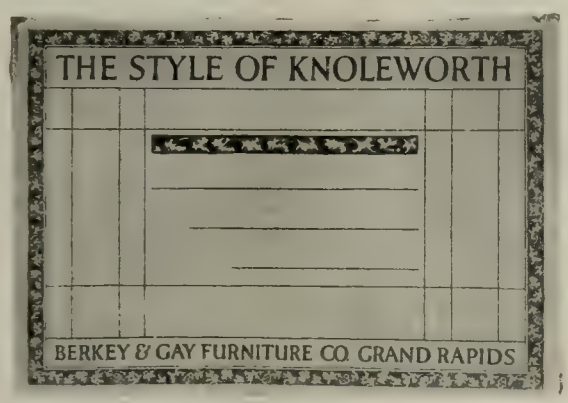
There is first the container in which the booklet is mailed, and in its design there may (and should) be a definite expression of the character of the contents. From the container, the next step is to the cover, of which an important part of the design is found in the color and texture of the paper, or "stock," on which it is printed. Add to this the lettering, and the pictorial or decorative treatment, and the color or colors in which the printing is done, and the cover alone presents an interestingly complex design problem in itself.

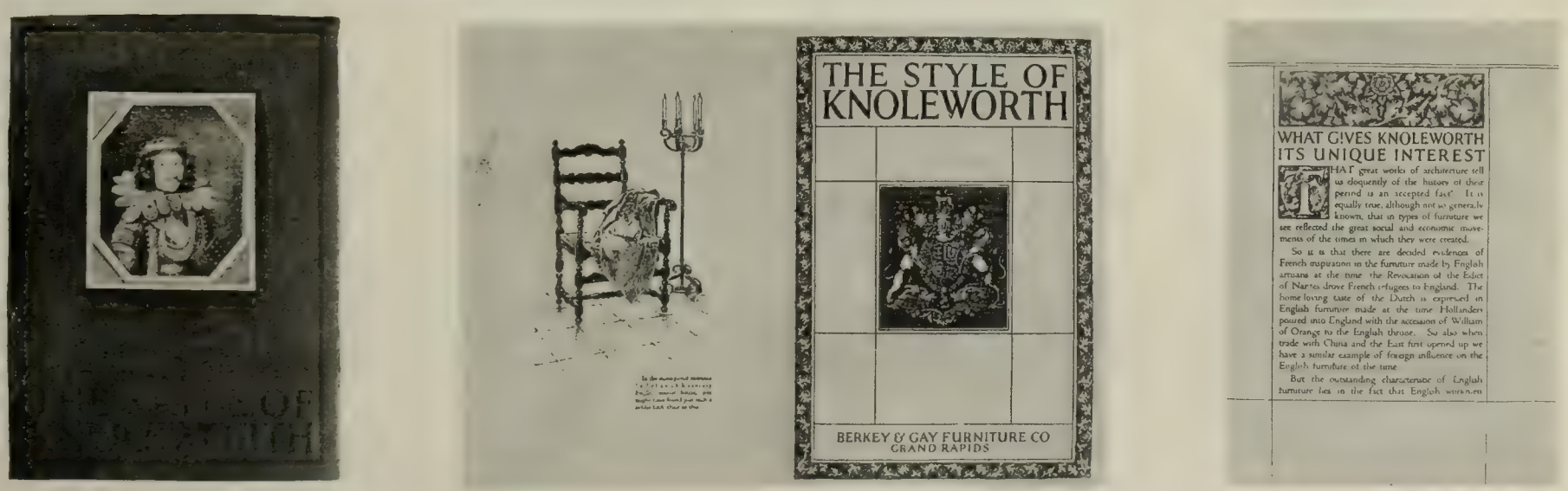
Inside the cover there may be end-papers, which, again, combine the question of selection of paper and invention of design. The purpose of end-papers is to effect a transition from the cover to the inside pages, and the designer usually devises some pattern or decorative treatment which suggests the subject of the book and is consistent with the other decorative elements. The next opportunity for design comes with the title page, and after that, the typical page design, which involves, perhaps, a border, initial letters, decorations, the placement and treatment of illustrations, and, in any case, the essential questions of page size, typography and margins. Here is no task for the amateur, but a task which is both a test and an opportunity for the designer, calling into play not only his purely creative ability, but his practical experience and knowledge of typography and paper and printing.

In the work of Guido and Lawrence Rosa is seen an unusually sincere appreciation of the refinements of lettering and printing characteristic of Renaissance Italy. Those who were so fortunate as to be "on the list" this year received a splendidly decorative New Year's greeting print—the vigorously drawn ship which is illustrated at the head of this article.

When the hand of such able designers and draughtsmen as these makes itself felt in the field of advertising art, it is time for dilettanti and scoffers to cease their scoffing, for fine work in advertising, so long regarded as a realm of commercialism, is not only declaring itself in no uncertain terms, but is making a very real contribution to the sum total of æsthetic achievement in this country.

The cover, title page and two inside pages from a finely designed book on correct table settings. The cover is of light Wedgwood blue, with silver and black stamping, and a blue border decorates each page within. The cover, title, lettering and decorations are by O. W. Jaquish





The envelope, cover, frontispiece, title and first text page of an interesting furniture booklet, designed in a somewhat "antique" manner, to suggest the atmosphere of the furniture style. The use of rules, and the character in the lettering and typography are unusual and effective

The Abused Louis XV Style

A Note on Its Perfection and Its Imitators

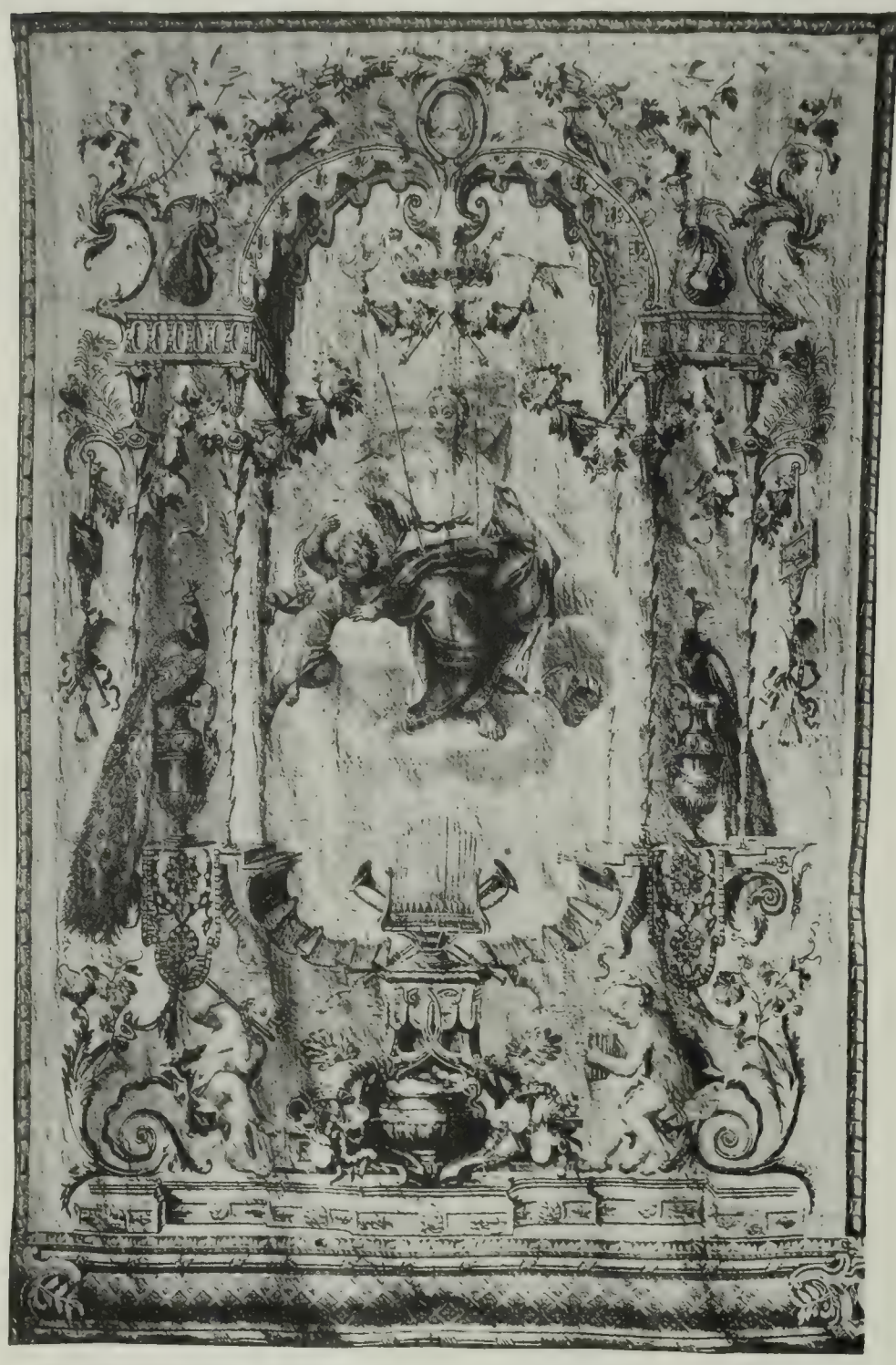
IF a prejudice exists against the style of furniture and decoration named for Louis XV, it is because its most striking motives have been seized upon by imitators of no talent and no taste and have been distorted to their uses.

In its purest expression it shows a combination of beauty and restraint that is ever an artistic joy. In its distortion it is more offensive than any other style of the Eighteenth Century. Its inventions were those of genius, of a genius that possessed daring. The conception of the rococo or rocaille was that of artists of the most exquisite perception. Delicately feeling their way, the artists of the time developed the eccentric curve until they had accomplished the balance of irregularity.

Possibly the inspiration was from the Chinese, but the French, with delicate pencil and intelligent talent, developed and adapted, until all decorative France was smiling in curves.

Royal patronage took from the artist the worry of bread and butter, to leave his genius free to experiment—a fashion which appeals to anyone in the world of art. Great names attached themselves to the arts called minor, nor did artists feel it a condescension to paint for tapestries and for furniture.

The great manufacture of the Gobelins was still the bauble shop of kings and a place where artists congregated. It was in those days worth while to be in its employ, although one hears sad tales of the years in which royal profligacy so depleted royal coffers that artists and *chefs d'atelier* were left unpaid for years.



Juno in the Portière of the Gods. From the collection of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney

It was in these days that artists in furniture signed their names, bitten into the wood with sharp tools, on the under side of a chair, or beneath the marble top of a commode or table.

Cabinet makers and carvers, inlayers and metal chiselers all worked in harmony for the production of such furniture as the world has ever loved and ever will. Oeben, Reisner, Caffieri, their names are immortal, and their works will inspire other workers in the decorative arts for centuries. In the Louvre, the Garde Meubles, or other harbors where they rest, these fine furnishings are ever being studied by artists and students.

How the present-day decorator can go astray on his highly talented style is found in the reflection that this is not the age for careful expensive work. Impatience marks the temper of the builder of a home who is pressing to live within its half-dried walls before the plans have been drawn a year. The carpenters and painters are pushed out by the vanloads of furniture coming in.

Lest the style of Louis XV fall into disrepute because of those who spoil its finest qualities by haste, let us look often upon such examples of the original work as those shown in the loans at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Metropolitan Museum. Imitators too often fall short in spirit.

Louis XV sofa and fauteuils, tapestry covering by Boucher. From the collection of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney

An ancient mosaic in the Church of La Martorana at Palermo, representing Christ placing a crown on head of Roger II (the Norman), King of Sicily

Roger the Norman and His Influence on Silk

It is strange to think that one who was a direct descendant of the ancient Vikings should be responsible for the foundation of the silk industry in Western Europe. Yet to Roger the Norman, King of Sicily, more perhaps than any other personage this may be ascribed—as may be also, in a certain measure, the development of the industry in America today.

A fighter all his life, Roger was personally of tall and powerful build, possessing long fair hair with a full beard; and in Palermo "that city of all the elegances", (to use old Edresi's description) his palace was a wonderful thing to behold. Rare indeed were its enclosed gardens, its sumptuous and multicolored carpets, its palfreys with saddles and bridles of gold; and it housed no servant who was not clothed in silk! How could such a sovereign overlook those great silken centers, Thebes and Corinth, heavy with treasure—and helpless? Taking advantage of the fall of Byzantium to Dandolo of Venice, Roger attacked, conquered and sacked them, though his eye was upon a far more valuable plunder than that of the actual silk itself. He coveted the weavers and their skill; and these he transported with their wives, their children, the silk worms, and the sprouts of the mulberry tree to Sicily, where the craftsmen resumed their industry under the most favorable auspices. In this way spread the art of silk to Southern Italy (over which Roger reigned), then to Western Europe; and indirectly to America itself.

Thus through Roger, the redoubtable Norman, we have indirectly inherited so many of the delightfully quaint representations upon silk which owe their origins to Byzantine and Saracenic sources, and are so authoritatively represented on various of the decorative and upholstery silks produced by Cheney Brothers.

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4th Avenue at 18th Street, New York

CHENEY SILKS

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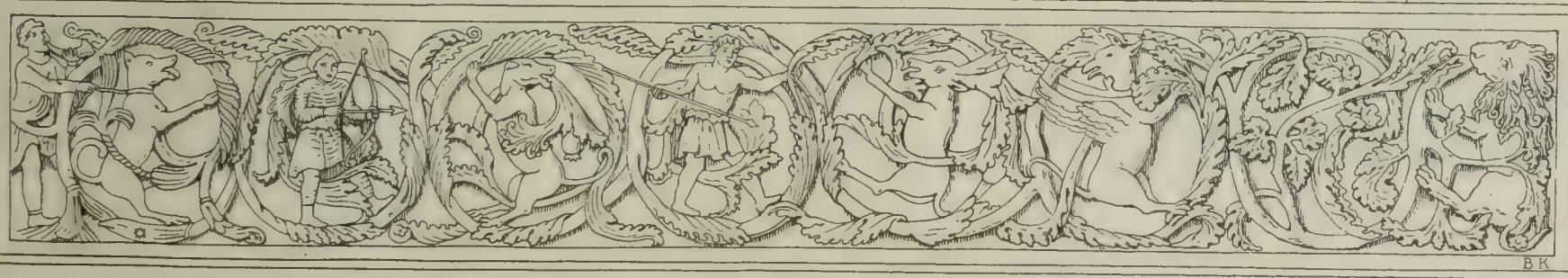


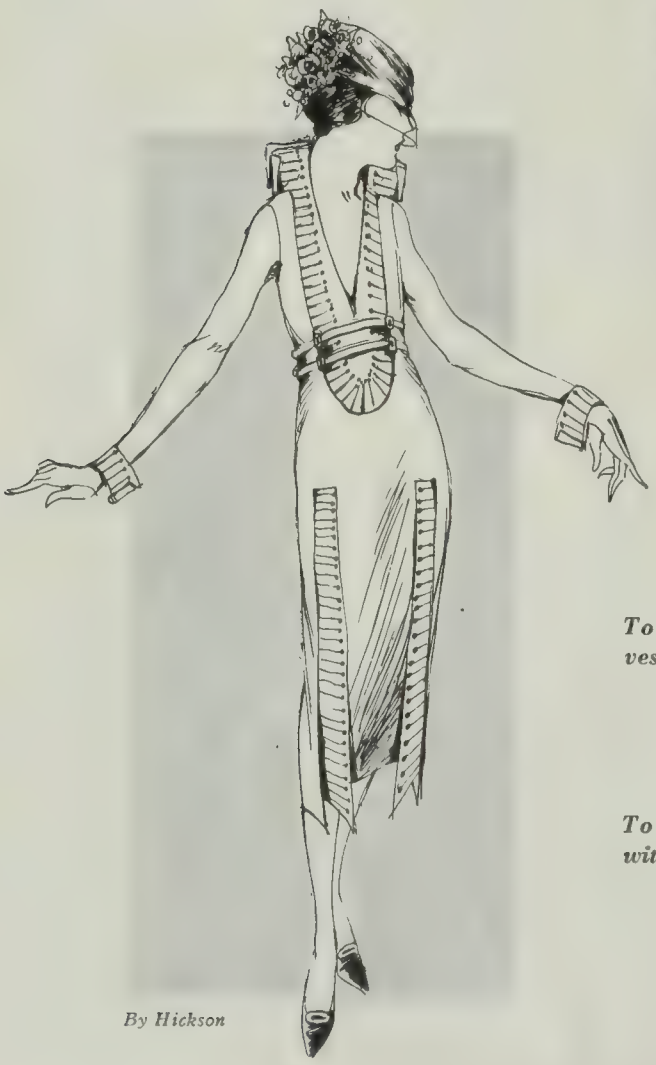
A Few Forerunners of Spring on Fifth Avenue

Lanvin has provided the three-piece costume at its best—the example shown here being a dress of black satin with which is worn the satin cape swinging in straight fulness from a collar of taupe caracul. The quilting in taupe stitchery is also carried over onto the dress as the only trimming note

Nothing this season portrays the grace of simple lines as the straight chemise frock with sleeve and bodice in one piece and the slight fulness at the waistline lightly held in by a narrow tie-on belt. This one from Gidding's is of cream flannel patterned with quaint designs of colonial blue, and striped with black. A finish is afforded by an embroidered edge on neck and sleeves in matching blue and black. The hat of felt is scalloped in white wool around circular cut-outs of taffeta and the brim edge

Courtesy of J. M. Gidding & Co.

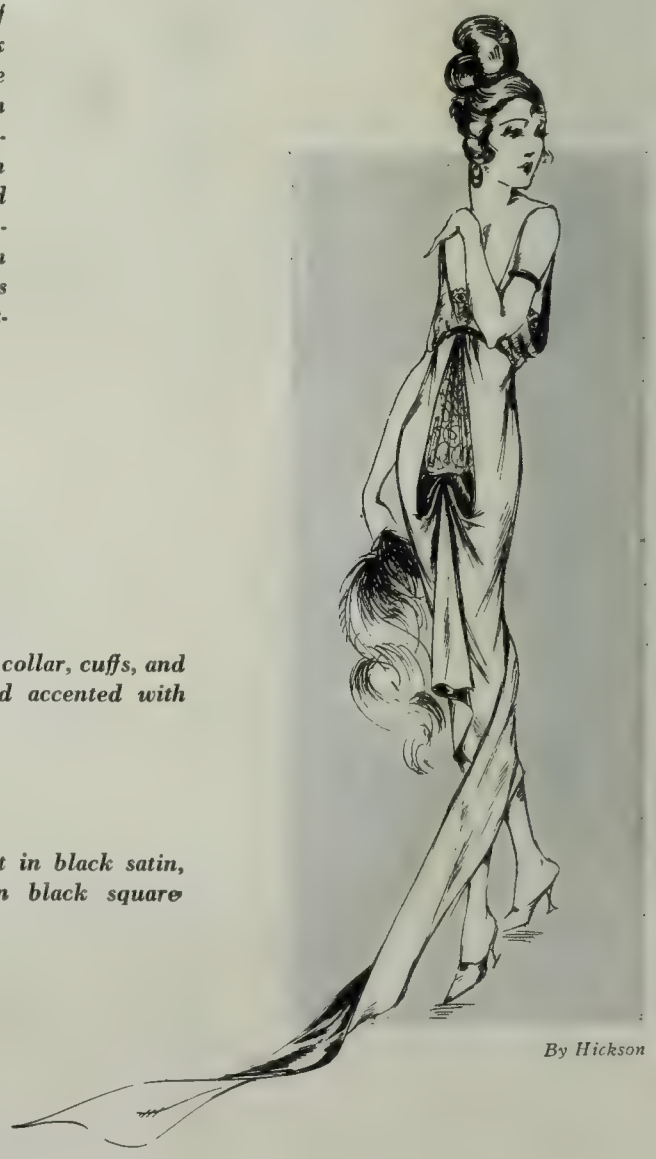
A French model suit which is more than a suit is shown above in the three-piece tailored costume of tan tricotine. The peg-top skirt extends in vest effect in front to the neck line—thus taking the place of a separate blouse. Ribbon of tan and mulberry is worked into flower designs on the collarless box coat and loose skirt panels helped out by braid and silk embroidery



By Hickson

To the left, a new design in tan gabardine, with collar, cuffs, and vest of gray, embroidered with red wool and accented with silver buttons

To the right, a design for evening, carried out in black satin, with trimmings of pearl and rhinestone on black square mesh net



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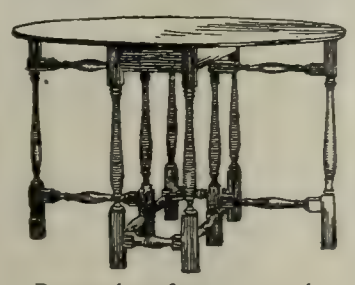

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Topics of the Day in Art

Gothic Stained Glass

READERS of Taine recall his eloquent observation on the fragility of the Gothic and the need, always, for "colonies of masons" to keep the lacelike fabric from crumbling into ruin. But if finials, traceries and delicate fan-vaults threaten to collapse, how much more do the leaded mosaics of stained glass! Just now comes word from England that the windows in Lincoln Cathedral require immediate restoration.

Every tourist knows them well. As the Manchester *Guardian* reminds us, "the 'Five Sisters' window is the chief treasure of the collections. It was in front of this that General Stonewall Jackson stood for two hours, saying, as he turned away, 'Now I have seen the best of Europe.' It is an almost complete specimen of Early English glass, but at the foot of the central light a panel of Norman glass occurs."

To be sure, "the Five Sisters window as a whole has not the superficial kind of beauty that leaps out and impresses every casual beholder, and many visitors who have had no hint beforehand pass it by for the great east window, which happens to be 72 feet high and 31 feet broad and to burn above the altar with blue and red." Meanwhile, "the great rose window over the south entrance still holds much old glass, and, indeed, in the whole structure there is a surface of glass on which the eye of the craftsman can detect specimens of every school, some windows even now complete and some a patchwork of styles, but all an unrivalled glory of color."

But time has worked havoc there. "A walk down any aisle will reveal the perforations that are sprinkled over the windows, and especially over those in the clerestory." Hence the imperative need of restoration, not only to "remove a long incrustation of dirt," but more particularly "to straighten the leads that have crumpled and allowed the glass to bend unevenly outward and to fill up the gaps with glass more or less in tone with the surrounding color."

One shudders at the thought of restoring mediæval windows, but the *Guardian* assures us that modern restoration is gone about with proper delicacy of conscience. "No attempt is made to fill in the figures. When a line has been obliterated by a fall of glass, the subject is left uncompleted, and the aim of the restorers is to prevent more glass from falling by renewing the leads and to stop unsightly gaps with glass that will give the lights a harmony they are now in many instances beginning to lose."

The importance of this work from a pictorial point of view is great, and from the artistic viewpoint equally so.

The Louvre Reopens

Closed during the war and under repair since the armistice, the superb Salle du Grand Siècle at the Louvre is at last reopened. "To think that since 1914 we have been unable to see the 'Royaume de Flore,' or the 'Apollon et Daphné,' or the incorruptible 'Saisons'!" cries *L'Opinion.*

Today all is splendidly metamorphosed, and magnificent are the results. "While certain arrangements in the Salon Carré might be improved upon—and certain others in the unsatisfactory Tribune—and while the Salle du Dix-huitéme Siècle seems to be hardly *au point,* it is impossible to imagine a better Salle du Dixseptiéme Siècle than the one achieved by MM. Jean Guiffrey, Paul Jamot, and Louis Dumonts, with the approval of M. d'Estournelle de Constant." With its Claudes and Poussins so wonderfully displayed, "this central gallery might be called the Salon Carré of the Seventeenth Century."

At the Louvre and at Versailles M. d'Estournelle de Constant has introduced "conférences - promenades"—in other words, docentry, a phenomenon new in France. Every Monday you find a docent available (fee, three francs), and there are even docents who hold forth in English. The innovation is well received, one reads—much more so, in fact, than the new ruling that closes the museums between noon and 2 P.M., so that the gardiens may have a chance to go to lunch.

One more "Ism"!

Of the making of new "isms" there is no end. To Post-Impressionism, Cubism, Futurism, Vorticism, Expressionism, and Dadaism, now add Tactilism, whose god is Touch and whose prophet is Marinetti. A despatch by wireless (securely copyrighted) informs the New York *Times* that touching real things is not art, according to Marinetti, but that touching a whole lot of things in succession—the right things, rightly arranged, of course—is great art.

To express the gayety of the French temperament, he presents us with tiny squares of cloth, no two alike. To express the Seine, he uses a strip of silver paper. To show the hurly-burly of the Boulevards, he bids us brush our fingers over stuff of different textures. Yet we hear that the new "ism" finds small favor among its rivals. When Marinetti expounded his doctrines before a recent gathering of Dadaists, they cried, "Rot, monsieur! Just rot!" Too bad, thinks the *Times,* which remarks editorially that if Dadaism "would take up Tactilism and drop all other forms by which it amuses itself and bores the world, the world would be much obliged."

(Continued on second page following)

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How to Improve a Room

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It is one of the most beautiful little specimens to be found. Perfect in proportions, the body of the Secretaire is rather simple in design and is of a particularly mellow old color, with traces of subdued gold remaining on the mouldings. The chief decorative feature, which is its crowning touch, is the unusual door panel. In strong contrast to the simple dignity of the cabinet, this panel is an exquisite old-fashioned mirror-painting, suggestive of the very rare Chinese mirror-paintings of the K'ien Lung period; it is not extreme, however, in its Oriental feeling. The softness and character of the decoration, with its mirrored back, makes a most pleasing picture.

Mirror-paintings, when fine, lend a decorative and lightening touch to a room that can be obtained in no other manner, and the combination of this unusually fine one, with the conservative richness of the cabinet, makes this piece worthy of the most exacting surroundings.

Quite apart from its beauty, it is most desirable on account of its thorough practicability. While taking up little space, it provides a roomy desk, fitted with pigeonholes, etc., while the lower part contains five ample drawers; the upper cabinet forms the bookcase, with 83 inches of shelf space. The height is 6 feet, the width 24 inches, and depth of base 17 inches.

There are many rooms with a weakly treated narrow wall space in which this beautiful Secretary bookcase can be used to good effect.

Appearances indicate this piece to be a very choice specimen of the early part of the Eighteenth Century, and yet it is *not* an antique at all!—but a very beautifully executed replica, therefore its cost is not extravagant.

Further particulars will gladly be forwarded upon request.

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Topics of the Day in Art

(*Continued from second page preceding*)

Sassy Versus Whistler

There is still a rather large uproar over M. Sassy, who claims to have painted the disputed "Whistler" for which M. Figuet paid 90,000 francs and which M. Duret reproduced in his book on Whistler, so the Paris correspondent of *American Art News* has visited Sassy, and writes, "I found him in a pretty studio, surrounded by landscapes, presumably of the Mediterranean coast, which in no way suggested Whistler. He soon showed me a picture of a woman very much in the manner of Whistler, the 'master.' This, he said, he had painted about the time he painted the disputed still-life; the model was still living and would testify that he had painted the picture. (Point one.) M. Sassy has painted à la Whistler, although he never studied under him.

"Then M. Sassy brought out a still-life, resurrected only the evening before, which, however, was not particularly Whistleresque, but showed the same jug (point two) and finally he produced two photographs—the first of the picture belonging to M. Figuet, as it now appears, with two cherries obviously painted out, and the second as it looked until 1908, when he was in touch with its owner at that time. (Point three.) 'But the greatest proof,' said M. Sassy, 'is the photogravure in the upper left corner. I painted it from a reproduction of Corot's "Goat Under Big Trees," now in the Louvre and painted about 1870. The "Whistler" (?) is claimed by MM. Druet and Piguet to have been painted in 1859.'"

Monument to the Foreign Legion

A photograph of Jean Boucher's superb maquette for a monument to the Americans of the Foreign Legion appears in *L'Illustration*, which declares, "All France knows that during twenty months of war the army and people of the United States did much to hasten victory, but France has not forgotten that from 1914 to 1917, before America had entered the conflict, a great number of Americans joined our forces and shed their blood for our cause." Foch, Joffre and Pétain serve on the committee that is arranging to erect this splendid monument in Paris.

Meanwhile, *L'Illustration* shows us a monument already dedicated on the Butte de Souain. "On June 5, 1915—eighteen months before America joined the Allies—Henry W. Farnsworth, a young Bostonian studying in Paris, cabled home, 'I have enlisted for the duration of the war.' His family cabled back, 'You have done your duty.' On September 29 of that year, in the attack on the Butte de Souain during the grand offensive, he fell, like many others, among the heroic Foreign Legion, to which he belonged. He was buried in a common grave with 132 of his comrades. At the end of the war Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth came to France to recover their son's body. Not wishing to separate it from those of the men with whom he had fought shoulder to shoulder, they gave it burial on the crest of the Butte de Souain and there built a monument to the glory of the Foreign Legion."

Fondation Américaine Fellowships

A very illustrious jury, including such celebrities as MM. Bénédite, Besnard, Lancent, Aman-Jean, Vuillard, Desvallières, Blanche, Lebasque, Simon, and Denis, were to have selected a recipient of its fellowship in painting for Mrs. Blumenthal's new Fondation Américaine pour la Pensée et l'Art Français. But, as each juryman favored a candidate of his own and obstinately refused to back down, the fellowship remains vacant. A fellowship in decorative art might likewise have remained vacant (the beneficiary elected was over age) had not Mrs. Blumenthal made special provision in the matter. Still, all has gone smoothly, apart from these "incidents," and the *Mercure de France* tells us that M. Malfrey receives the Henry Walters Fellowship, M. Bablet the J. P. Morgan Fellowship, M. Orlandini the Florence Blumenthal Fellowship, M. Serré the George F. Baker Fellowship, M. Inguimbert the George Blumenthal Fellowship, and Mrs. Blumenthal has announced her intention of "visiting America and returning with a whole harvest of additional fellowships," as she believes that her fellow countrymen will gladly support this effort to strengthen the ties between America and France by promoting the artistic careers of young Frenchmen.

Rembrandt Discoveries

The waterfront man reports that when S.S. *Mongolia* arrived recently in New York and a search was made for the Rembrandt stolen in Germany and supposed to be on board, no Rembrandt whatever could be found; but this should not dishearten us, for Mr. William Howe Downes observes that "Rembrandts are being discovered in Europe every day, perhaps owing to the demand for them on the part of the new-rich. We hear of the finding of one now in a remote little town of the Harz Mountains by a German art expert with whose name we are not familiar. But, then, are not all Germans experts? To clinch the argument for its authenticity, we are informed that the very greatest German authority, Dr. Bode, has given to this picture the seal of genuineness.

(*Continued on second page following*)

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Topics of the Day in Art

(Continued from second page preceding)

This will be likely to make the sceptics more sceptical than ever. Dr. Bode has long since been classed among the wiseacres who illustrate the disadvantage of knowing so much that isn't so."

The Villa Velasquez

French newspapers tell us that his majesty the King of Spain has graciously offered a site for the Villa Velasquez at Madrid, whither M. Chifflot, architect of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, has just been sent by the Académie des Beaux-Arts. Baron Edmond de Rothschild, who has already installed the Maison de l'Institut de France in London in a fine house completely furnished and endowed it with an income of 100,000 francs, gives 150,000 francs to establish the Villa Velasquez, while contributions from other enthusiasts raise the total foundation to a really impressive figure. Under the management of M. Pierre Paris, director of the Institut des Hautes Etudes Hispaniques and member of the Académie, the new establishment will "receive pensionnaires desirous of studying Spanish art, literature, and history."

The National Portrait Gallery

Now you see the National Portrait Gallery at Washington, and now you don't. According to the *American Magazine of Art*, it may already be regarded as very much alive and kicking. According to Mr. J. W. Von Ruhling Quistgaard, director of the American Portrait Foundation, "This country does not possess any institution which might be properly termed a National American Portrait Gallery," but may still secure one, thanks to the generosity of an interesting Norwegian, Mr. Hannevig.

In a letter to the *Art Review International,* Mr. Quistgaard informs us that, "when Mr. Christoffer Hannevig decided to give expression to his personal regard for this country as well as of the traditional friendship between his own country and the United States, he felt that he could do so in no better way than to commemorate some of those great American patriots whose earnest labor was chiefly responsible for this country's efforts to bring justice and peace to the world." Hence his plan for twenty-five portraits which might "serve as a nucleus" for a National American Portrait Gallery at Washington.

Sargent, Melchers, Smedley, and Miss Cecilia Beaux declined to participate, whereupon Mr. Quistgaard's committee selected Adams, Betts, Bellows, Borie, De Camp, Hamilton, Henri, Lockman, Luks, Seyffert, Wiles, and the Norwegian, Christian Abrahamsen. "It is our aim to enlarge our present organization," he says, "and broaden its scope until we shall either have succeeded in founding a National American Portrait Gallery or definitely established the fact that there is not sufficient interest for the fulfillment of our plan."

Meanwhile, De Camp, Hopkinson, Tarbell, Wiles, McLane, and Miss Cecilia Beaux contribute to the collection secured by the National Art Committee, and thus, as it would appear, we are in a way to have not one National Portrait Gallery at Washington but two. Will they combine? At present, the Hannevig plan provides for portraits of Americans alone, while the other provides for portraits of European war heroes as well. Both organizations have lately exhibited in New York City.

American Painting in Canada

A Toronto correspondent tells the Boston *Transcript* that "American painters have made a hit with the Canadian art-loving public by a collection of pictures on exhibition in the Art Gallery of Toronto, a national institution established under the will and in the former residence of the late Goldwin Smith, the remainder of whose estate went to Cornell University. Critics affirm that not since the Art Gallery opened has there been such a fine exhibition here, and contrast it with the recent exhibit of British painters, which, as one puts it, 'came close to insulting Canadian intelligence, as the organizers must have assumed that we would not know how bad some of the pictures were.'" Among the Americans responsible for the "hit" are Thayer, De Camp, Hassam, Luks, and Benson.

The San Francisco Museum

The new Memorial Museum donated to the city of San Francisco by Mr. M. H. de Young has recently been inaugurated, and, according to the Boston *Transcript,* "the opening exercises were held in front of the building near the lovely Pool of Enchantment. Eleven galleries and two spacious corridors hung with paintings were thrown open for the first time. In addition to these, several galleries of the old unit have been completely renovated and new exhibits installed."

As the *Transcript* goes on to say, "Entrance to the museum will be through the main door in the great tower, which is adorned with sculptures by Haig Patigian," and, "the artistic effect of the entire group, set among the trees of the park, is wonderfully beautiful. Louis Mulgardt, the architect, has designed the two De Young units in harmonious Spanish Renaissance style, and the decoration of the buildings further develops this idea."

(Continued on second page following)

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Topics of the Day in Art

(Continued from second page preceding)

Politics and Art

To a Parisian humorist we owe the quip—"*Judge:* 'Where were you on Wednesday last?' *Prisoner:* 'At the Salon, admiring your honor's incomparable landscape.' *Judge:* 'Ah, that alters the case quite materially.' " In France, it is not uncommon for jurists and even statesmen to dabble in art, and now comes word from London that "Charles Morin," painter, turns out to be Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill. Over here, despite our supposed conviction that an interest in things æsthetic unfits a man for the conduct of public affairs, Mr. Roosevelt could write of Modernism, and in New York City the other evening an excellent address on artistic matters was delivered by Mr. Fiorello La Guardia. One could wish that Europe had been among those present. For this La Guardia person — *nota bene!* — is president of the Board of Aldermen.

The Fra Angelico Collection

As we were saying last time, all the Fra Angelicos in Florence have been assembled in the Monastery of San Marco, which Cosimo de Medici built from Michelozzo's designs. Now comes *Les Artes,* in which, with many delightful illustrations, Mr. L. Gielly elucidates the happy arrangements achieved by Signor Poggi, Tuscan superintendent of fine arts, and Signor Tarchiani, director of the museum. "Thus reassembled, the Fra Angelicos explain one another. You follow, step by step, the development of that exquisite genius, so true to himself, who borrowed from the artistic world around him a few technical niceties, but, beyond this, resisted all laic influences, and only refined and perfected his first conception. Exhibited in the white monastery where they were produced, they chant a melody that seems to be made softer and sweeter by the touch of poetry it receives from this Florentine sanctuary."

Jenny Lind Revisits the Aquarium

High up in his Conning Tower, that gifted "colyumist," Mr. Franklin P. Adams, discovers the headline, "Bust of Jenny Lind Given to N. Y. Zoological Society," and comments, *"Daulias luscinia Scandinaviensis,* or The Swedish Nightingale," whereas the headline is amply justified. A work "done in Carrara marble in 1848 by W. von Hoyer, when the great diva visited Rome," the bust has been presented to the Society by a committee of artists and musicians and "will be placed in the Aquarium at Battery Park, where Jinny Lind made her first appearance in America while the Aquarium was still the old Castle Garden. The Memorial Committee is the outgrowth of the original Committee of Fifty which arranged the great Jenny Lind memorial concert at Carnegie Hall last October on the hundredth anniversary of the singer's birth."

Art and Ocean Liners

The sculptured figurehead, once the glory of clipper-ships, old hookers, and those stately square-riggers that roamed the seven seas, is now practically extinct; but art — of a sort — still adorns the liner. "The liner, she's a lady by the paint upon her face," and by mural wonders embellishing her companion-way, though only of late has sea-going arts acquired "standards." From California comes news of a jury appointed by the Art Association of San Francisco to select painters to produce murals for the Shipping Board's new vessels, the *Golden State* and the *Silver State.* The choices — yo-ho! and all that sort of thing — include Messrs. Armin Hansen, Gottardo Piazzonnoni, Maurice Del Mue, and Henry V. Poor.

Art Treasures in Russia

Ever since Comrades Lenine and Trotzky ordered Falconet's statue of Peter the Great pulled down and one of Karl Marx erected in its place, art lovers have trembled for the Rembrandts, the Van Dycks, the Rubenses, the Cronachs, and the magnificent Italian masterpieces that adorned the Hermitage in Petrograd. Have they, too, been removed in order to make room for "horrors" glorifying Socialism and the Third Internationale? If so, what care has been taken to guard them against damage, if not destruction? Thanks to a letter of Luciano Magrini's in *Il Messagero* we have reassuring news. While the Romanoffs were still in power, and the German armies were advancing toward Petrograd, all those treasures of the Hermitage were sent to Moscow and placed in the Kremlin, where they remain. Magrini has seen them. They were in excellent condition, he reports.

Exiled Artists

Alfredo Edel, the brilliant designer who costumed Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" and Rostand's "Chantecler," died just before the outbreak of the great war, leaving his widow a fortune invested in northern France. When the Germans came, she lost everything, and fled to America, where she supported herself by painting miniatures. Now see how oddly history can repeat itself. Another miniaturist, the court painted Countess Gradowsky, was in Moscow when Bolshevism overwhelmed Russia. Stripped of her wealth, she fled—to America—and today has a studio in New York, where Miss

(Continued on second page following)

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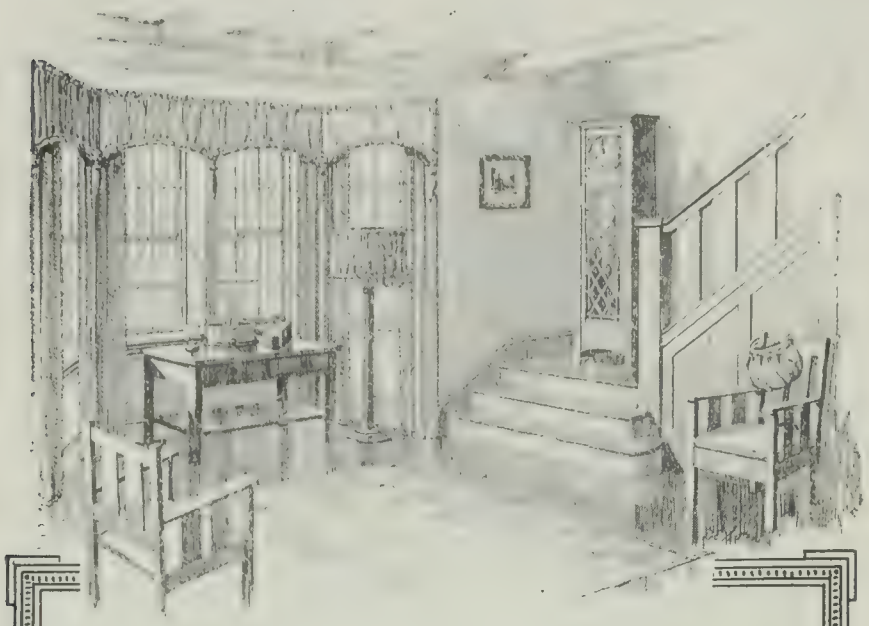

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Topics of the Day in Art

(Continued from second page preceding)

Sarah MacDougall recently interviewed her for the *World*.

As a girl, the Countess studied under Robert Fleury and Meissonier, and won two medals at the Salon of 1896. "Many years ago she painted a miniature of the Dowager Empress and her sister, Queen Alexandra of England. A photograph of this miniature and a few of her most exquisite enamels were the only souvenirs of her work that the artist was able to hide in her clothing when she escaped from Russia."

Saint-Saëns and Ingres

In M. Camille Saint-Saëns's newly published "Memories," one finds a tribute to Ingres — not Monsieur's first, it appears, for he tells us, "When I was six, I composed an Adagio and dedicated it to him in all seriousness. Fortunately, this masterpiece has been lost. As I already played some of Mozart's sonatas, Ingres, in return for my dedication, presented me with a small medallion bearing a portrait of Mozart on one side and this inscription on the other: 'To M. Saint-Saëns, the charming interpreter of the divine master.'"

French Museums

The Museum of the Bibliothèque Nationale has not been touched since 1865. In fact, it was only in 1917 that the buildings planned since the Third Empire, to house the collections in medals, were ready to receive them. King Louis XIV's cabinet has been given its original aspect with the paintings on the walls carried out by Eighteenth Century artists, and the set of genuine furniture belonging to it. For it was this monarch who gave the great impetus to the art of the medal which was born in Italy at the beginning of the Fifteenth Century, that is to say, the medal as distinct from the coin, with a purely artistic and not also a utilitarian purpose. Following the great Italians with, especially, Pisanello and Benvenuto Cellini, came the Germans, Albert Dürer having carved many models of wood for reproduction on metal. The Bibliothèque Nationale Museum contains the most celebrated of the world's specimens in the numismatic art. There are displayed in cabinets made by the great joiners of the Seventeenth Century, cameos and engraved gems, a fine set of painted vases, and different reminiscences of the French dynasties, including King Dagobert's throne.

Freer Art Gallery

The new Freer Art Gallery at Washington, located on the Mall near the Smithsonian Institute, is about complete, having been erected with the $1,200,000 left by the late Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, to house his unique and valuable art collection of over 6,000 items. Mr. Freer presented this collection and the money to the United States to be administered by the Smithsonian Institution. The original gift was made in 1906, but the building was not begun until 1916. It is now practically completed and is expected to be ready in a few months to receive the collections.

The style of architecture is eminently suited for an art gallery and makes a splendid addition to Washington's public buildings.

A New Raphael?

A special cable to the New York *Times* from London says: "Mr. Felix Lavery, a wealthy Newcastle merchant and art enthusiast, has thrown down a bold challenge to art critics and connoisseurs. He has published a book on Raphael in which he says the picture 'The Holy Family' in the Paris Louvre is only a copy and that he himself is the possessor of the original. He has devoted his life to Raphael research and in his book he traces the journeyings of his canvas from hand to hand over a long period.

"His challenge has caused something of a sensation in Paris art circles. The curator of the Louvre and other high officials of the French National Museum merely laugh at his statement.

"It is pointed out that there is in the Louvre another 'The Holy Family,' attributed to Raphael, but believed to be the work of one of Raphael's pupils. It is a small picture painted on wood and was found among Louis XIV's private collection. Some critics are inclined to believe it is this small picture which Lavery has in mind."

National Gallery

The National Gallery in London has reopened four more rooms which are hung with pictures of the Flemish and Spanish schools. The collection is notoriously rich in the Flemish primitives and one can but marvel at the exquisite workmanship of these gem-like pictures and their extraordinary preservation. A most valuable acquisition is the "Virgin and Child with Two Angels," ascribed to Jacques Daret (purchased from Messrs. Brown & Phillips in 1918), which was formerly in the Murray Marks collection ascribed to Albrecht Bouts. It is a delightful painting; the head of the Virgin is visualized as a delicate egg-shaped oval on the supporting column of the neck, and the features are modelled on the surface with the tactile sensitiveness of Masaccio. From the primitives one passes abruptly to the magnificence of Rubens, with nothing between but Marinus van

(Continued on second page following)

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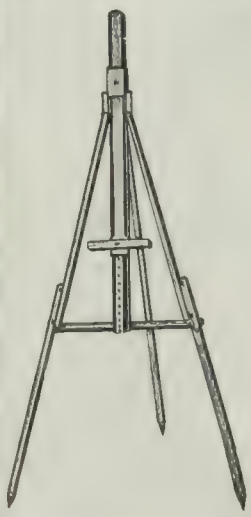

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Topics of the Day in Art

(Continued from second page preceding)

Reymerswael's ugly old usurers and Antonio Moro's male portrait painted about 1575. It is a joy to find Rubens still rioting in all his glory in "The Triumph of Silenus," and to see his mantle worn in devoted humility in Van Dyck's "Lady and Child" (bought from Earl Brownlow in 1914), which is characteristic of an interesting moment in Van Dyck's development. But the Cattaneo portraits—which arrest at first glance—are terribly disappointing on inspection, particularly the male portrait with its monotonous Indian red carnations. These heads cannot be compared to the "Cornelius van der Geest" or the superb series of full-lengths which have not yet made their reappearance. The larger of the Spanish rooms is dominated by the wonderful realization and superb plasticity in the paint of "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (formerly ascribed to Velasquez), and by the naked ecstasy and rhythmic intensity of the new El Greco. Besides these two masterpieces—so different, but each in its way an aspect of the human spirit—the Admiral and the Venus of Velasquez, and the two portraits by Goya, appear facile—almost slight. Only the portraits of Philip IV, handled with serene assurance and enveloped in cool grey light, can hold their own in such company. In the smaller Spanish room are the little boys of Murillo, the large "Dead Christ" of Spagnoletto, where the art of Italy blends with the art of Spain in a rich and golden harmony, and the beautiful "Orlando Muerto," which still defies the experts.

Roosevelt as a "Sitter"

Far and wide goes Miss Louise Eberle's account, lately published in *Scribner's* and now reprinted abroad, of Theodore Roosevelt as a "sitter." Observe the quotation marks. They are significant. Roosevelt never sat, but stood; and he never stood long in one spot, but would try first one side of the stand on which the bust was placed and then the other, and he talked all the time, vitally and interestingly, to official visitors and to Mr. Fraser himself. But what seems especially to delight Europe is Miss Eberle's story of how he "requested the sculptor to write the name 'Theodore Roosevelt' under one ear of the bust. 'For,' said he, 'in a hundred years the head will be broken off the base and I don't want some one to pick it up and say, 'This is Charles W. Fairbanks, the great Idaho poet.'

British Applied Arts

"There is still no national collection of modern British applied arts," remarks *L'Amour de l'Art,* "as South Kensington is purely retrospective. But recently, following the Industrial Art Exhibition at Knightsbridge, it has been decided to make an important ensemble of works from that display the nucleus of a Museum of Contemporary Decorative Art," including "furniture, textiles, pottery, jewelry, metal-work, etc.," and no doubt the "etc." provides for stained glass, an art that fares prosperously in England, where the British Society of Master Glasspainters has just been founded, with the Earl of Plymouth as president and Prof. Selwyn Imago as vice-president.

Modernism in Illustration

How soon will our Modernists invade the realm of illustration? An attenuated, not to say a wraithlike, Cubism marks the work of Guido Trentini, the Venetian whose paintings in Italian galleries are attractively reproduced by *Il Secolo XX,* a popular magazine; but hold the drawings that accompany its fiction! Cubism *molto con fuoco!* Post-Impressionism rampant! Whereas desperate deeds are not unknown in Italy, and—any day, almost—author and illustrator may meet.

Philadelphia

Some day—no one knows just when or can guess—Philadelphia's new art museum will be completed — but in the meantime, as a Boston newspaper reminds us, "copious selections of groups of paintings from the John G. Johnson Collection are being exhibited n the Wilstach Gallery, Fairmont Park. As the Johnson Collection contains something more than 1,300 pictures, this continued story of art may go on for an almost indefinite period. The group that is just now on view is composed for the most part of pictures from the early English school, but in addition there are some notable works by Goya, Ingres, and Chardin.

Finds in Egypt

Among the "finds" achieved in Egypt by the expedition serving at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the most interesting, thinks Mr. J. Olin Howe, are the "models of every-day life in the long ago that have just come to light near Thebes."

Writing in the Boston *Transcript,* he tells us: "There is a carpenter shop of 2000 B.C., with carpenters busily at work; fat oxen are growing fatter in a well-equipped stable; grain is being threshed and packed away in sacks in a granary; in the weaver's shop women are spinning flax and weaving linen; in the slaughter-house butchers are plying their trade, while quarters of fresh beef hang in the galleries." Also there are Nile barges, dating, like the rest, from a period four thousand years ago.

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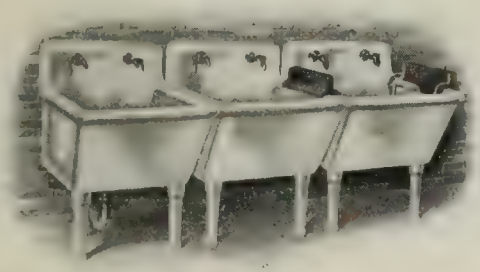

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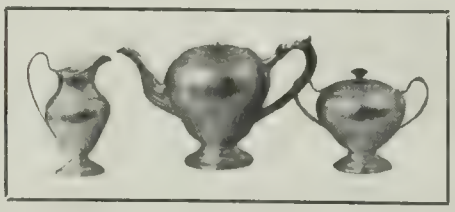

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A single example may be given. Of the collection of fireplaces perhaps the earliest is a replica from Rochester Castle, date 1100 A.D. Coal was unknown in those days; in the fireplace logs and sticks flicker merrily. But the dancing glow is electric; it is a camouflaged "Magicoal" fire that produces the illusion.

Mr. Berry's chief hobby—incidentally it has its business aspect—is the domestic problem. How can a house be run without smoke, without drudgery, and with saving of money as well as labor? The chief requisites are light, power and heat, of which the last is the most important. On hot water and warmth the comfort of the household depends.

The foundation of Mr. Berry's method is central heating. Now, central heating implies to the average mind the sort of thing one encounters in hotels, particularly abroad: a system of hot water or air radiators and pipes, producing a stuffy atmosphere at 72 degrees or higher. It is far too hot for prolonged indoor occupation; it is none too hot for the first few minutes after coming in on a frosty day. One of the reasons for overheating by non-luminous radiators is that the senses refuse to give full recognition to heating agents that do not glow; a parallel case is that of smoking in the dark—the flavor of tobacco almost vanishes if the smoke cannot be seen.

Mr. Berry's idea of central heating is far otherwise. He retains pipes and radiators, but he does not ask them to give high temperatures. The higher the temperature demanded the lower the fuel efficiency. If they yield 55 degrees, that is good enough for continuous work. When in a particular room at a particular time more heat is wanted he provides it by electricity, which can be regulated almost instantaneously to any desired degree of temperature.

The basic instrument is found in the basement. This is an anthracite or coke fed water-heater, which serves the circulating system throughout forty-four rooms, and also provides a continuous hot-water supply. The water is first treated, by the way, in a softener. A little electrically driven pump keeps the hot water circulating through the system. The temperature in the tank does not rise above 180 degrees F.; if hotter is required an electric geyser adds the desired degrees in a few seconds.

Thus the principle is to provide the bulk of the heat from the central coke or anthracite source, and to add the additional degrees when and where wanted by electricity. Even the electric kitchen range is kept hot by connecting it with the central heating system. Of course, valves are provided to cut out this or any other of the apparatus when the need for continuous heating does not exist.

By allowing the central heating system to carry the steady load, and using electricity to meet the peaks, Mr. Berry seeks to combine the best of each method—the low cost of coke or anthracite heating with the instantaneous and flexible effects possible only with electricity. Indeed, he has tried to combine the two verbally; he calls his system the "Coalec."

Mr. Berry's kitchen is a model of ingenuity and convenience. It contains the coal boiler and the electric geyser for instantaneous superheating. The water softener is next to these, and just beyond it is an electric washing machine, with a wringer attached. In addition to these machines there is an electric shoe shiner and an electric churn. One of the most useful machines is the "Hobart" kitchen aid, which is run by a 1/8 h.p. motor, and does everything from slicing potatoes to whisking eggs. Mr. Berry reckons that it pays for itself in food-saving alone in the first eight months, quite apart from labor-saving. An electrically driven ironing machine is another useful device, and the dish-washer is as fascinating as a top.

We do not propose to catalogue everything we saw in the way of lighting, heating, cooking, and so forth; space has its limits, and we can only recommend every electrical engineer who comes to London to pay a visit to 86 Newman Street. He must not be surprised if when he sits down on a carved chair a gramophone voice automatically begins to tell him about his surroundings. That is one of Mr. Berry's little ideas. The electrical engineer's wife will be charmed with the continuous cinematograph display, particularly the film showing a house furnishing itself.

According to a typewritten document emanating from Touchbutton House, Parliament passed an Act in 1306 to prohibit the burning of sea-coal on account of the poisonous fumes which it was said to produce, and infringement of the law was a capital offence. If Mr. Berry had his way that Act would be revived as far as domestic use is concerned.

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Chamber Opera

THERE are moments when many of us, listening to an Italian opera or any opera on the grand scale, have felt that operas are too long and too violent. We do not necessarily complain that they are too unnatural in their form of expression to be pleasing. In 1646 opera of any kind was a complete novelty outside Italy; today we can accept the operatic convention without any difficulty. If we feel oppressed by the falsity of opera, it is not because of the music and the singing, not even because of the formal airs of the older operas; it is because opera takes us into a world of exaggerations rightly called in colloquial phrase "melodramatic." Opera came into existence during the century of baroque art, and baroque it may be said to have remained ever since. Yet even in the baroque days there were experiments tried in the way of opera on a small scale. Take, for example, Purcell's "Dido and Æneas" and Blow's "Venus and Adonis."

Neither of these quite fulfills the ideal of chamber opera. Although both are short, and designed for a small company, both of singers and instrumentalists, they are obviously attempts to compress the scheme of the Continental opera into the frame of a private entertainment. Both require choruses and ballets; both must originally have had fairly elaborate scenery, though in modern revivals we have had to accustom ourselves to plain hangings, for the simple reason that the sort of people who get up performances of them can never afford to spend much money on decoration, and therefore find it best to make a virtue of necessity. The distinction between orchestral and chamber music was not sharply drawn in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Middle Ages had classified instruments as "hauts instruments" and "bas instruments," meaning by the former the louder and more piercing wind instruments and instruments of percussion; by the latter the strings, whether plucked or played with the bow, and the gentler flutes. In later centuries the substitution of violins for viols made the strings more powerful, while the wind instruments were gradually tamed until even the trumpets could be admitted to the chamber. Thus we ultimately arrive at the orchestra of Haydn, in whose day there is still little sense of distinction between what we now class as orchestral music on the one hand and chamber music on the other.

It is really for that reason that we feel many of the older operas to be more suited to small theatres. We tend to judge them according to the standard of their orchestras rather than by the style of the music itself. Another thing that misleads us is that in these days old music is generally sung by those singers who have not powerful voices and therefore confine themselves mainly to chamber singing. Yet the value of a really magnificent voice in the older operatic music was very evident when Clara Butt sang the part of Orpheus. The passing of time has gradually brought about an altered sense of proportion as between voices and orchestra. It is interesting to note that contemporary Italian criticism censured Alessandro Scarlatti for writing operas too much in the chamber style. That was not because he used too small an orchestra but because he put too much detail into his vocal music. The truth of the criticism is proved by the fact that Scarlatti is now regarded as by far the best composer of his time in that particular *genre*. It is his careful attention to minute detail of expression that has given him immortality. There have been later composers who were no less careful of detail but their tendency has been to elaborate in the orchestra rather than in the vocal parts.

THE time is appropriate for a move in the opposite direction. The nineteenth century was an age of powerful singers. Towards its end there grew up a school of different character. What we now call a "*Lieder* singer" is not really a new apparition. It was for singers of this kind that Henry Lawes composed his settings of Herrick. We have at the present day a large number of extremely intelligent singers who have not the physical strength either vocal or general for the ordinary operatic career. For those who are keen to take up stage work there is practically no opening except popular light opera and musical comedy. To these they are in many cases not attracted. About thirty years ago there did exist a well-defined form of chamber opera. It was light and amusing, but it was of a very different character, both in music and libretto, from the musical comedy of today. It is not remembered as chamber opera, for its promoters would never have dared to give it so worldly a name; it was called simply "Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment." Perhaps it could only have existed in the days of Du Maurier; probably the audiences of the present day would wonder how their parents ever managed to listen to such things and find them charming. But Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's little operas had in their essentially English way something of the quality of "La Serva Padrona." It was the natural intimacy of style of the "Serva Padrona" that captured Paris in 1752; it was the intimacy of style that made the Reeds popular.

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The Guild of Free Lance Artists

(*Continued from page 363*)

One of the greatest of losses, in the impossible contingency of a system of organization which dominated the field, would be the loss of the artist's individuality and the impossibility of dealing with the artist personally and directly.

As a matter of fact, the consummation of anything like a boycott exerted upon the individual artist by the business art organization would also be the moment of the downfall of the whole idea of organizing the production of art. The individual artist and the buyer of his work will always be a majority against the coercion of any type of middleman, and in this lies the artist's guarantee of the maintenance of his individuality and integrity.

The guild, however, founded and guided by the type of artists who here appear before us in Mr. Oberhardt's portrait sketches, have felt, with due and admirable solicitude for the art and the profession which they so powerfully represent, that it would be well not to rely entirely upon the belief that certain kinds of things, given enough rope, will hang themselves.

They have founded the Guild of Free Lance Artists in order to effect certain constructive work and to formulate a definite code of ethics which will operate for the benefit alike of Guild members and the buyers of their work.

Among other things, the tenets of the Guild, which is still young, will tend to cultivate in the individual artist a definite sense of responsibility, not only as regards his own work, and his business relations with those who buy it, but also as regards his fellow members. That no undue advantages may accrue to any individual of a group engaged in similar work, the observance of a fair code of ethics is accepted not only as a necessity but in a spirit of sportsmanship and honor by every member.

The Guild of Free Lance Artists stands for the individual integrity of its members, and thus imposes a high responsibility upon them. It stands for principles of mutual right-dealing in this realm of art where artist and businessman meet in a common marketplace. If it avoids the dangers of the abuses of organization which have impaired the usefulness of many a well-intended organization, the Guild of Free Lance Artists will come to be the highest tribunal of illustrating and advertising art, and its members will be clothed in the strength to ride forth forever to do battle with unrighteousness, ability and integrity their armor, and their lances, which are their pencils, forever free.

A Market for Mediaevalism

A SHORT time ago there was staged in the salesroom of the American Art Association an episode against which a white stone is to be placed in the history of taste in the United States. That part of the collection formed by the late Henry C. Lawrence was dispersed which was devoted to antique stained glass. Nothing like it had ever before come to public sale in this country. There were no precedents to guide bidders, and while some of them, like Sir Joseph Duveen, doubtless had had European experience in the matter of prices, the occasion was one on which inexperience nevertheless had a good deal to do with the establishment of a market here for mediæval glass, a market fixing a standard probably always to be maintained. The result was as sensational as it was gratifying. Bidders groping in the dark showed extraordinary courage, and an early English panel less than three feet square sold for $70,000.

THIS record will be explained in various ways. It will be said, rather vaguely, that there is a lot of money lying around in America waiting to be spent on works of art. It will be said that the American collector, when he wants a thing, will pay any price for it. It will be said that the Duveens, with vast capital behind them and a clientele made up of Mæcenases, set an infectious example. Then among those present was Mr. Raymond Pitcairn, from Philadelphia, with a long purse and a memorial purpose up his sleeve. Yet none of these explanations really explain. There is no complacence in another assumption, that the extraordinary sums given for the Lawrence glass are to be taken as indicative of a definite advance in American culture. All the signs point to this conclusion. It is not wealth alone that is making this country the scene of the great art sales of our time. The movement has been going on for years. Collectors like Morgan, Altman, Johnson and Frick drew from Europe quantities of the noblest of its pictorial and plastic treasures. Successors to them are appearing even now in private life, and in public the prodigious growth of the Metropolitan and other museums shows how the masterpiece has come to be demanded in the United States as a matter of course. Within the last few days we have witnessed the phenomenal sale at auction of a notable French collection of Japanese prints, and a body of the works of Degas, likewise brought from Paris. Events of which we would have once heard by cable as occurring at Christie's or the Hotel Drouot now occur in New York. The story is almost trite, but the prices paid for the Lawrence glass, $4,000, $10,000, $23,000, $70,000, give a new turn to a familiar matter.—*New York Tribune.*

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Negro Sculpture

WE have the habit of thinking that the power to create expressive plastic form is one of the greatest of human achievements, and the names of great sculptors are handed down from generation to generation, so that it seems unfair to be forced to admit that certain nameless savages have possessed this power not only in a higher degree than we at this moment, but than we as a nation have ever possesesd it. And yet that is where I find myself. I have to admit that some of these things are great, sculpture—greater, I think, than anything we produced even in the Middle Ages. Certainly they have the special qualities of sculpture in a higher degree. They have indeed complete plastic freedom; that is to say, these African artists really conceive form in three dimensions. Now this is rare in sculpture. All archaic European sculpture—Greek and Romanesque, for instance—approaches plasticity from the point of view of bas-reliefs. The statue bears traces of having been conceived as the combination of front, back and side bas-reliefs. And this continues to make itself felt almost until the final development of the tradition. Complete plastic freedom with us seems only to come at the end of a long period, when the art has attained a high degree of representational skill and when it is generally already decadent from the point of view of imaginative significance.

NOW the strange thing about these African sculptures is that they bear, as far as I can see, no trace of this process. Without ever attaining anything like representational accuracy they have complete freedom. The sculptors seem to have no difficulty in getting away from the two-dimensional plane. The neck and the torso are conceived as cylinders, not as masses with a square section. The head is conceived as a pear-shaped mass. It is conceived as a single whole, not arrived at by approach from the mask, as with almost all primitive European art. The mask itself is conceived as a concave plane cut out of this otherwise perfectly unified mass.

And here we come upon another curious difference between negro sculpture and our own, namely, that the emphasis is utterly different. Our emphasis has always been affected by our preferences for certain forms which appeared to us to mark the nobility of man. Thus we shrink from giving the head its full development; we like to lengthen the legs and generally to force the form into a particular type. These preferences seem to be dictated not by a plastic bias, but by our reading of the physical symbols of certain qualities which we admire in our kind, such, for instance, as agility, a commanding presence, or a pensive brow. The negro, it seems, either has no such preferences, or his preferences happen to coincide more nearly with what his feeling for pure plastic design would dictate. For instance, the length, thinness and isolation of our limbs render them extremely refractory to fine plastic treatment, and the negro scores heavily by his willingness to reduce the limbs to a succession of ovoid masses sometimes scarcely longer than they are broad. Generally speaking, one may say that his plastic sense leads him to give its utmost amplitude and relief to all the protuberant parts of the body, and to get thereby an extraordinarily emphatic and impressive sequence of planes. So far from clinging to two dimensions, as we tend to do, he actually underlines, as it were, the three-dimensionalness of his forms. It is in some such way, I suspect, that he manages to give to his forms their disconcerting vitality, the suggestion that they make of being not mere echoes of actual figures, but of possessing an inner life of their own. If the negro artist wanted to make people believe in the potency of his idols he certainly set about it in the right way.

BESIDES the logical comprehension of plastic form which the negro shows, he has also an exquisite taste in his handling of material. No doubt in this matter his endless leisure has something to do with the marvellous finish of these works. An instance of this is seen in the treatment of the tattoo cicatrices. These are always rendered in relief, which means that the artist has cut away the whole surface around them. I fancy most sculptors would have found some less laborious method of interpreting these markings. But this patient elaboration of the surface is characteristic of most of these works. It is seen to perfection in a wooden cup covered all over with a design of faces and objects that look like clubs in very low relief. The *galbe* of this cup shows a subtlety and refinement of taste comparable to that of the finest Oriental craftsmen.

It is curious that a people who produced such great artists did not produce also a culture in our sense of the word. This shows that two factors are necessary to produce the cultures which distinguish civilized peoples. There must be, of course, the creative artist, but there must also be the power of conscious critical appreciation and comparison. If we imagined such an apparatus of critical appreciation as the Chinese have possessed from the earliest times applied to this negro art, we should have no difficulty in recognizing its singular beauty. It is for want of a conscious critical sense and intellectual power that the negro has failed to create one of the great cultures of the world.

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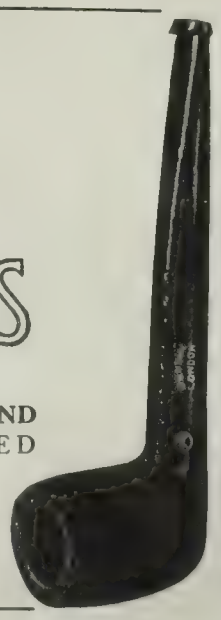

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GILBERT K. CHESTERTON has written two brilliant essays for ARTS & DECORATION dealing with ART and ARCHITECTURE. The first of these essays will appear in the April issue, and will be Mr. Chesterton's first piece of writing during his visit to this country.

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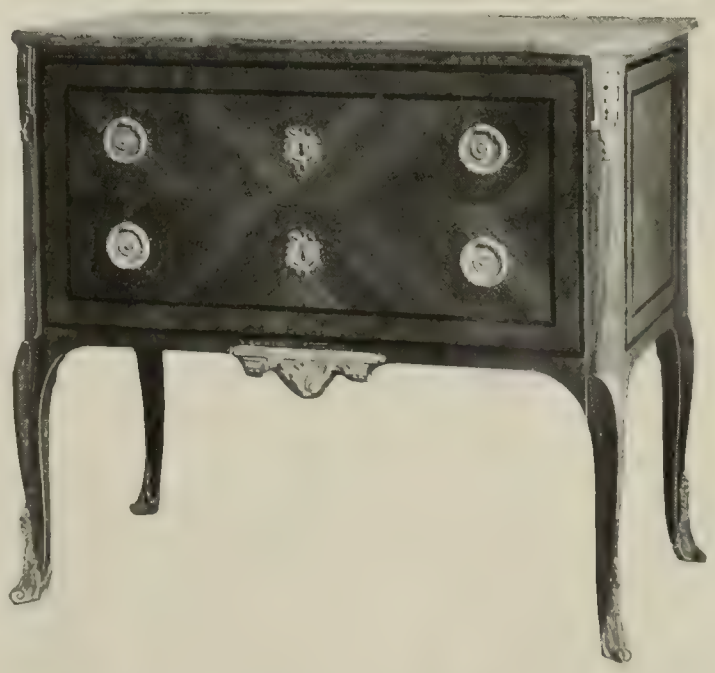

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The west side of the villa from Boscheria

The Villa Colletta

(*Continued from page 370*)

who, upon being taken to see some of these villas, naïvely observed that one reason why they were so good was that "there was so little architecture about them." To be a little more explicit, what he admired so much was the absence of all self-conscious effort at "effect" and the frank simplicity of the whole composition.

L'Oriuolo, "The Clock"—whence comes this whimsical name it would be hard to say—is simplicity itself. Its north front, lying directly upon the road, is as plain as a pipe stem, save for the slight moulded projections of the window trims and the shadowed overhang of the eaves. Indeed, the only part of the exterior that can lay claim to any of the quality usually described as "composition" is the south front, and there is very little of it there—only the triple-arcaded loggia, a very unobtrusive cornice, and a parapet with urns, the two last named features introduced at a recent date in an attempt to pull the two parts of this front together into a forced semblance of symmetry.

Entering the door in the loggia, one realizes that architectural amenity was largely reserved for the interiors of such villas as L'Oriuolo. The door gives directly into a lofty rectangular hallway open to the roof. At one time this was doubtless a *cortile* and uncovered to the heavens, but it has since been given the protection of a skylight.

Going through the whole house, one cannot help being struck by the fact that the plan is thoroughly incoherent. Indeed, one might well say there is no plan at all. Room simply opens out from room in a perfectly casual manner, and none of them save the *salon grande*, the dining-room, the library and the kitchen seem to have any obviously specific purpose. This lack of plan, however, is characteristic. No two of the villas are alike, except in what most of us would call their chance jumbling of rooms together. In explanation it must be remembered that this incoherence is generally the result of successive additions, for not a few of the villas began as much smaller houses and grew in extent as the years passed by.

Whatever be the shortcomings in logical and orderly arrangement, according to the conception of many, it must be confessed that these rambling houses, with their inconsequent disposal of rooms, are thoroughly delightful to live in. One has a chance to order their rooms to suit the dictates of their personal tastes and likings without being hampered by a set, orthodox, conventional, and logical plan. Furthermore, the waste of space so often in *our* houses given over to passageways is eliminated. In Italy the presence of servants is not taboo as though they were the plague; one does not expect their goings and comings to be relegated to invisible runways.

The grounds of the Villa Colletta are but trifling in extent, but all the same they are amply sufficient for contentment. And this chiefly for two reasons—first, because they are so planned that they are self-contained in scheme, shut in by walls from the outer world, and complete in the realization of the simple aims of the garden maker. The prime purpose was to provide privacy and agreeable surroundings for outdoor living. The second reason is that, like the gardens of many other villas, the Colletta garden enjoys the common prospect across the olive orchards and vineyards of neighboring estates.

After all is said and done, the area occupied by the villas—the gardens are often relatively small and the residue of the land intensively cultivated orchard and farm—is really just so much enclosed country, and entrance within the gates and walls of any of the villas is almost sure to land one in the midst of a serene and satisfying landscape, all but invisible from the wall-bordered roads.

The joy of the site and the other incident factors of delight, which must be experienced to be fully appreciated, compensate for any drawbacks, real or imaginary, that the captious may discover and render the Villa Colletta and others of its type truly pleasant places to abide.

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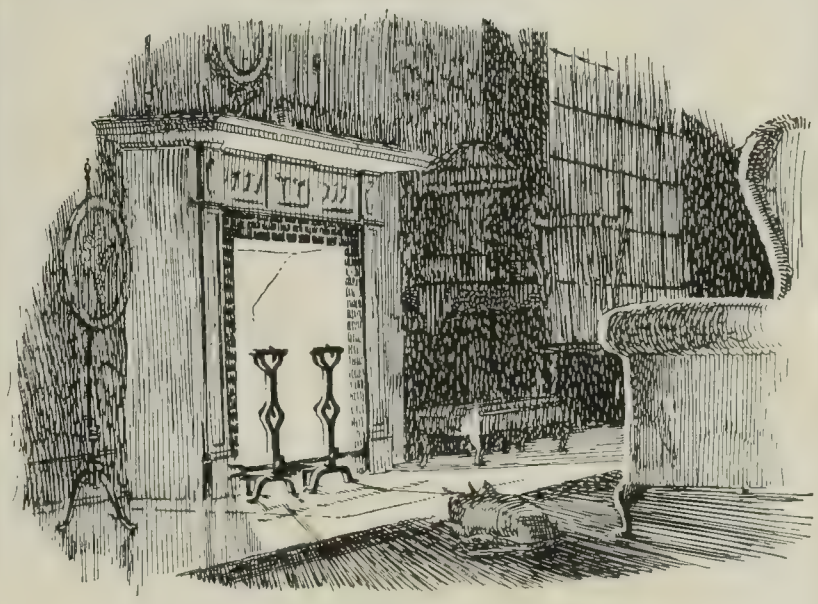

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The Conscious and Sub-Conscious Mary Garden

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

STRAIGHT as a poplar, lissom as a reed, Miss Mary Garden walked into the room. Her face was eager, flushed with health and full of life. She seemed all energy. The cares of management sat lightly on her head. She was inspiring in her warm and bright vitality.

Miss Garden took a seat and crossed her legs. It is a way of hers, an old and easy habit. It becomes her. Though she had just as much to worry her as Gatti-Casazza, of the Metropolitan, she would have laughed at the mere thought of being gloomy. Her Italian rival would, I am sure, have envied her the amazing buoyancy of her attitude. To him opera seems a most depressing business.

Some fragrance of her native Scottish braes has surely clung to the fair opera manager. The spirit of the moors must still be cheering her in her self-chosen task.

Not that she greatly loves the cares of management. Lord bless you, no. But one has duties and, to quote from her own words, when she saw the Chicago Company just crumbling into ruin, she felt "that it was time for some big artist, strong and loyal," to step in and save it. She knew her value and she had no fear. She knew that she alone could really help. And now she wears her crown, unselfishly. For she gets nothing for her labors, as she told me, and she asks nothing, but the pure joy of singing.

"BUT how will you put order into chaos?" I inquired.

"By imposing discipline," was the immediate answer.

The plots and the intrigues of the past will have to go. The wars of French and Slavic and native and Italian singers, conductors, supers, chorus folk and instrumentalists must be suppressed.

"I know the need, the absolute need, of discipline," said the new manager. "Yet in our company the word has lost its meaning. The chorus seemed to do just what it pleased. As for the rest—one night, not long ago, we almost had to postpone 'Monna Vanna' because a singer who had only a mere bit to do in the Tent Scene sent word that he was ill, and there was no one, not one man, in the whole company who could replace him in the emergency."

That sort of thing will stop. Miss Garden's plan is to have competent understudies for every rôle, the great rôles and the small ones. The public will be sure of hearing operas which have been announced. If Mary Garden is not able to go on, some other artist will sing in her stead.

"Who ever heard of operas being changed in Paris because some favorite artist happened to be ill?"

Miss Garden swears by Paris. It was in Paris, at the Opéra-Comique, she won her rarest laurels. There, too, she learned all that she knows of management. She could not well have had a better school than the French lyric stage. She owes it everything, her art and her success. It was at the Opéra-Comique she first appeared one golden night as Mélisande, a vision of enchanting grace and poetry. There she sang many, many other parts, from Charpentier's Louise to Aphrodite. In Paris she had toiled, and hoped and suffered. There she had probed the depths of the despair that comes to artists. She could fill volumes with the story of her struggles. Some day, perhaps, she will when she retires. There, like Debussy and Charpentier, both friends of hers, she faced good and evil fortune, with smiles and sighs and often, too, with sobs. But she was born to conquer fate. And there she sat—a star of opera and a manager.

The anguish of past years has not affected her ebulliency. But in her tones (at which some critics sneer so strangely) at times I hear a plantive quality. It seems to hint at all the pain and woe of all the women in this world of tears. As I once wrote, in Mary Garden there are two women, one possibly sub-conscious, one revealed. The sub-conscious Mary is at heart a poet. She may be more, indeed, Heaven only knows. The superficial Mary voices courtesans. The inner Mary sings through Mélisande.

A fancy, if you will. And yet I cling to it. The *credo quia absurdam* of the Catholics is not so foolish as some Protestants suppose.

THE manager who thrones it at the Manhattan, all gleaming white and rose, bare-armed and necked, is not the only Mary Garden, or the best. She may be radiant. But she hides a deep sad soul. The brilliant artist who beguiles as Louise, or Cleopatra, or Thaïs, is, I believe, the shell. The inner woman might delight us more.

To drop fancy and get back to facts.

We should not judge Miss Garden by what she may do at the fag-end of her first and trying season. Her hands are tied by contracts and by rules which, till next winter, she is powerless to change. Her managerial test will come when, eight months hence, she opens a new season in Chicago. One of her aims will then be to preserve a proper balance between foreign operas, French, Italian and German, and, incidentally, to give a chance to our American composers, if there should be any who deserve encouragement.

WARREN G. HARDING,
to be inaugurated
President
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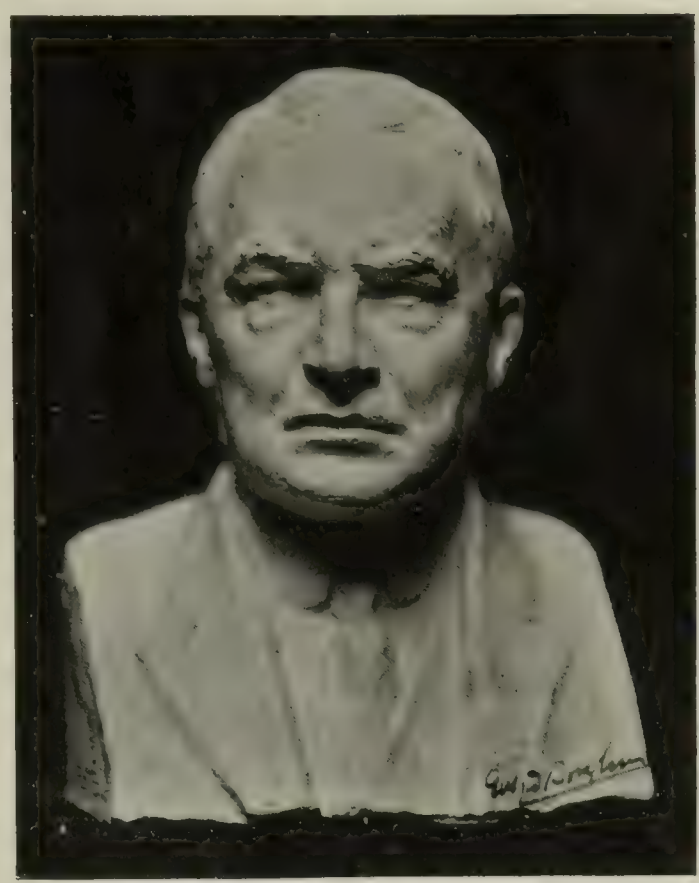
March 4, 1921



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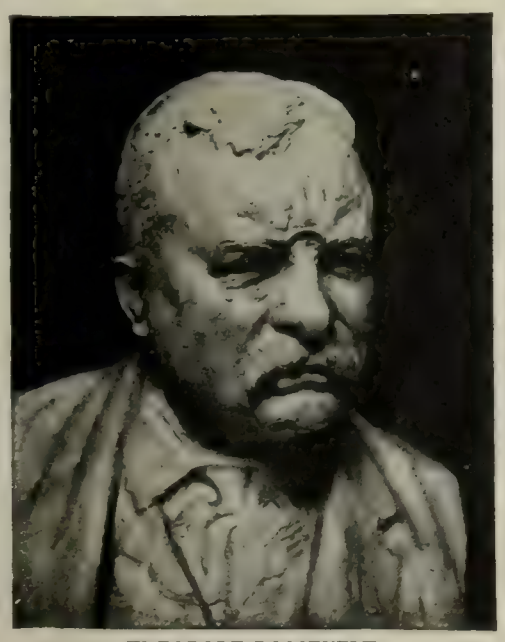
JOHN GUTZON DE LA MOTHE BORGLUM, known as Gutzon Borglum, and hailed by Rodin as America's greatest sculptor, is by birth as well as genius entirely American, born in Idaho, when Idaho was a frontier state, in 1867. In 1890 Mr. Borglum went to Paris and studied at the famous Atelier Julien and the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and exhibited at the Paris Salon. After several years spent in the companionship of the great Rodin, as a pupil whom Rodin himself later designated as his successor, Borglum devoted most of his time to sculpture. He made the colossal figures of the Twelve Apostles which adorn the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. The Metropolitan Museum of Art owns his Bronze group, the Mares of Diomedes. Probably his statue of Lincoln is the most widely known and best loved of all Gutzon Borglum's works. This is the seated Lincoln, commissioned for the city of Newark, New Jersey; it is an intimate study of Lincoln as he was when alone.

Mr. Borglum has begun the most colossal piece of sculpture ever undertaken in the history of the world—the great Stone Mountain memorial to the Confederacy, near Atlanta, Ga. On the sides of a mountain of solid granite will be carved from the living rock the Confederate army, figures of men and horses fifty feet tall, in high relief.



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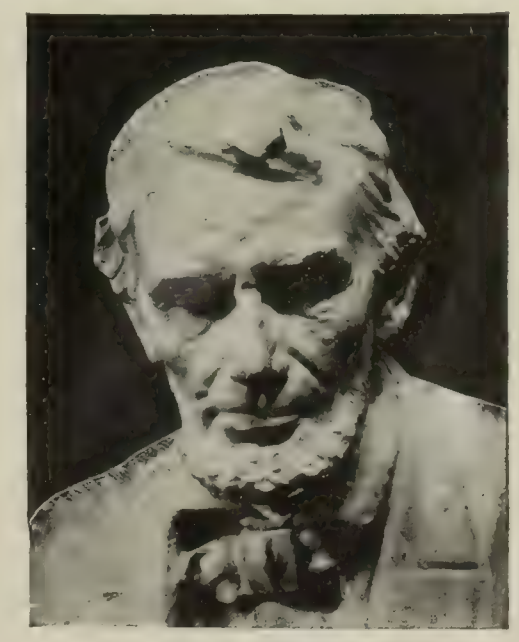

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What's On in the Book World

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY by H. G. WELLS. New York. The Macmillan Company.

H. G. Wells, in "The Outline of History," a work in two volumes, likens the world in the year after the Great War to a man who has had some vital surgical operation very roughly performed, and who is not yet sure whether he can go on living or whether he has suffered so much injury that he will presently fall down and die.

It is, therefore, to aid in the support of this "injured world" in its rebuilding of itself that Mr. Wells has accomplished the stupendous task of providing a popular work dealing with the development of nations and with international relationships from the time that "the world was so new and all," as Kipling would say, to the present era of unrest. It seems strange, indeed, to read about the personalities of Sir Edward Carson and President Wilson in a book which chronicles the tales of the Hebrew prophets and kings, of the Greek rulers, and the Roman Cæsars; but these, also, form a small part of the contents of a work which embraces the Azoic period and the League of Nations episode.

In a curious way, Mr. Wells interjects bits of modern history here and there in a comparison-point-of-view fashion in the recital of the events of ancient history. By this method, one learns, for instance, how a certain modern English statesman might have been treated by the democracies of Greece (Athens and Miletus, e.g.) in connection with their institution of ostracism, by which in times of crisis and conflict the decision was made whereby some citizen was sent into exile for ten years. This system might win merit for itself in the modern program of political affairs.

Christianity is treated in a truly unorthodox manner by Mr. Wells, for he has no belief in the miracles, and casting these away, he describes merely the plain Christ-man, the great example of an incarnate ideal of spiritual manhood, the founder of "brotherhood."

Advice and editorial assistance were given to Mr. Wells by Mr. Ernest Barker, Sir H. H. Johnston, Sir E. Ray Lankester, and Professor Gilbert Murray. The illustrations consist of maps and well-planned charts. This complete history of the world is so graphically written that it must produce a better knowledge of the interweaving of life-principles upon the globe.

THE ROMANCE OF OUR TREES by ERNEST H. WILSON, M.A., V.M.H. New York. Doubleday, Page & Company.

There are few people who are not interested in trees, either because they are largely at the basis of the economic system, or because of their ornamental character. For each class of readers there is much to be found that will be interesting and helpful in "The Romance of Trees," by Ernest H. Wilson. The author traveled around the world in his researches and has much to tell of his findings. Among other important matters, he tells that he was unable to discover the true home of the ginkgo tree, as it was found only under cultivation in China and Japan, instead of being indigenous, as has been generally supposed. It was not until the year 1879 that the home of the horse-chestnut was definitely known and when it was found growing wild on the mountains of Thessaly and other parts of northern Greece.

Mr. Wilson claims that the most handsome exotic flowering tree in the eastern part of the United States is the horse-chestnut; and that the same is true of England. The most noted horse-chestnut trees are those forming the great avenue in Bushy Park on the Thames River, and a quarter of a mile from Hampton Court Palace. They were planted by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1699. There are one hundred and thirty-seven trees on each side of the avenue, planted forty-two feet apart in the line, and the width of the avenue is one hundred and seventy feet and its length is about one mile.

Tracing the story of the introduction of the horse-chestnut into the northern countries by way of Vienna, it was found that it reached the markets of that place about the year 1560. Mr. Wilson cites as his authority "Memorials of John Bartram and Humphrey Marshall," in quoting the date, September, 1741, as being that of the introduction of the horse-chestnut into America.

The lilac also hails from Greece, according to Mr. Wilson, and reached Vienna ten years later than the horse-chestnut. Equally interesting with the horse-chestnut stories are those given concerning the magnolias, beeches, elm, and yew trees. In connection with the last mentioned, Mr. Wilson describes the development of the ornamental gardening in which the English yew was clipped into the forms of grotesque beasts, birds, cones, pyramids, and other fantastic shapes; but which topiary art has now fallen into disrepute, he states.

Evelyn claimed the credit of this use of the yew, Mr. Wilson further relates, and that the ridicule of Addison and Pope led largely to its disuse. Pope, in deriding the fashion, wrote: "An eminent town gardener has arrived at such perfection that he cuts family pieces of men, women, or children in trees. Adam and Eve in yew, Adam a little shattered by the fall from the Tree of Knowledge.

The material is so well presented in "The Romance of Our Trees" that all tree-lovers and garden-lovers will find new enthusiasm engendered for old favorites and fresh interest stimulated for the lesser known trees.

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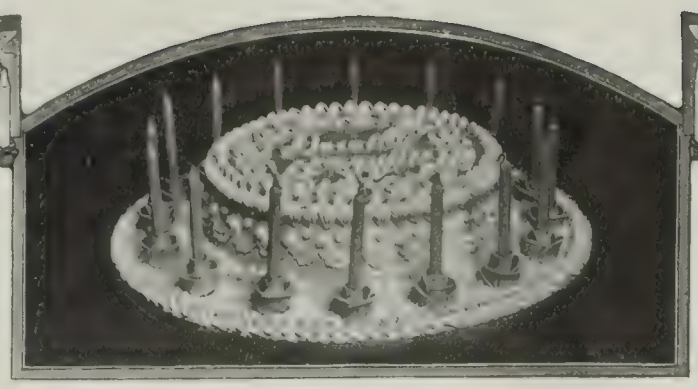

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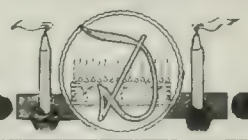

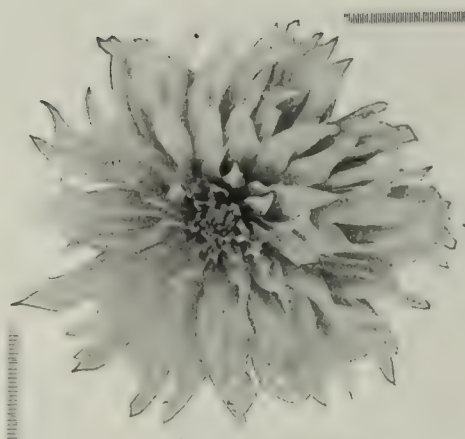

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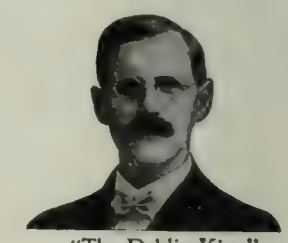

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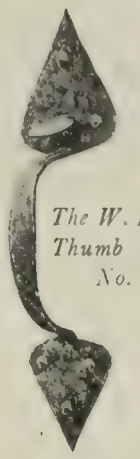

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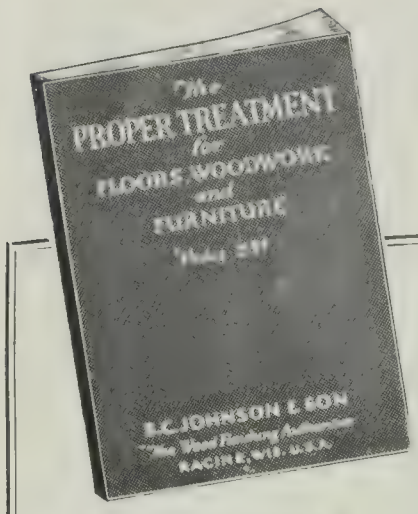

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We will be glad to see you at the new address, after February 15th, at No. 50 West 47th Street.

JOSEPH A. JUDD,
President

The Arliss Augmentation of the Films

(*Continued from page* 369)

cast supporting him in "The Devil" were experienced cinemators. The director has been of the photoplay world ever since it was created. Yet Mr. Arliss was the only one who seemed to know what he was about. And he was the only one who remained congruous throughout the seven reels.

Arliss toured the provinces of England ten years before any one would notice him. He was born and bred in London; it was his desire to come into his own there. "I was the face at the window; the horses are approachin', m'lord; the thunder and lightning; the voice in the maelstrom; the crowd outside the gates. I did everything. Finally the summons came, and I was ready. I wouldn't relinquish that decade for anything, because it was my training that afterwards enabled me to be dependable in important parts.

Mr. Arliss doesn't believe there is such a thing as buried talent that influence is as vital as it is ascertained to be. "You can't keep a good man down—definitely. There are too many producers in the theatre searching for ingenious workers, and I don't feel that it is necessary to sacrifice or that one must attain one's ends by extraordinary means. One must be in less of a hurry, more willing to go through the grind. One must realize the benefit of a foundation. The late Bronson Howard, author of 'Shenandoah,' was attracted by a young boy on the stage who was assisting him in managing the rehearsals. 'That lad has ideas!' he noted. 'I'm going to let him alone for awhile and see what he will do.' He lived to observe the achievements of David Belasco."

Stars in Their Courses

(*Continued from page* 365)

exacting rôle of Otello made a real impression. But, though an actor of impressive gifts, with a fine voice, he has much yet to learn about the art of singing.

Besides these, we have had our chance of hearing Rosina Storchio (the first Cio-Cio-San), Hector Dufranne, Carlo Galeffi, Georges Baklanoff—*e tutti quanti.* We still hope to have Bonci with us. So, as you see, we should be fools to grumble at the chief artists who now bow to Mary Garden.

For various reasons, there have not been many novelties announced at the Manhattan. Indeed, so far, we have had only one of three which may be tried this season. A three-act lyric drama, "Jacquerie," by the conductor (who was until lately the artistic director of the company), Maëstro Gino Marinuzzi. It seems a pity that the performance of this work was not preceded by a dress rehearsal for the benefit of the critics. To judge a serious opera offhand is hardly fair.

The Libretto, from the pen of A. Donaudy, deals with cruel things, with an uprising of French peasants, led by Jacques Bonhomme, and with the hateful *droit du seigneur,* or "baronial right," which caused such an anguish to young peasant brides and bridegrooms. This latter subject was once handled, rather flippantly, in an operetta by Leon Vasseur. Maestro Marinuzzi and his librettist treat it tragically, which, on the whole, seems the more fitting way.

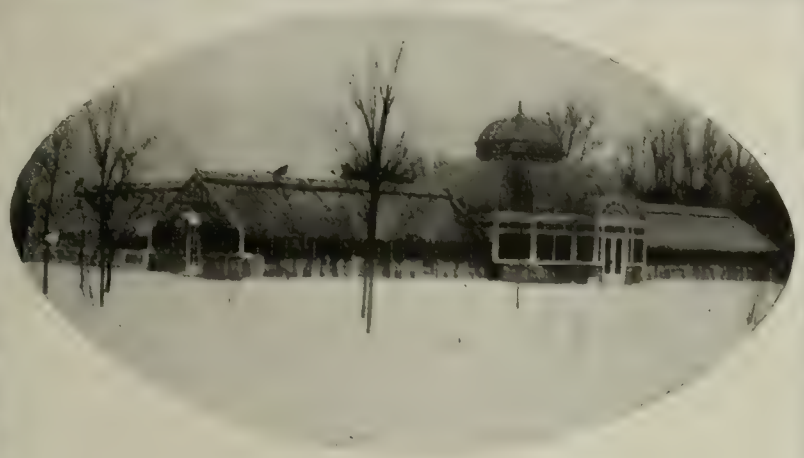
Mr. Donaudy's book is not a masterpiece. The long first act straggles tediously at times. The two later acts, however, serve their purpose, and the denouement, with the destruction of the château of the oppressor, Corrado, is quite dramatic. The hero, Mazurec, and his Isaura, have opportunities of an appropriate kind for singing. While in the father, Guillaume, who resists the tyrant, an effective rôle has been devised for a great baritone.

The composer, at first, found it hard to express himself. In the opening episodes he tripped and stumbled. He led us drearily from scene to scene till, in a pleasing duo, he controlled his art. But, in the second act, which showed the wedding of Corrado and Glorianda and the agony of the outraged Isaura and Mazurec, he proved his claim to something more than courtesy. His treatment of that act was almost masterly. It was a promise of much nobler efforts.

Marinuzzi is an accomplished symphonist, who knows his orchestra by heart and makes the most of it. He sets it singing, and sustains its song, with rich and rare and stirring harmonies. He really thrilled me by his skilful use of his brass instruments. They had the splendid tones, the heroic quality, one finds in "Lohengrin." His melody (expressed largely by the orchestra) is clear and free, not chopped up, in the style of some we know, but pure and flowing. He has the power of voicing human tragedy, and, in this act, at least, he speaks with authority.

In his third act he is again symphonic. But he has lost much of his inspiration. He seems obsessed, disturbed by memories, now of Charpentier, now of Wagner, now of Puccini. And, at the very end, he has been haunted by the beguiling rhythms of the "Aïda" march. For one so young, he has accomplished wonders, more than Puccini even now has done, more than Mascagni, except once, in "Iris." In Marinuzzi, I believe, we have the hope of a successor to the crown long worn by Verdi.

But he may have to choose between two roads: between making operas and directing them. He must forget as much as he has yet to learn. Or he may come to grief, like many more, and give what is sneered at as "conductor's music."



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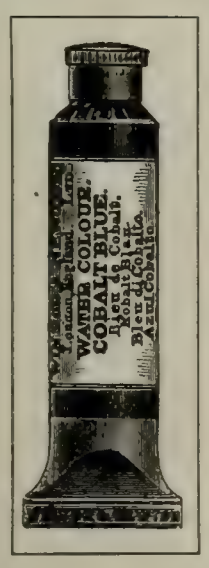

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"Rare and Gallant Soul"

(*Continued from page 359*)

Ward took me in hand at once. Daily he put me through my paces. He would say 'Define!' and I was forced to define or be sent back to the neglected page." Of course, anyone who "loafed" and "invited his soul to reading and staring from the large window on the north side of the house" was not ordained for a Choatic career. As mature Huneker apologizes for myopic Huneker:

"I tried to climb—always in the azure—but my muscles were undeveloped and wings I had none to speak of; the consequences may well be imagined," especially since "a book had decided my vocation: 'St. Martin's Summer,' by Annie Hampton Brewster"; and "another crisis had supervened—music; I never got over the attack and never shall until I die." Mr. Ward's tolerance resulted in requesting Jim to resign. He called the law "a jealous mistress," and advised the boy to take up music. Jim did, arriving at the house of Michael Cross for lessons at 6 A.M., and after the end of three years popping into his father's face an unexpected bill of tuition.

All the time spent with Mr. Wilson was not wasted; for it is reported he "possessed an excellent library, and while I neglected Somebody or Other on Contracts, I read De Foe, Smollett, Richardson, Fielding. Ah! what bliss. Clarissa Harlowe I mixed up with Tom Jones and mistook Mrs. Booth for Roxana. . . . About this period I laid the keel for a course of study upon which, if the ship had been built, I could have straightway sailed to the Blessed Isles of Knowledge. All English, American, Italian, Spanish, French, German, and classical literatures were included in this vast undertaking. In English I was satisfied to begin with Chaucer, ending with Ruskin and Pater. Poets, dramatists, essayists, novelists, were there, and subdivisions devoted to writers on special subjects. It was at least a five-hundred-foot bookshelf, this of mine, and at least five hundred and more authors figured on it; a Rabelasian feast, a gluttonous and greedy absorption of all the world has thought and written. My ignorance was on a par with my ambitions, which were immeasurable. Ah! Steeplejack, descend rung by rung your shaky ladder and bury in the darkest recesses of your heart the clouded visions seen from the spire of your church of dreams."

He was vacuous, this child who when he was seven had read Dickens; and when he was ten would devour everything from Shakespeare to the weather reports in the *Ledger*. He says: "The curious part of my study-book is that I lived long enough to read and reread every book on the list. The original project was a five-year course—an impossible project; fifty years it has taken me."

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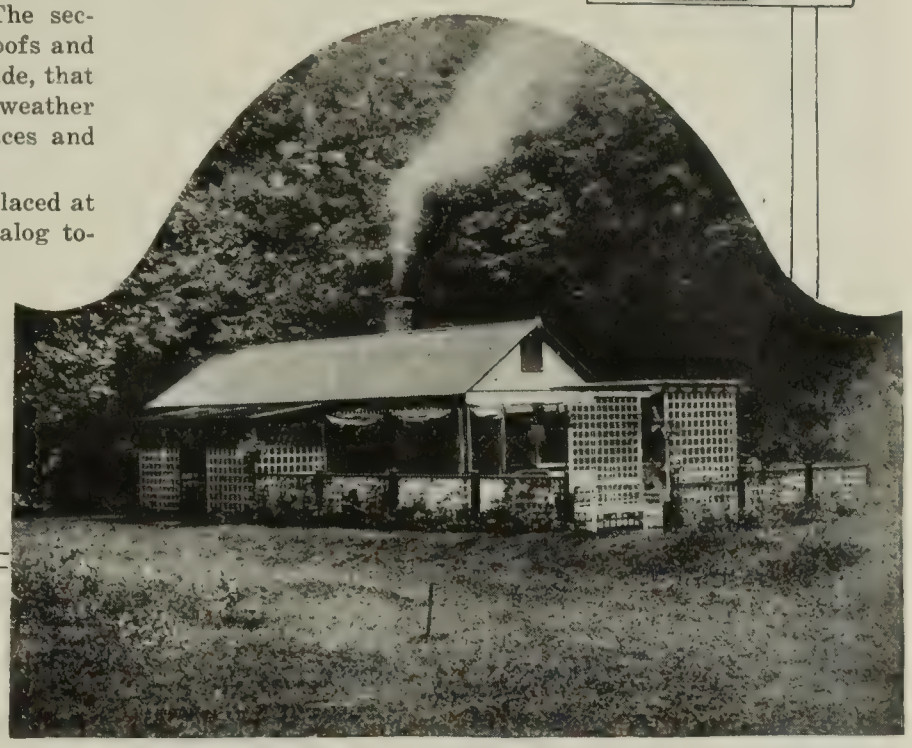

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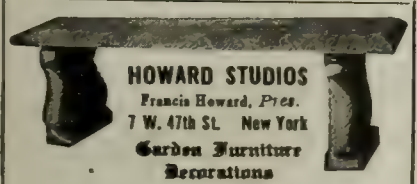

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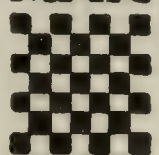

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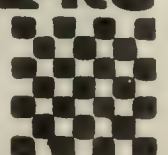

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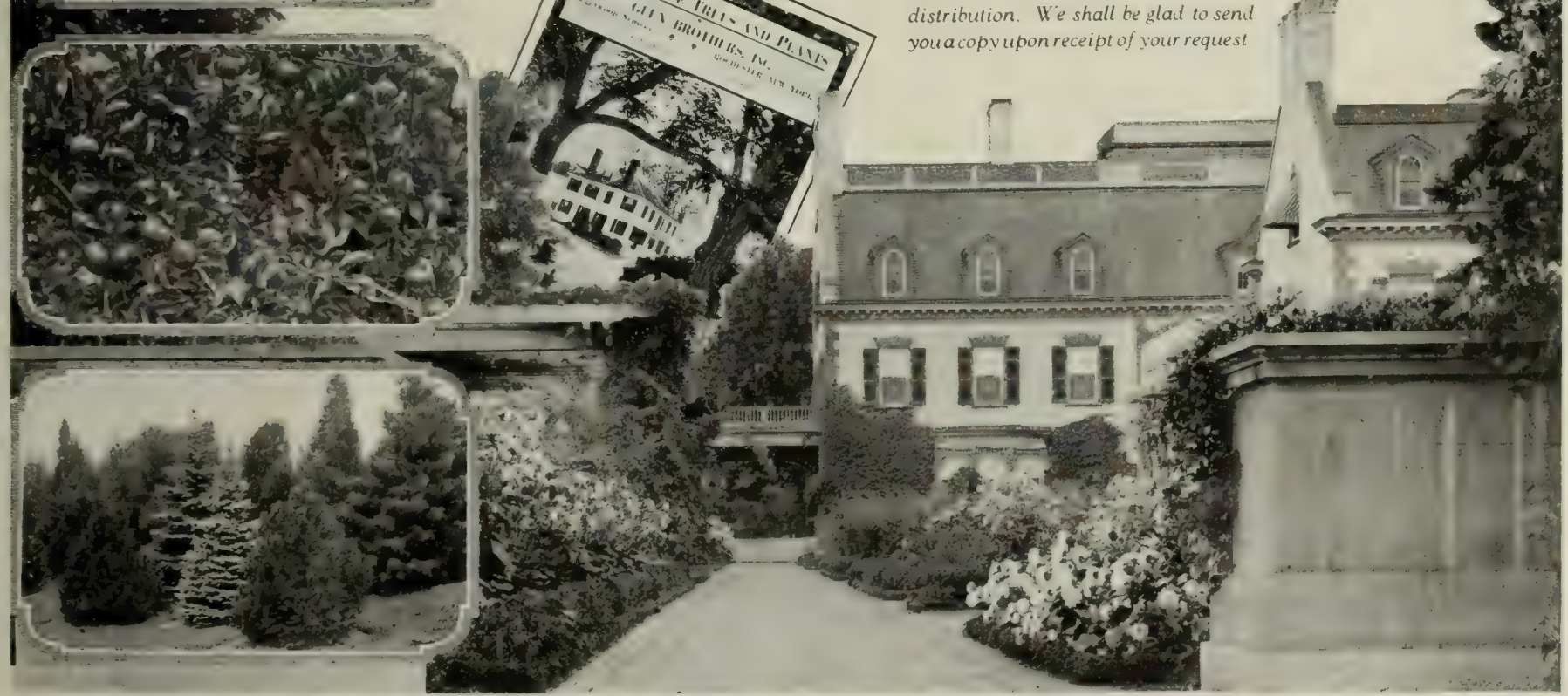

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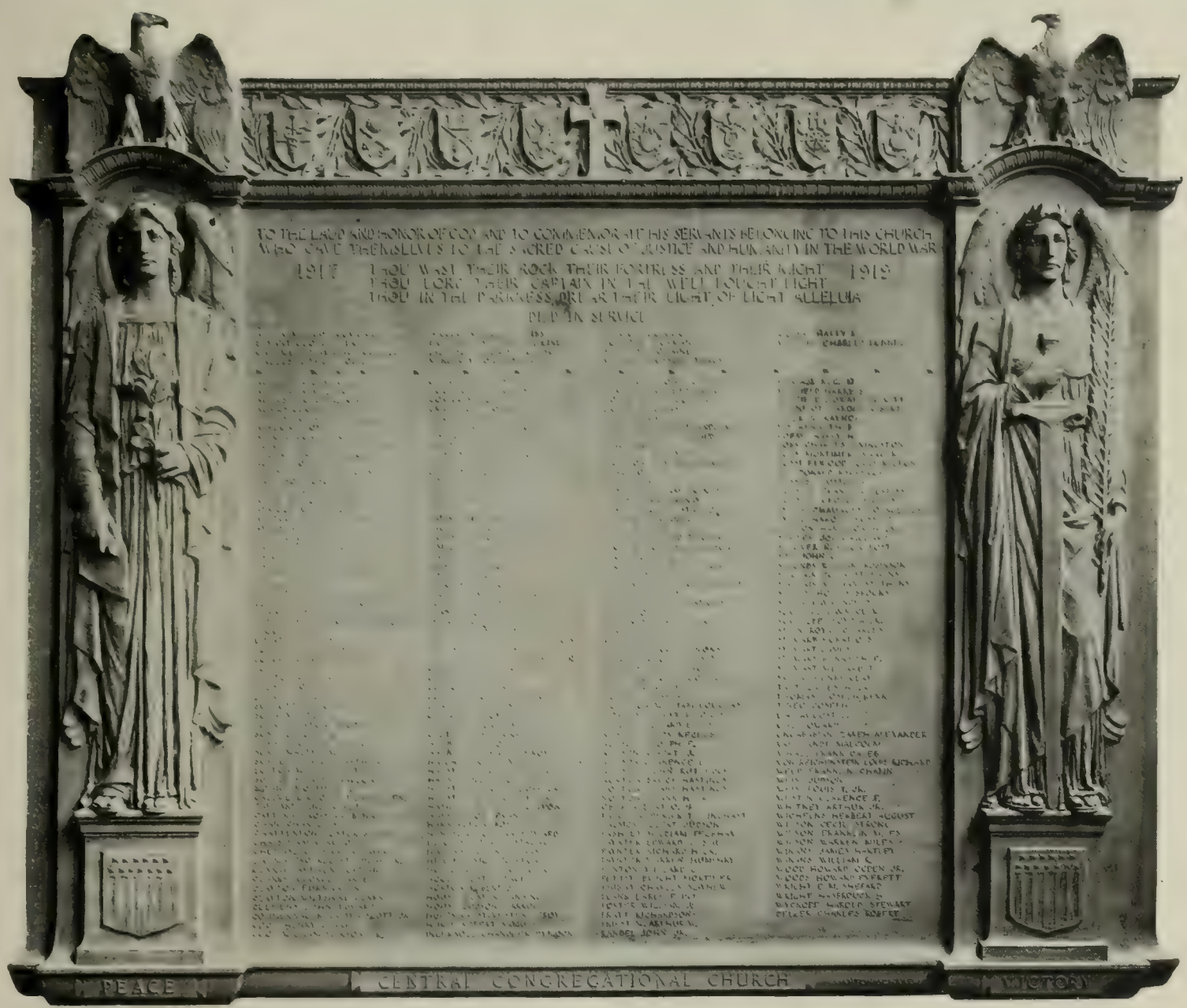

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PERSIAN INFLUENCE ON BYZANTINE ART

THAT the fabric, silk, has vitally affected the decorative development of various nations is nowhere more clearly illustrated than in the case of the Byzantine Empire in Justinian's reign.

Constantinople then was indeed a mighty center of commerce, and there the Asiatic love for dress was resplendently exhibited. But the gorgeous silks so well loved by the Byzantines came in the most part from the farther East through the intermediary of the Persians, who loomed them and passed them along.

To this condition of economic dependence Justinian objected, coveting also the material advantages of successful manufacture; and the story goes that at his direction two Persian monks long familiar with China revisited that distant empire and concealing the object of their voyage — both the silkworm eggs and the sprouts of the mulberry tree—in their bamboo staffs, returned to Justinian.

This is but legend, true it is, however, that from Justinian's reign Constantinople became the European center of silk cultivation. He imported weavers from Persia; and these, affected by their new environment, immediately commenced to express the dominant characters of Christianity in their designs, while bringing from Syria and Persia the tendency to interpret nature-motifs decoratively, to show fantastic animals and flowers quaintly transformed into patterns, or framed in circular bands and geometrical compartments.

Thus the influences of the two races became blended in decorative art; and may even today be seen in many of the beautiful upholstery and decorative silks produced in this country — particularly by Cheney Brothers.

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VOLUME XIV

NUMBER 6

April, 1921

The Sanity of Architecture

By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

WHEN I first stood in the Pennsylvania Railway Station of New York, an enthusiastic English friend, very justly admiring the architecture of that great enclosure, observed to me: "This railway station is like a cathedral." We did not indeed indulge in any genuflexions or prostrations, which might be appropriate to such a shrine, if surprising to the careless crowds that were moving in it. We did not even reverently remove our hats. That is a gesture which Americans seem to regard as specially and supremely demanded by the elevator in an hotel. At least I have seen very polished and courteous American gentlemen take off their hats in the elevator, and put them on again when they walked out with the same lady into another room in the same building. At first I thought I had come on the traces of some occult religion, as secret as that of the Christian in the Catacombs. I thought that perhaps the elevator would be the temple of the future faith of the American continent. There is something in the very word "elevator," or even in the English word, "lift," which seems to suggest uplift. There is something very symbolic of a new religion in that winged house of flying room, rising continually to higher and higher planes. I will add that it is none the less symbolic of a new religion, because the people rise without taking any particular trouble to do so. I was tempted to fancy that in the future the architecture of the elevator would become more devout and ecclesiastical, or be adorned with angelic wings indicating its upward destiny. How we could arrange for a thing which was able to go up without also being able to go down, I leave to the modern mechanicians—and the modern moralists.

An impression of Gilbert K. Chesterton, by Ralph Barton

But I soon discovered that the habit had a simpler explanation, and probably arose from the vast size of modern hotels and the relative smallness of the elevator, which by its very limitations brought back a sense of domesticity, and therefore of dignity. And these things also are an allegory. Anyhow, the gentleman in the hotel, stepping out into a spacious lobby, very naturally feels almost as if he was stepping into the street. And if this be true, even of a hotel lobby, it is naturally even more true of so vast a thing as the Pennsylvania Railway Station; in which a man feels rather as if he were stepping out into a prairie. Hence the hat that remained on my friend's head, despite the devotional rapture of his words. And I need hardly say that his words, at least in the sense in which he used them, were profoundly true. The Pennsylvania Railway Station is a really impressive building; that inspiration by which the very bases of the columns begin like capitals far above the spectator's head is a touch of true imagination. And the Pennsylvania Railway Station is in that sense very like a cathedral; it is in its way much better than St. Paul's Cathedral. It is, of course, conceived in the same classical style as St. Paul's or St. Peter's; a style which some would call rational and some would even call heathen. And that is exactly the second step in the argument.

For some would say that St. Paul's Cathedral does not remind us of a cathedral. And though I think so extreme a notion would be narrow, it is true that when we think of all that is grandest and most suggestive in the word "cathedral," we do generally think of one of the great Gothic cathedrals.

Even if this be admitted, we might still be content to say that the railway station does not look like a cathedral but does look like a temple. It looks most emphatically like a temple of the Unknown God, vast and yet hardly varied, featureless and yet formal, impressing the imagination, yet in a sense without images; the true temple for the agnostics and pantheists of this generation—or perhaps rather of the last generation. For rationalism and railway trains are now neither of them new; and I suspect they have both grown old.

But there is a third step in such a speculation; which is this: The railway station is not only not like a cathedral, but it is not really like a railway station. Curiously enough, it is precisely because there is nothing about it to suggest a mediæval church that there is nothing about it specially to suggest a modern railway. If the mediæval craftsmen who made cathedrals had made railways and therefore railway stations, the decoration of the station would probably have been all alive and kicking with the characteristic life of the railways. The Gothic craftsmanship is full of comedies and tragedies of common life, and especially of common lives connected with the erection and use of the church. It is full of carvings of masons climbing up ladders or falling off ladders. It is full of pictures of priests, not only depicted in the act of preaching, but caricatured in the act of practising the very opposite of what they preached. I think it would be a worthy and stimulating exercise of the fancy to conceive what would be the appearance of a modern railway station if it were adorned in a style as popular or even as vulgar as a mediæval cathedral. On the parallel of the mason, we should have the porters

not only depicted as carrying luggage but falling over luggage; we should also see the stouter and more prosperous of the passengers similarly falling over the luggage, which would be even more agreeable to a fine and well-regulated mind. And on the parallel of the priests, we should have open caricatures of the profiteers, especially the railway profiteers. We might have the very millionaires and magnates who had made the railway and the railway station derided in the details of its ornament; for the mediæval workers were suffered to cut their anti-clerical jests upon the clerical buildings. The satire that can only be scribbled on a wall in chalk in the age of enlightenment could be carved on a wall in stone in the age of superstition. But I do not deal here merely with such social or political freedom but with artistic freedom, and in this special freedom to express the common life of the time in the mediæval railway station I fancy there would be many architectural uses of the mere machinery of railways. The wheels might appear like the volutes of Ionic columns. The colored lights of railway signals might have clustered into colored windows.

In this sense it will be generally admitted that liberty was the note of Gothic architecture as compared with classic architecture, or even the later revival in Christendom of classic architecture. We need not at all deny the real sense in which the Renaissance was a renewal or even a liberation. But even those who hold that it freed art can hardly maintain that it freed artists. With the rationalistic movement the mystical democracy of the mediæval guilds decayed, and gave place to capitalism and all the inhuman problems of our own time. And in nothing is this more obvious than in that quality which I have called featureless, even in so fine a classic building as the New York Railway Station. There not only are not, but there could not be, any purely popular details in such a design. Even in be-

"It looks most emphatically like a temple of the Unknown God, vast, and yet hardly varied"

coming rational it has become remote from real life.

The Gothic thus represents freedom by comparison with purely rational architecture. But unless I am very much mistaken we shall soon have a school of irrational architecture. And it is typical of much deeper truths that against the future development, perhaps the futurist development, the mediæval model will stand not for liberty but for law, not for order but for sanity. I fancy that the futurist taste in the arts will in the case of architecture be not only towering but toppling; in short, top-heavy. It will not only be Egyptian rather than Greek; and cease to be classic in the attempt to be colossal. It will not only pass from Rome to Babylon. It will pass from Babylon to Babel. The only fault in the structure of the tower of Babel was that it fell down.

For in this respect there is any eternal sanity in the very soul of the art of architecture; and especially is there such a sanity under the exuberance and extravagance of Gothic architecture. The art of building remains as an unconquerable barricade against any riot of an anarchic art. Other arts can go mad; but architecture, if it were mad, would really go. You could paint a picture upside down; but you cannot build a house upside down. It is not merely that your wiser friends might advise you not to do it; it is that it cannot be done. Visitors cannot walk into a front door that is placed in the position of an attic window; and even if a house could stand on its own chimneys, they would cease to be chimneys and become something else. Now it is the profound significance of mediæval architecture, and indeed of mediæval culture, that it may be said to have specially emphasized this ultimate sanity, just as it specially emphasized the incidental liberty. This is the truth in the talk, of which once perhaps we heard too much, of the tapering and aspiring lines of Gothic, the pointed arches like hands joined in prayer, the spires only seeking heaven. As we have said, there was a great deal of the earth also in the great Gothic art; and of human hands occupied otherwise than in prayer. But there is this truth in the talk about point and spire, over and above the religious truths involved, that the poise of the Gothic particularly depended on being the opposite of top-heavy. While allowing itself a hundred liberties of gargoyle and flying buttress, it was by its general design specially secure of its balance. And in this it was a symbol of the soul of that commonwealth. For amid all the common ideas that capered and danced in its details, the central idea was common sense; and the knowledge that no revaluation will ever stand a whole church upon its spire.

"The Pennsylvania Station is a really impressive building; that inspiration by which the very bases of the columns begin like capitals far above the spectator's head is a touch of true imagination"
Photographs by Dr. D. J. Ruzicka

A type of dwelling which is our national heritage, a dwelling with a spacious and generous simplicity of other days
Residence of Thomas H. Frothingham, Far Hills, N.J.
Rendering by O. F. Eggers

The Wherefore of Good Architecture

Illustrated with Examples of the Work of John Russell Pope, Architect

By MATLACK PRICE

AFTER a great many years of critical controversy, waged, for the most part, on shifting sands, there is still too much talk of this and that "style," still too much of the old "Battle of the Styles," which is no more a battle than Quixote's windmill tilting. If this were all there were to architecture, the camera, the yardstick and a portfolio or two of plates would be all that any architect would need in his practice.

The larger fact that is woven through the whole fabric of architecture is that there are certain great fundamentals and truths and great nobilities, half guessed by some architects, nearly realized by others. And the point to which all critics, both lay and professional, must come, is the acceptance of the belief that fine and great works of architecture are not fine and great because they are in a certain style, or because they resemble certain works of the past.

The architect has designed an American country house which is admirable because it is a re-creation and not a copy
Residence of Thomas H. Frothingham, Far Hills, N.J.

Appreciation of architecture—not only the lay appreciation, but the appreciation which must be had by the architect—is demonstrably not reached by comparison but by synthesis. Style, which I mentioned first, since it is perhaps the most superficially conspicuous thing about architecture, is the thing which is most commonly taken as synonymous with architecture.

As long ago as the period of the Classic Revival in England, in the early Eighteenth Century, the fallacy of mere style as an architectural criterion was set forth with all the now lost lucidity that characterized much of the writing of that time, especially the great satires of Alexander Pope.

The Earl of Burlington had published a portfolio of the drawings of Inigo Jones, and also the "Antiquities of Rome," by Palladio, and in an "Epistle" to the titled architect and connoisseur Pope wrote:

"You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules,
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make. . . ."

Architecture, certainly, will never develop under the hands of "imitating fools," nor of the various other kinds of fools whose particular faults happen not to be those of imitation.

The question of basing contemporary architecture on the styles of historic periods has seemed to many lay observers a fairly simple proposition of paying your money and taking your choice as among divers architects who may have attained conspicuous success, severally, in designing Italian villas, English country houses and Georgian Colonial mansions.

It could be taken for granted, then, if only the architects would be considerate enough to stick to one style and never venture outside it, that each was a "specialist" in that style, and that his works were good because of that specialization.

What a problem, then, confronts the people who have thus arranged all current expressions of architecture, with the practitioners of each, in this kind of a stylistic card catalogue, when they find that there are a few architects who can do Italian villas, English country houses and Georgian Colonial mansions with equal authenticity, and all exceeding good to look upon.

Among other points, this villa affords a striking illustration of the often neglected pictorial aspect of architecture
Residence of Robert Bacon, Jr., Westbury, L.I.

Specialization, certainly, cannot be the answer. It can give a certain proficiency and facility, but will not make an architect. An architect might spend a lifetime doing English country houses, and they might all be poor ones. Or, in the midst of a specialized practice in mediocre Italianesque things, an architect might make one English country house that was a real architectural achievement. How could it happen? The fact is, that it very often does happen.

If there were no other clear indications, this would be evidence enough that there must be some element in architecture which is more potent than style.

But a few days ago I had an interesting talk with a critic gifted with the ability for observation and thought both intricate and sustained. He believed that the future of architecture lies in concrete, and developed this thought along the lines that, if only architects would throw overboard the entire architecture of the past and start afresh, the architecture of the future could and would be evolved.

In this example is expressed the most charming elements of the style of the minor chateaux of France
Shooting lodge of Commodore Gould, Greenlawn, L.I.

This seemed an interesting and engaging theory, but my answer was that architecture is not so simple as all that. It is not any more simple than the accumulated literature of the world (or any less valuable), or than the whole fabric of civilization, which has been patiently woven for centuries on a great loom which human strife from time to time has stopped or wrecked, though its human shuttles were ever ready to go on again, backward and forward, backward and forward, weaving a thing that was always intended for us to look upon today with pleasure and gratification.

That great tapestry of civilization, of which architecture is a part, was not intended to be torn up for dust-cloths and thrown away to gratify the restlessness of a restless age. It would seem rather as though our dearest project should be the design and weaving of companion panels that would stretch onward into a yet unseen future, in a great and glorious series more magnificent than any that was conceived in the year after year patient weaving of bygone generations. For the expression of which sentiment I am likely to be pilloried by certain of the restless as a "reactionary," which I vaguely apprehend to carry serious imputations of being either stupid or dangerous, or, if possible, both.

But I must revert to the architecture of the future and concrete. Concrete, I

A study in a French style that is characterized by distinct architectural sophistication as well as strong pictorial expression
Residence of R. W. Bull, Ardmore, Pa.

A half-timbered house on Long Island, which has the feeling of the work of Normandy, and of an old and interesting era of civilization

submitted, is a material. Yes, but might not this new material, under the hands of the futurist designer, develop a new kind of architectural design? It has—and most of it expresses nothing more than a too obvious striving after newness for its own sake. And the designer, for a long time to come, will, in his studied avoidance of columns, which are Greek, and arches, which are Roman, and all that is Gothic, be forced into new and strange originalia, or into an abstract, synthetic kind of design which, from its fabricated nature, is more than likely to struggle through a short and unfavored life.

And, after all, if we can be taught at all by the past, this architecture of the future, if there is to be such a thing, will come of itself. No style of sufficient vitality to be a style has ever been forced by hot-house methods. There was the "Art Nouveau," for instance.

Here are illustrations of some typical works of architecture by John Russell Pope, and they represent several distinct styles. There is, as well, something else in them, something which, if we can isolate it for even a moment, may give us a glimpse of the wherefore of good architecture.

Before departing from "style," be it recorded that each of the several types of house illustrated here represents a true study of its historic background and precedent—represents the true artist's respect, and even reverence for beautiful things. Mr. Pope has not taken liberties with the styles in which these houses were designed, and yet he has put into them a great deal besides style

It would be trite to say that they are "sympathetic renderings," notwithstanding this statement would be entirely true. They are so much more than "sympathetic," though they are the work of a peculiarly sensitive architectural mind and perception. They are also vigorous and endowed with a life and vitality of their own—which is one reason, and the principal reason, why they are "good architecture." Each is like the scion of a noble family who has not relied upon his name alone to make his place in the world, but who has, with the background of a noble lineage, gone forth to make his own character as an individual felt and admired.

For this reason these examples of Mr. Pope's work have none of the stigma of "copybook architecture," which is the cry that radicals fling derisively over their shoulders at all work which has historic precedent. No one of these houses is fine because it is French, or because it is English of a certain period. Each is fine on its own purely architectural merits—merits which come from mass design, scale, appropriateness of the style to the whole design, design to style and detail to the whole. Each is a thoughtfully and thoroughly artistically considered entity, complete in and of itself.

The thoroughness with which Mr. Pope designs, and the entirely architectural quality of his work, is further exemplified by the fact that no one of these examples depends for its effect on any specious or spectacular device. There is sufficient proof that architecture can be conservative, and at the same time interesting.

A detail of the gate-lodge of a great Long Island country house—a detail rich in qualities of finely studied architectural craftsmanship
Gate Lodge on Vanderbilt estate, Deepdale, L.I.

Every illustration is worthy of a very thoughtful study. The two drawings which are reproduced at the head of this article show a type of dwelling which is our national heritage, a dwelling with a spacious and generous simplicity of other days. This particular type of early American house is seen at its best from Alexandria south through Virginia, and in Delaware and Maryland, and Mr. Pope's version, besides showing a charming American dwelling, is not good because it is a copy but because it is a re-creation.

The third illustration shows a white villa at Westbury, on Long Island, seen through two simple gate-posts. They are so simple that the unarchitectural eye might very likely forget that they were designed at all. Design, sometimes, is so finely conceived that the finished thing looks as though it had merely "happened." Thus, as in much else besides architecture, the quintessence of fine design has this strange and rather oblique reward.

The villa itself is unusually interesting because it does not need, specifically, to be French or Italian. It is either, or both,

but even more, and in an essentially architectural sense, it is most of all itself. Its beauty is a beauty of mass and proportion and a sublimation of detail—not its resemblance to some villa in Italy. And among other things it is a strong illustration of the often neglected pictorial aspect of architecture.

Following this, there are presented a photograph and a drawing of a very different kind of design—of a type of architecture which has much of the very essence of sophistication. In it we see the architectural manner of the minor châteaux of France at its best. And it is a style of a subtle kind of sophistication which is nil if it is not intensely understood and brilliantly done. When it is done from a book it is strangely uninteresting and uninspiring, and it is far too full of architectural refinements for the amateur—of refinements which constitute its opportunity for the true architect.

An essentially American country house of unusually pure precedent and unusually restrained architectural rendering
Residence of Robert J. Collier, Wickatunk, N.J.

In the Duncan house, at Newport (illustrated on the Contents page), and the Lehman house, at Tarrytown, the intricate charm of the English Renaissance country house was the inspiration, and the reality was consummately achieved by means of every colloquialism and inflection of the style that could be comprised by architectural ability in terms of design and form and texture.

The same ability speaks again in the Long Island house, of fine-scaled half-timber design that has the color of Normandy and very old, interesting civilization, rather than of an English countryside, and the more outspoken English manner.

The Robert Collier house is by way of being a classic in the annals of American architecture, sprung from our own soil, and as American as Mount Vernon. But the significant thing about it is that it is fine not because it is like Mount Vernon, but for the same architectural reasons that Mount Vernon is fine.

Three illustrations of a house on Long Island show a place of mysterious dignity, made of beautifully related parts and ultra-restrained profiles. In detail not a little of its character finds expression in the sophisticated classicism which seems a peculiar attribute of the palmette capital on the columns.

Of the same architectural color is the Frick entrance, which has also palmette capitals, and an utter refinement of scale which can only be felt. Real perfection of scale is an architectural quality which is virtually impossible of translation into words.

A sequence of several other illustrations conveys a continuation of the architectural message of Mr. Pope's work. Here are houses, and certain details of houses which show, again, our national heritage of the Georgian Colonial manner of design, but they show a vigorous, living Georgian character, not an anemic, paper version of Georgian forms, devoid of any feeling or vitality. And they show a style not here conceived as an aim or end of design, but sincerely as a means of expressing a dignified national type of domestic architecture.

In this, very strongly, lies the wherefore of good architecture—in the utilization of style as a means rather than an end. In Mr. Pope's works there is never any suggestion that his design is dominated by style, but rather that he has always a very definite architectural intention, and uses style as a means of realizing his intention.

Certainly if one "style" of architecture were "the thing"—if a given style were the most important, instead of the least important

A glimpse of an interesting country house on Long Island, seen in two other illustrations on the page facing

A detail of the Robert J. Collier house, which is designed in a spirit of direct and charming simplicity

A house on Long Island which has an effect of mysterious dignity. Its masses are subtly related, and its detail full of remarkable architectural refinements

thing about architecture, the greater proportion of the houses illustrated in this article would be disqualified.

But the wherefore of good architecture does not lie so completely in one arbitrary compartment. The several component parts of architecture, indeed, cannot be so neatly sorted out and placed separately even in a considerable row of compartments. They are interdependent, overlaid, intertwined and woven together, and many of the most vital elements are not even tangible things that can be weighed and labeled.

Architecture is so many things, interrelated, that nearly all the short definitions do not convey an accurate impression of its nature. And one of the most important single things that make for intrinsic architectural merit is invisible—the architect's intention. This intention may, of course, be made visible in the completed building, and can then be judged.

In some cases the architect has had no very definite intention, and the result is a vague, meaningless building, lacking in character and distinction. No nicety of detail or any other superficial factor will save it from the stigma of the commonplace when it is seen by even an amateur architectural critic.

A detail of the house above, showing a peculiarly interesting and sophisticated type of classic design

It will prove in the final analysis that architectural criticism will have very little to do with the development of architecture or the improvement of architecture, except in so far as general education and enlightenment will make the work of the architect more easy and more inspiring.

The actual work of the architecture of today must come, and can only come from the architectural sincerity of the practitioner, underlying every other such consideration as proficiency or facility. Because of its structural basis, architecture is one of the most exacting of the arts. It is three dimensional and it depends for its success upon a score of inter-related abilities and perceptions.

The essentials of good architecture are spun into one many-stranded thread in the consciousness of the true architect, into an art that is a composite of many things and many abilities, so that a really discriminating and articulately appreciative perception of the whole cannot be had as easily as reading the message of a billboard along the roadside.

The wherefore is there—it is very real, very potent, and by no means theoretical, and its enjoyment is worth whatever trouble and mental attunement may be necessary to capture it.

A house which is Georgian in character, and vitalized by strong architectural vision
Residence of Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden, Jericho, L.I.

An essentially domestic type, skilfully adapted from Georgian precedent for modern requirements
Residence of Arthur V. Stout, Red Bank, N.J.

True Architectural Expression Through Sincerity

Three Houses by John Russell Pope, Architect

A study in the utmost refinement of architectural detail developed from the Georgian style. Architectural opinion has agreed that this entrance is one of the finest things of its kind in this country
Residence of Mrs. S. R. Hitt, Washington, D.C.

An entrance detail which embodies a refinement of scale which can only be felt. Real perfection of scale is an architectural quality which it is virtually impossible to translate into words
Residence of J. Swan Frick, Baltimore, Md.

A house which owes none of its effect to historic detail, or to diversified profile, has need to be designed with the utmost nicety of proportion. This example is an exceptional study in finely balanced composition and in proportion it has the effect of resting the eye
Residence of the Hon. Robert Bacon, Westbury, L.I.

Historic Style as an Expression of Architectural Intention

Three Houses by John Russell Pope, Architect

An example of architectural design in which every advantage has been taken of colloquial detail and material to achieve a convincing rendering of the picturesque type of country house of Renaissance England. The style is one in which both imagination and accuracy are essential elements in realizing the architectural intention
Residence of Allen Lehman, Tarrytown, N.Y.

Two Georgian houses which show a vigorous, living Georgian character, not a "paper" version of the style, devoid of feeling or vitality. And the style has been used as a definite means of expressing an architectural purpose
Residence of Hon. Henry White, Washington, D.C. *Residence of Mrs. S. R. Hitt, Washington, D.C.*

The "American Salon"

The One Hundred and Sixteenth Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy

By HARVEY M. WATTS

Carolus Duran, by John Singer Sargent

FIGURES mean little, and yet the fact that the One Hundred and Sixteenth Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts has five hundred and one canvases in its galleries, with the sculptures carrying the total number up to six hundred and thirty-one, is not without some interest, since this proportion gives the country the most authoritative and convincing cross-section of current American art possible. Despite the growth of other centers, the "Academy's Annual" is still the "American Salon."

And in this particular, just as figures mean nothing in themselves, so the prize winners this year, as last and as for a generation back to the early eighties, do have a significance above the casual recognition that comes from their selection by the jury of the year. For in a way the Academy prize list is the honor roll of American art, and there are few names of those who have arrived which do not appear on it. This year the names run as follows: Temple Gold Medal, "for general excellence," to Leopold Gould Seyffert, for his study of "A Model," which is one of the fine things in the exhibition; Carol H. Beck Gold Medal, "for the best portrait in the exhibition," to George Bellows, for his family group entitled "Eleanor, Joan and Anna," easily one of the most conspicuous canvases for size, subject and execution; the Walter Lippincott Prize, "for the best figure in oils painted by an American citizen," to Irving Couse, for his "Chant to the Rain God," one of the familiar variations on the known theme of Indian life, colorful and illustrative, with which most annual exhibitions have now become almost too familiar, thanks to Taos and the Indian propaganda now on; Mary Smith Prize, of necessity going to a resident woman artist, to Katherine Patton for her flickering study, "Deep in the Woods," which reduces a woodland scene to a tent of color patterns and a textile quality in design not without imagination and suggestion; the Jenny Sesnan Gold Medal, "for the best landscape in the exhibition," to Charles Morris Young, for his marine "Wind on the Sound," a blithe, sunny sea-scape with plenty of motion if not emotion, that does not blur the obvious reality of a scene inspiring in itself; and then the George D. Widener Memorial Medal, "for the most meritorious work in sculpture," to Evelyn B. Longman, for her bronze study of a young girl, entitled "The Future."

Agree with the decision of the jury or not, a careful examination of the gallery, which by the way includes the work of seven of the eleven prize winners at the Ninety-sixth Annual of the National Academy of Design (that is, Kroll, Moffett, Felicie Waldo Howell, Folinsbee, Seyffert, Sloan Bredin and Charles H. Davis), reveals the fact that the prize winners really represent the average of the exhibition's general excellence. If it is not notable for any one thing, it is marked by the strength of the portraiture, the varied appeal of the landscape (largely representative art and far from modernistic), and by the very complete revelation of the Boston School of interiors with figures which very properly carries on the traditions of Vermeer, De Hoogh and Terborch. All the pictures have their value enhanced by the very ingenious way in which so large a collection of paintings is distributed through the galleries so as to give a sense of intimacy that is most unusual. There is absolute freedom from crowding and the skill of the hanging committee is shown in that several of the minor connecting links that bind together the eight actual galleries, such as the rotunda and the transepts and corridors, are hung to suggest the effect of wall spaces well covered with floral pieces, still lifes, small landscapes, as if in a well-ordered home for which the works of art had been very carefully selected.

The Future, by Evelyn Longman

Juliet in Orange, by Eben F. Commins

As to portraiture, if the reproach that has been made that under Vonnoh you have an "1890 exhibit," was in the jury's mind in any anticipatory sense, they have turned the tables very cleverly by going

Mrs. Kate A. Moore, by John Singer Sargent

back a little farther and contrasting present and past achievements by invoking the powerful aid of John Singer Sargent, whose "Carolus Duran," one of his earliest works, is the *clou* of the western wall of the gallery of honor, and indeed is seen as the very striking close of a long vista as soon as you get a glimpse of the northern galleries. His more brilliant bravura picture of Mrs. Kate A. Moore centers the main wall of the other long gallery in the exhibition, and looks across to the Bellows prize winner; while in the same gallery a number of the Boston school of portraitists, women especially, invite comparisons with the master. In the next gallery the Bostonians are again quite in evidence, with Mrs. Hale, Adelaide Cole Chase, Richard Andrew, Giovanni B. Troccoli and Hawthorne, but here the portrait honors unquestionably go to Leopold Seyffert for his very noble and dignified study of a federal judge, Judge Buffington, while Adolphe Borie, in a portrait of a woman that might well be labeled "A Portrait of a Lady," reveals that distinction of character that suggests all sorts of fine things. A rather young portraitist, Robert Susan, essays the picturesque in his "Golden Screen," a study of a modern young woman in evening attire that has the audacity of color and a quickness in execution that evokes admiration, though in his "Connoisseur," the portrait of a well-known figure in the art life of Philadelphia, there is revealed an assault on character, *con brio,* as the musicians would say, that, avoiding caricature by a narrow margin, most successfully tells all that one can say about an individual possessing unusual traits, physical and otherwise. Another one of the more youthful "arrives," Julius T. Bloch, in "The Visitor," avoids any suggestion of dash or daring by the quietest of brush strokes and a subdued range of colors, but gets the same results as do those whose pictures carry across the longest gallery, and holds its own with the most highly colored of landscapes. Naturally, with Richard Andrew in evidence in several canvases; with Tarbell showing Speaker Gillett of the House of Representatives and Dr. Milliken of Boston; and with Charles Hopkinson presenting Dr. Eliot of Harvard, the official portraiture of the exhibition reaches a high level. Here again one would return to Leopold Seyffert's study of the Headmaster Horace W. Taft, as well as his painting of his own two boys, "The Brothers," which seem as facile as current work of this kind may well be and yet merit the term of a fine art at its best. Equally facile, but this year with even a greater suggestion of the rapidity of a studio sketch in which likeness is seized with one glance, and with character revealed by brush work that is laid in with great boldness, Wayman Adams comes to the fore with a portrait of Edward W. Redfield that greets you as you enter the gallery and gives you the technical keynote of the exhibition.

Perhaps the finest emotional keynote occurs in one of the small galleries of the Academy, in which the pictures which had already been allotted to it become a memorial to the late J. Francis Murphy. Three of his well-known works are there. They had been selected by Vonnoh before his friend passed away and they have all that golden quality of poetry which Murphy extracted from the most refractory of landscapes. They include "Group of Sycamores," lent by Joseph S. Isador; "October Afternoon," lent by Mrs. William Macbeth, and "Autumn Days," lent also by Mr. Isador. That they are flanked by Dewing's study of "Two Women Reading," by Horatio Walker's "Hippocrene," by Arthur B. Davies' "Hylas and the Nymphs," and by Childe Hassam's "Early Spring," tells a story of paintings which have much to say that is to the credit of American art in the very sphere in which it was for many years supposed to be weak, the production of poetic pictures of intimate landscapes, supposedly the sure and unconquerable field of the European artists. But these pictures in this little memorial gallery, in which Murphy is seen among his friends and his peers, typify much of the work of the Delaware Valley school scattered through the various galleries, and proclaim that American landscape has come very much into its own, even without calling on Inness, Ryder or Blakelock imitators. Indeed, almost any wall in the gallery here proclaims one thing—that the old idea that the European cachet was the only thing that determined value in a landscape is gone forever. The lovely vistas, handled with a due sense of values, seen everywhere in this exhibition, all have character and atmosphere.

And it is to be remembered that, despite Inness and his school, it was assumed for years that the misty, vaporous effects so familiar in French landscapes, effects due wholly to the climatic conditions, were the imaginative contributions of master artists, who saw landscapes through personality and tem-

(*Continued on page* 488)

Edward W. Redfield, by Wayman Adams

Wind on the Sound, by Charles Morris Young

Tohickon, by Daniel Garber

CLARE EAMES IN THE CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS IN JOHN DRINKWATER'S PLAY "MARY STUART"

A Portrait Photograph by Charles Albin-

Art and the Machine

A Note on the Photographic Work of Charles Albin

Study of a Head, a portrait study by Charles Albin

THERE is, perhaps, less general agreement as to what constitutes art than there is as to what constitutes a machine. Certainly the camera, by every testimony of definition, is a machine, and in the thoughts of many, therefore, incapable of producing a work of art.

Those critics who have maintained a belief in the inherently inartistic nature of a photograph, even in the face of the ever-widening field of photographic achievement, have looked too much at the machine and not enough at the man who makes pictures with it. The machine, certainly, is the least important element—it is no more or no less a mere vehicle for expression than the painter's brushes, and the result is entirely dependent upon the vision, the ideals and the ability of the artist.

Charles Albin believes that photography is the eighth art, and that the camera is the one great contribution of mechanical invention to the development of creative art. Machines are legion which reproduce and multiply works of art, but all these machines, in every case, must have a design, humanly conceived, before they can be set in motion. The photographer, too, must have a definite vision of his aim, but it is not a working drawing, like the design for a piece of textile—for it does not even exist in any way other than in the mind's eye until the plate is developed. Between the artist's conception and the finished thing must come those qualities which the camera produces.

There are, perhaps, fewer beautiful photographs than might otherwise be the case because there is not enough general respect for the camera. And no artist can hope to achieve great results in creative work unless he has a proper sense of respect for the means which he must necessarily employ in his work. The painter who despises paint brushes is at a great disadvantage. A very real respect for the camera, developed through twenty-five years of alternating painting and photography, gave Mr. Albin one of his greatest and most advantageous assets in the work he is now doing.

Because of early training under Duveneck, Mr. Albin's chief interest centers on the head, which he believes to hold enough pictorial possibilities to engage the whole ability of the most earnest photographer.

It is an interesting sidelight on his work that he also believes that the best portrait is the result of the simplest and most direct statement of fact. This is a belief which might well clear the fog of misconception away from many other fields of art, for it is possible to be simple and direct in method and in aim without being stupid or literal.

Specifically, it is Mr. Albin's ambition to dignify the camera portrait—"to place it on the walls of our homes, our galleries and beside other works of art, without apology." This is a high aim, and one worthy of success, because for many years there has been a thoughtless tendency to regard photographs as a substitute or an imitation of something inferentially more to be desired. And the

Clare Eames in the character of Queen Elizabeth, a portrait photograph by Charles Albin

photograph will never attain its rightful place in the field of art until it comes to be regarded as in a class of its own and a class by itself. The comparison of a painting or a drawing with a photograph is not an entirely intelligent proceeding, and certainly one which can hope for only the most unintelligible results.

Mr. Albin has a theory that everyone, whether consciously or unconsciously, is continually in quest of a "best-loved beauty," of some one thing which is more beautiful to that one person than anything else. His own quest is for beauty in the human countenance, and his ambition is to represent beauty in every portrait.

As a craftsman of the camera, he finds a keen interest in technique for its own sake—in beauty of surface and texture and in gradations of tones and values. These technical aspirations he comes near to realizing in his large prints, which have extraordinary depths and subtleties of light and shade. His engrossing interest in portrait heads leaves him relatively little room for interest in decorative arrangements, although, like all photographers whose hearts are in their cameras, he cannot resist the frequent impulse to make pictures which are not portraits.

In the actual making of his work he holds tenaciously to the simplest media of pure photography and avoids the many "trick" devices of special printing, which in some undeniably interesting work give results which were not to be had from the negative. Confining himself to the regular plates and papers that are used by the veriest amateurs, he conscientiously works to get his effects through sheer mastery of light and shade.

Another trait of Mr. Albin's work becomes apparent in a study of the few examples which were chosen to illustrate this article. No pictorial photography will possess true æsthetic value without pictorial composition. Preoccupied with the marvelous qualities of painting in old portraits such as Rembrandts and Holbeins, many people forget that a great deal of the whole effect comes from strong and effective composition, from the exact placement of the head in the rectangle of the canvas.

This quality of composition characterizes all Mr. Albin's work, and is a strong factor in the portraits reproduced here.

Two recent portraits of Miss Clare Eames are among his best works—one in the character of Queen Elizabeth and the other, most recent of all, in the character of Mary Queen of Scots, as she will appear in the Drinkwater play. These two photographs give a distinct suggestion of Holbein, and the suggestion is by no means entirely due to costume.

As to Mr. Albin's ambition to see portrait photography seriously accepted as one of the recognized fine arts, it requires no undue stretch of the imagination to anticipate such an eventuality. Exactly in proportion as the personality and the æsthetic convictions of the photographer enter into the camera will be the æsthetic results. It is certainly safe to say that fine photography, where composition and chiaroscuro have been the photographer's aim, exceeds in merit and worth the canvases of countless mediocre painters of today.

On the other hand, giving the camera its fullest due as a medium for æsthetic expression, the painting from the hand of a truly able painter will present certain qualities which no amount of fine photography can ever achieve. But here is suggestion of the comparison which was earlier characterized as unintelligent. It is doubtful if anything, either for or against paintings, or for or against photographs, can bring their real lack of any kind of identity any nearer to a similarity. A comparison should not be made. It is a little difficult to imagine how the fallacy of comparing photographs with paintings or drawings ever grew to be a controversial question. Certainly the fundamental differences of the two methods of picture making are far greater, and far more significant than the superficial similarities. Composition, it is true, is common to both, and the painter and the photographer need both to be gifted with a picture sense. Here, largely, the points in common give way to a wide dissimilarity. Knowledge of lenses, of lighting and of the most subtle mechanical possibilities of the camera are accomplishments predominantly of the master photographer. The machine stands not only between him and his model, but even more ponderably and inevitably between him and the finished result for which he is striving. He may not add a stroke here and there to effect subtle changes. He cannot step back and compare his portrait with his model until the comparison satisfies him. He must know that the impalpable image on the emulsion of his plate will present, when it is brought to visible life by chemicals, the portrait he would be willing to sign.

Such work as is shown in these illustrations can safely stand on its own merits, and make its own place in the realm of æsthetic appreciation, without any advantage or disadvantage that might come from comparison. And the true photographer, who is not a mechanic, need have no doubts about the possibilities of achieving art from a machine.

A portrait photograph by Charles Albin

April, by Childe Hassam, from the Academy

Picture Shows and Picture Puzzles

The National Academy of Design and the Society of Independent Artists

By DAVID LLOYD

THE proper thing to say of the shows of March was that the Independents were more tolerable than the Academy, and that the commercial artists represented in the advertising show on Gramercy Park led them all. No one will quarrel with a statement of preferences. The demonstration on the walls of the National Arts Club was most encouraging, but in bulk it won praise for qualities which in Fifty-seventh Street raised grumbling. The alcoves of the Waldorf roof have all the repute of revolution and already many of the advantages of an established institution. But the Academy—as these two only are my theme and as the reader is not at the moment pouring tea—had the better show.

The idea behind the Independent show ought to grow like a snowball. The idea is a good one, but it does not seem to be growing in just that fashion. The directors confess in the catalogue to an effort in behalf of reducing the "size" of the exhibition. The size prescribed for exhibits has again been limited, but the number of exhibitors has slightly increased. "Our wall space is already more heavily taxed than we should like," say the directors, "and the problem of showing the exhibits properly becomes more difficult to meet." The directors look forward to "a great public gallery"; and privately they are free to say that if they had enough room to hang without crowding they would have two thousand exhibitors to serve. It is like the subways: the greater the mileage, the greater the traffic. Leaving aside conjecture, the interesting fact appears that the free-for-all exhibition has at present reached a numerical level.

At the first Independent exhibition everybody showed. The new society, 1,200 strong for the occasion, filled the Grand Central Palace with some 2,400 works of art by butchers and bakers and Academicians, not to mention a leaven of radical painters. In smaller quarters in 1918 half of the membership fell away and some 650 exhibitors were accommodated. This has been approximately the level since maintained. In the first year on the Waldorf roof, 1919, the available space was offered to the first 500 applicants. Last year, on notice, the entries were closed after 590 had been received; this year, after 610. On each of these three occasions the excess applications, those received and not accepted, have not varied greatly from 100. Further, of the 600 actual exhibitors, about one-third annually are newcomers; about 400 have exhibited persistently at each of the five annual shows. The total list of exhibitors since the beginning includes some 2,000 names.

These figures are of interest as seeming to show that the society's body of exhibitors, as at present attracted, presents from the outside a more or less definite level. Probably it would rise with improved exhibition facilities and under the stimulus of widened publicity; but as things stand at present there seem to be some 400 artists in the country who rely annually on the opportunity provided by the Independent show, and a floating 300 more who once in a while find the experiment inviting.

The Orchard Window, by Daniel Garber

Were these figures at the start a measure of the rejections by Academy juries? Numbers are not available, but the slaughter for the present exhibition is described as having been heavy. Omitting its winter show, the Academy combined the two juries appointed for its two annual affairs. The almost invariable testimony of Academy men is to the effect that service on an Academy jury converts any doubters who do not, with the Independents, go the length of rejecting the selective jury system outright. This year's jury was no exception. Numbering sixty, it received 195 works by members, and from the works submitted by non-members chose 280. Of the 132 Academicians, 55 contributed 101 exhibits; 62 of the 142 associates, 94 more. These figures include a roomful of prints. The paintings shown number 254; the sculptures, 63.

One of the oddest results of the exhibition situation implied in these statistics is that not one interested visitor in ten sees either exhibition.

It may at first flush seem to be a fantastic thing to say, but the usual visitor who takes the situation to heart sees rather the statistics or some schematic idea embodying them. He looks on the whole affair too little as a pair of picture shows and too much as one huge picture puzzle. Or, if he chance to have an emblematic turn of mind, he may stray into the centre gallery of the present Academy show and come to a pause there before a handsome landscape by Chauncey F. Ryder. The painting carries a local place name as title. It is called "Contention Pond." I recommend it in every other respect.

The Steam Trawler, by H. B. Snell

This room sounds of the Academy. DeWitt M. Lockman, A.N.A., sends a portrait of William A. Coffin, N.A., a settled likeness, unaffectedly professional, with a touch of jauntiness. Oliver Dennett Grover, A.N.A., in turn does a tautly studied portrait of John C. Johansen, N.A. Sergeant Kendall, N.A., paints a dean; Robert Vonnoh, N.A., the sculptor, Carl Akeley. The portrait of another sculptor, Robert Aitken, N.A., chisel in hand, by Sidney E. Dickinson, dramatic, sweeping, emphatic, dominates with a firm frown. The room is peppered with N.A.'s and A.N.A.'s or their works. And yet as your eye strays from "Contention Pond" for a moment you may notice two neighboring canvases which would not have surprised you on the Independent screens.

By Charles Rosen, N.A. (1917), is a freely massed street pier of a city bridge springing a large segmental arch of steel that characterizes the sturdy composition. Alphabetically, at the Independents, it could not, as here, have kept company with the contrasted "Long Island Pastoral" of Charles Henry Miller, N.A. (1875). His is as old fashioned in method as Rosen's is new. Yet at the Independents a good part of the exhibits are prodigiously old fashioned.

There is a teasing significance in the thought which in either gallery persistently recurs, "That painting suggests the Academy," "There's a picture that would have been at home with the Independents." It is the occasional exhibit only one is moved to transfer. In this same centre room at the Academy the mountain cradled village of warmly hued houses in Elliot Torrey's "Simplon Pass" stirs the feeling. Beside it Theresa F. Berstein's "Cove," loosely as her bathers are brushed in, rests comfortably on its wall. Yet this artist's group of hats, with a subject reminiscent of Degas, is a striking thing at the Waldorf. She exhibits at both places. So do some others; Reynolds Beal, for instance; Louis C. Tiffany. Such Academicians as George Bellows and Robert Henri forsake the Academy for the Society, as does Glackens, their associate. No, it is not precisely a promotion for merit which would dislodge exhibits from either show into the other. In one collection there are exhibits the hanging of which is justified only because of the 400 exhibitors who rely on the opportunity and the 300 who try it on. In the other collection there are exhibits hung because the constitution provides for hanging them. In both there are exhibits hung for our soul's good.

Anita Loos, by Karl Anderson

In the large inner room, the Vanderbilt Gallery, you may take the measure of an Academy at a glance. There is no corresponding spot at the Independents. There, screen after screen, hung alphabetically by the artist's name, leads on from alcove to alcove. For the Independents will have no galleries, the Academy no alcoves. Its memorial hanging of the late J. Francis Murphy's unassertive autumn landscape showed how much the alcove is needed. Perhaps in the common public gallery of the future it may be possible to have both.

The Vanderbilt room, except for the wall with the Murphy, is, like the rest of the show, hung in double line. It stands out handsomely, like a burnished kettle glinting with a dozen lights.

The deep-sea lurch of Henry B. Snell's "Steam Trawler" keys the line at one end to large areas of definite color. You wonder why the dull clock tower plaza of Harry Allis's "Montreuil" is here. The high blank wall of Walter Ufer's grotesquely devotional "Hunger" answers across the gallery to the towering sky of Horatio Walker's drinking work-horses. The room's corners take you: Jonas Lie's resplendent floating ice cakes; Gardner Symons's dextrously hued creek in snow; the lanky preacher, a mountaineer, bleak as James Hopkinson sees him on his placid long-eared mount; the strong hand of Leopold Seyffert's Dr. Harte grasping the military belt under the green academic robe.

Day Before Christmas, by Edward Redfield

Helen M. Turner has fixed the spirit of unspoiled girlhood, gently alert, unpresuming, not to be over-reached, and has related it to congruous bloom, vaguely denoted, fresh, light and full of an outdoors aroma. Ernest Blumenschein beats a gong to call us to his feast of color, a vista of burning autumn golds. The key is held with splendor, screwed tight to a dark, an Indian blanket, which itself just misses bungling—an exciting painting, for a time. Near it hangs Leon Kroll's landscape, behind figures done with a luminous stir that is almost vitreous.

The sleighing snow of E. W. Redfield is chill but sleepy, traditional in its pictorial idea. Elmer Schofield is rousing, after it. A drawing done with a brush. In his twisted runnels of color and the untouched spots of canvas, his rapids sparkle with thrust and slide. Here the paintings crowd the eye. Victor Higgins's leaden, majestic, relief map hills; Hawthorne's old navigator with his smallish blanched head; Robert Spencer's brightly clad rag pickers crudely enlivening their drab walls which don't need it; the tender silver mist

in which Ernest Lawson wraps the toughly projected contours of his hills. Charles H. Davis in a landscape lighted as from a daytime bonfire depresses the insistence of color, the manipulation and the brushwork, for an emphasis on structure and composition.

These are some of the paintings that come forward to denote and to dignify the Academy without making the occasion an exciting one. There is work from less skillfully practised hands to add here and there a note of liveliness and an earnest of unmarshalled energies. There are a pair of canvases from the West by Charlton Fortune that have a crisp flourish of conviction. Clarence K. Chatterton is good-naturedly interesting about the individuality of a crowded street. Katherine Langhorne Adams finds the inside of a Childs's restaurant subtle. We are confronted with an unaffected seriousness in two modest works by Lars Hoftrup. There is a bit of Gloucester, the portrait of a town straggling along a ridge and seen beyond the gull-watched water, in which Felicie Waldo Howell makes her matter-of-fact arresting.

Special instances of a delivery somewhat more than fluent and agreeable are many. The utterance now and again is incisive and shares feeling. For some more of its attractive passages the visitor may forgive the first gallery those of its walls which, perhaps by an accident of hanging, are saturated with blues so brought together as to set up a ferment in the sense of color. He may rejoice to find the old-time morgue holding a secondary academy of its own with prints and drawings. Yet if he carries away a sense of cheerful chatter by agreeable people—for any large collection of paintings is a crowd—he may still be put to it to recall what anyone has said.

There is only one way to take the Independent show, that is, to take it as it stands, section by section alphabetically. We begin at entering with V—why not?—say with an allegory by Vinmar; with W by Gertrude V. Whitney's sculpture and Walkewitz's drawings; with Xeron's table-top perspective; Yarrow's large canvas of colorful confusion and Jack Yeats's calm little notes of the Irish car.

This is not the place to extend the stages of a progress from Abramovitz to Tucker and Trifyllis, but the whole significance and well-based justification resides in that. In the fact that Asanger paints the Colorado canyon with all the bravery of color of a drier Thomas Moran; that A. S. Baylinson splits the figure with cold-toned planes and a smoky "organization," while Louis Bouché, fresh from the most sophisticated Paris studios, contrives his "Mama's Boy" to recall the large crayon photograph of the red plush parlor; that Chaffetz finds time while following a trade to cut an admirable portrait head in stone; that Jennie Van Fleet Cowdery's quaintly formal landscape is remote in address and proximate in feeling; that Ederheimer is here again; Hamilton Easter Field, Frueh with a portrait of Matisse—these successive facts, grouped arbitrarily, begin to explain themselves as you penetrate the alphabet.

Under no other classification would Albert Gallatin's "Fire" mediate on the spot between Archie

Trees, by Max von Recklinghausen

Corn Dance, by Will Shuster

Gunn's nudes in red crayon and, say, T. K. Gado's denaturalized nude, his "Traffic" so far beyond regulation of any sort, or Bernard Gussow's landscape convention of responding to nature by color in woolly sheaves. The similar but less melancholy method of Gardner Hale borrows an added interest from the fact that he is engaged upon a mural commission. Samuel Halpert shows in his "High Bridge" how near the manner beloved of the unacademic lies to the academic result. Marsden Hartley, one of the most expressive theorists of the art he champions as new, is cramped before a rubber plant. Stefan Hirsch has a discipline less outré, unusual rather as dedicated to the easel picture than as exemplifying the attempt to regard painting as a sheerly intellectual process.

We should hardly pause to demand a weaning of the pair of sturdy garden peacocks by Gaston Lachaise. His figures are as grossly bulbous as the academic sylphs of the late French tradition are gracile and stringy; the jocund little wood musicians of Herm. M. Linding strike a diverting compromise. Robert Laurent's definitely uncomprising hand in wood adds its stimulating vigor to the statement of the problem or the challenge—how far from the literal is expressive or how unliteral the expressive may become without essential loss. Louis Mayer's radicalism consists in his choice of subject. He models with vivid characterization busts or half lengths in at least life size of Senator La Follette, Eugene V. Debs, Scott Nearing, Rev. John Haynes Holmes, an interesting group badly cramped in display. Walter Pach, etcher and writer, takes his places unobtrusively in color. John Sloan, another earnest champion, is arresting in his portrait study "Romany Marie" and amusing in his difficultly lighted picnic.

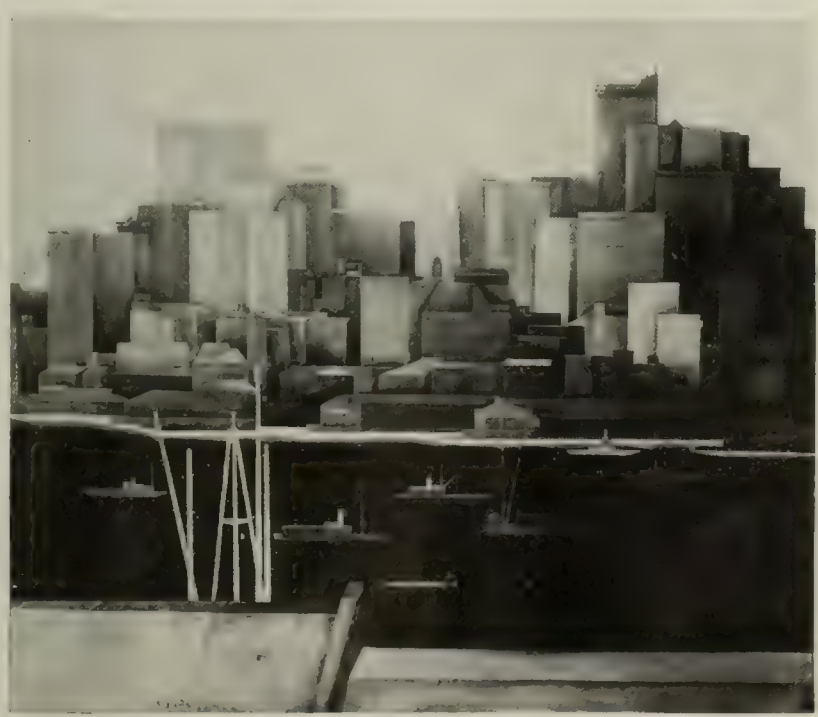
There are experiments here which have become habits. There are theoretical programs which lead back only to themselves in circles, like the expression of the *jeunne fille* by a muddle of clockwork or the entitled decoration of flat surfaces by designs in color patches. There are painters like Feitelson and Kantor who need distorted human contours to effect expression. The unhabituated visitor, to the great glee of the controversalist, cries out upon the distortion, though roused probably less by the artist's method than the artist's mood.

This sort of thing is here, certainly; but there is considerably more in an exhibition without jury. The independent idea is educational in result. The opportunity gives utterance to voices which would be more impressive if not heard in public. It gives the untrained or the oddly trained an occasion of self-measurement. It brings forward artists who might otherwise never hope to get to the light. If it can hardly be said to result in a good show, it presents a couple of dozen bad ones, almost unbelievable mixtures of the good, the undistinguished and the distraught, which do the visitor no harm but plunge his ideas on art and his feeling toward it into no little commotion. The exhibition is an excellent, homely spring tonic.

To say that the Academy is placid in comparison would overlook the real point of difference. Taken broadly and typically, the work at the Academy is grounded in representational drawing. The men who can't draw well and the men who for reasons of their own prefer to draw in as unrepresentational a manner as their fallible human nature will permit, could employ a dozen juries and yet get up a comparable Independent show.

Though generalizing in this fashion is hazardous, subject to misconception and incurred penalties of scolding from either side, the Academy's conservative and distinguishing interest in form as such is worth reiterating. For, in the past, revolt from the Academy influence has usually resulted in virtual reunion.

The Independent movement is, to be sure, not a membership secession. Its no-jury program, it is safe to predict, will remain exclusively its own. But its artistic secessionism may prove more expansive. Time may turn out to be against the Society, but not less against the rigor of the Academy's conservatism.



Lower Manhattan, by Stefan A. Hirsch

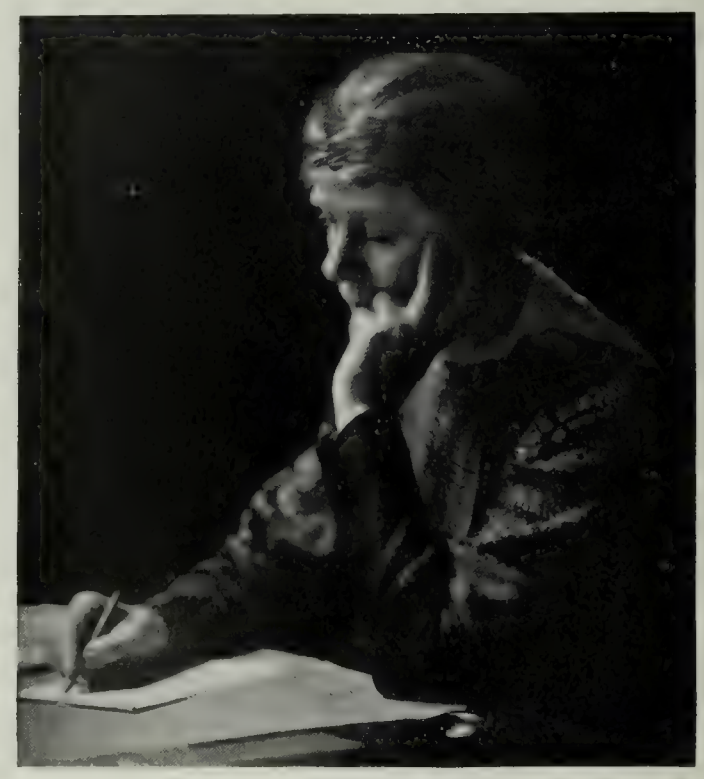
The Woman of Talent Photographed in Natural Pose

Anna Hyatt ranks among the greatest animal sculptors this country has ever produced. She has won numerous medals and is now curator of sculpture at the French Museum in New York

Mrs. H. Van Buren Magonigle maintains in her painting the high standard set by her husband in architecture. She is a member of the Association of Women Painters and Sculptors

An enumeration of Janet Scudder's honors and her statues in museums would resemble an art catalogue. She was the first American woman to have a work bought for the Luxembourg

Harriet W. Frishmuth is a sculptor who has lately come into prominence. She is a student of Rodin and Gutzon Borglum. Her recent "Spirit of Water" is a joy to behold



Cecilia Beaux is one of our best known women painters. She has won any number of medals, in this country and abroad, and has pictures in many museums

Miss Swift (on the left) was one of the first women to engage in decoration as a profession and life work. As a pioneer in the profession in New York she has been associated in the decoration of many of the most interesting homes in the East

Miss Elsie de Wolfe (on the right) has a life history no less interesting than her record as a decorator. Prior to 1905, when she left the stage, she was star and manager of her own company. Since then she has become equally well known as a decorator of marked ability

Murdered "Macbeth" and Other Plays

A Challenge to Common Sense and Long Accepted Views

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

THE revival of "Macbeth," by Mr. Hopkins, at the Apollo Theatre, has been reviewed with well-deserved severity. On the face of things, it is a daring challenge to common sense and long-accepted views. It mocks at every previous effort to present the noblest tragedy of Shakespeare with seriousness and dignity. As an "interpretation" it seems quite absurd. It is a freakish and fantastic virtual parody of a time-honored master-work.

We may not all be in accord as to the right way of interpreting "Macbeth," or as to how the Bard would have preferred his hero and his heroine to be played. The usual view is that Macbeth obeyed his spouse—that it was she who "pricked the sides of his intent." Irving, some twenty years ago, though, maintained that Macbeth from the outset was the dominating and inspiring factor in this tragedy of ambition. He saw the Thane as a strong, ruthless, cunning soul, who, having first suggested his foul purpose to his partner, induced her to convey them back to him as if she had conceived them. The conception of the murder of the King was, Irving held, in Macbeth's mind when he first met the three weird sisters. It was expressed again, with clearness, in the letter which his spouse read in his castle. And what he hinted at, she made her own — being weaker than her lord and yet receptive. Then, as Macbeth desired, she urged him on to crime, believing herself really the inventor of his plan, which made her seem to be more guilty than himself. In other words, Macbeth was not half-hearted. He was a scheming, resolute, artful, cruel hypocrite.

There are arguments enough in various parts of Shakespeare's play to warrant Irving's views. But nearly all the greatest actors of the world have made Macbeth obey the promptings of his partner. The woman, not the man, has been promoted to the dignity of the instigator of the first of the Thane's murders. The rest were the inevitable consequences of that first foul deed.

What Lionel Barrymore may have wished us to believe, I can but guess. What he conveys, however, as Macbeth, is plain. This Thane is a vile caitiff, a weak brute, a coward, but an ambitious, bloody coward. When, in his parley with the ruffians hired to slay Banquo, he talks so glibly about men as hounds, we rank the new Macbeth among the lowest curs, a creature with a yellow streak that shames him. His hang-dog bearing and his mumbling speech betray him. When, at the end of all, he meets Macduff, he is so craven that one wonders why his foe does not disgrace him with a kick. He rarely lifts his head throughout the play. No one could possibly mistake him for a soldier. His courtiers would have laughed at such a king. They could not have been forced to do his bidding.

His dressing of the part is quite preposterous. The Picts, of whom John Buchan writes at times, may have worn headgear of the pattern dear to our Lionel. The most primitive of Red Indians would scorn him. He staggers on, in the first act, bare-legged, more like a rich and thriving swineherd than a warrior. Not for one moment is this Thane a king. Yet Shakespeare surely wished him to seem royal.

Mrs. Fiske in "Wake Up, Jonathan!"

But mere externals might be winked at and condoned, if in the reading of his lines one found some feeling, some intelligence, some sense. All these, alas, were lacking in our Lionel.

One often doubted if he knew what rare, winged words had been set down for him. Great bursts of splendid eloquence were utterly ruined by vague ranting. You heard the words; that I admit—but not their meaning. Line after line, of the most wondrous beauty, failed signally to make a right impression.

This strange Macbeth not only shirked Macduff, but sneaked into the wings to find his death. A coward. Yes, a coward everywhere—a rogue, without one bold, redeeming quality. In the banquet scene he gave himself away by his distressing and incredible want of manliness. A palsied, feeble, futile, halting criminal, who never could have clutched the deadly daggers. As I sat staring at this pitiful make-believe Macbeth some time ago, I was half tempted to believe myself transported from the Apollo to the Lambs'. All that one needed to suppose one's self at a Lambs' gambol was a few chuckles, just by way of emphasis.

The Macbeth of Sir Henry had its faults. Tree, at the close, was merely Tree disguised. But, by comparison with Lionel Barrymore, the English actors named were almost marvels. John Kellerd did much better with the Thane when he appeared here with Modjeska years ago. And no one except Hopper could burlesque him quite so humorously.

I had looked forward with high hope to what that trained and gifted actress, Julia Arthur, would show us when she played Lady Macbeth. But her assumption of the character was, in its own way, as disheartening as that of the hero of our Lionel. She looked the part, indeed. She had the externals, now and then, required of her. But as she read her lines (except in the sleep-walking scene) she robbed the words of more than half their meaning. She chopped up phrases and distorted passages till, though each word was clear—at times, perhaps, too clear—some, lines seemed senseless.

And what I say of her applies to others, above all to the weird sisters, whose wild speeches were delivered with the inanity that marks school recitations.

We have some readers still alive, thank Heaven—men who, like Otis Skinner and Lionel Atwill, can give due value to the lines they have to utter. And we have also still a few good female readers, among them Mary Shaw and Gilda Varesi. But do not look for them at the Apollo Theatre. There language seems a cloak to hide great thoughts—the thoughts which the great poet of all time conceived and shaped in great and glorious English.

More humorous than all in this revival of poor Shakespeare's master-work—I rank it above "Hamlet" and "Othello," above even "Lear"—are the stage settings of the ingenious "Bobby" Jones. I do not sniff at Jones, *qua* Jones, by any means. He has done wonders to help various plays and authors by supplying them with fitting light and "atmosphere." He may owe much to Reinhardt and some other teachers. But he has sympathy and taste and, more than that, imagination in a high degree. What he has done to this revival of "Macbeth," though, is an offense, both to the public, which would like to treat him seriously, and to the memory of the dead and helpless Bard. With a pretense at being simple and symbolical, he has replaced the outer walls and inner halls of Macbeth's castle by a few pointed Gothic arches, made of pasteboard.

Those arches, I am told, express the ambition of the leading characters. When they flop over (as some do in the last act) they suggest ambition wrecked. I can enjoy a joke as much as other men, but one can carry the best joke a bit too far. For backgrounds he has given us heavy curtains, which, thanks to skilful and illusive lighting, serve as suggestions of dense woods and blasted heaths. But, in the banquet hall, we get back more or less to literality. To hint at royalty, we find Macbeth and his grim Queen perched awkwardly atop of two rude daises, on two rude wooden armchairs. We have real tables, which one might see in kitchens, spread meagerly for Barmecidal feasting. Beside the Queen's "throne" is a queer, red, crazy something, that zigzags like an ill-cut paper pattern. Such settings can be turned out for a song. A hundred dollars for a banquet scene.

In "little theatres" of the modern kind economy, of course, may be a jewel. And

(*Continued on page* 490)

The Element of the Picturesque in Architecture

Photographs by John Wallace Gillies

In this great living-room the rich decorative qualities of the tapestries are admirably set off by the utter simplicity of the room. No ornamental treatment of walls or ceiling has been attempted, but unusual interest has been given to the floor by the use of encaustic tiling, which holds hitherto undeveloped possibilities for use in the country house

The doorway below furnishes a remarkable illustration of highly imaginative relation of design to material. The combination of brick and ledge-stone is more thoroughly architectural in the truest meaning of the word "architecture" than many more formal and conventional pieces stylistic in design

The distant view of rolling country seen through one of the tall arched windows of the living-room—the entire composition effects an architectural picture extraordinarily like the beautiful imaginings of Maxfield Parrish

The approach to this architect's house reveals a composition and roof-line as interesting as its detailed character seen in the other exterior photographs. It is a house on a hillside, designed to conform with its site, and with the nature of the countryside

Where Design and Material Are Blended

A dining-room of broad, restful spaces, its decorative note being provided by the architectural-landscape paintings in the early Dutch manner. Old Dutch tiles frame the fireplace opening and furnish an additional note of color

The picture below gives a partial impression of the picturesque treatment of the garden front. The iron balconies of the arched living-room windows give a distinct Latin effect to this imaginatively designed country house

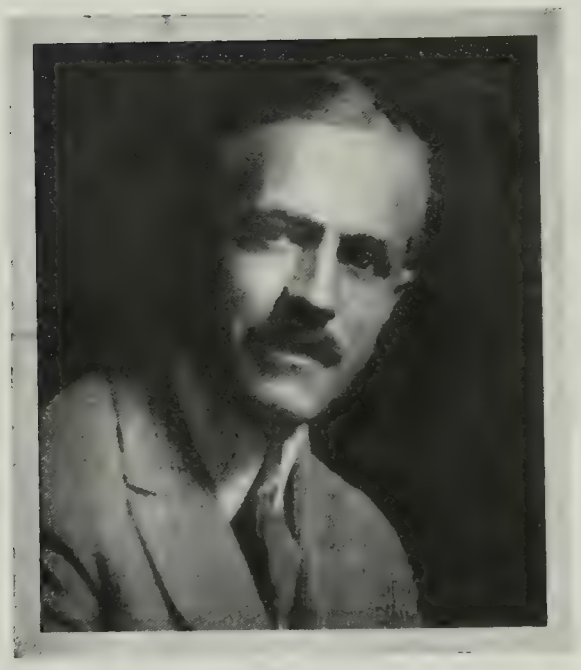
A vista of the garden and the country beyond, seen through a small loggia on the level below the living-room. The exterior aspect of this loggia, with the twin fountain figures, is seen in the view of the garden front and pool to the left

A room which is as rich in true architectural character as it is devoid of superficial architectural ornamentation. The furniture is of an honest, sturdy and simple type which, fortunately for the American home, is coming into its rightful share of appreciation

Portraits of the Decorators Who Express Our Taste

Edouard Fermon is head of the international firm of Alavoine & Co., specialists in all forms of French art—antique and modern; they have done some of the most beautiful homes in America. Mr. Fermon is also chairman of the executive committee of the Society of Interior Decorators

Louis Kilmarx is head of the firm of Hofstatter & Co., and was the first secretary of the Society of Interior Decorators. His sales-rooms might more justly be termed an art museum, as they resemble a beautifully furnished home rather than a business establishment



Frank W. Richardson is the present president of the Society of Interior Decorators. His firm was founded in 1800 and has remained continuously in the family

Emile Baumgarten is recognized throughout America as an authority on interior decoration. He is a Beaux Arts man and a graduate of Yale

H. F. Huber has been well known for the past twenty-five years as one of our foremost decorators. His latest work is the Pickwick Arms Hotel at Greenwich, Connecticut

Wilson Hungate has achieved a notable success in the high artistic level established by W. and J. Sloane. He is responsible for making his company a leading factor in interior decoration

John H. Hutaff is one of our best known and most successful decorators. He is a member of the Society of Interior Decorators

Francis Lenygon, head of the firm of Lenygon & Marant, has become an authority on English styles and periods through his extensive experience in this connection in England

Dramas and Dances on the Opera Boards

Especially a Revival of "Andrea Chénier" at the Metropolitan

By ROLAND WOOD

OF the few achievements of the season which have done credit to the Metropolitan management, not the least noteworthy is the revival, after long neglect, of Giordano's "Andrea Chénier."

About thirty years ago, when the young "Veritists" of Italy were more talked of than they are today, Giordano was regarded as a leader of an important movement. His "Andrea Chénier" had raised high hopes abroad, and the performance of that work at our own Academy of Music not long after made a deep impression. But, as the years sped on, Giordano's star grew dim. The composer lost his earlier inspiration. His later works, "Fédora" and "Siberia," revealed no progress in his art. Indeed, they seemed clear proofs of retrogression. In "Andrea Chénier" he had done the best that we could probably expect of him. Like others, he had shot his surest bolt with his first great success.

A resuscitation of his opera at the Manhattan by the late Oscar Hammerstein, though somewhat careless, more than confirmed the impression left on many minds by the Academy performance. Yet, for some reason, till it reappeared at the Metropolitan, "Andrea Chénier" had been laid upon the shelf. And this while other third and fourth rate operas were being sung, no man knew why, at that big house.

This by the way. What most concerns us is the agreeable fact that "Andrea Chénier" has again proved a success, and, what is more, a well-deserved success. For the first time in this country it has now been sung with a well-balanced cast, and staged with decent scenery. It has been welcomed with much interest by the public and the revival reflects credit on the composer, his interpreter and the management.

For half a century or more a superstition of a rather foolish kind has led most of our managers to fight shy of any work inspired by the French Revolution. Yet the stage possibilities, both musical and dramatic, of that tragedy are unbounded. From time to time, however, plays have been produced which showed the inanity of the objections to the theme. As example I could name the "Robespierre" seen here with Henry Irving.

Claudia Muzio and Giuseppe Danise in "Andrea Chénier"

In "Andrea Chénier" we now have ample evidence of the dramatic-lyric value of the story of the great fight in France for human freedom. Beside the French Revolution our own struggle with King George seems almost an episode, which, though of vast importance to ourselves, lacked the wild, fierce appeal of a great tragedy. The librettist in the case, Luigi Illica, has wrought a stirring tale—ill-told just at the start—out of the love of the French poet for the daughter of a hated "aristo," his persecution by the pure, but bloody Robespierre, and his departure for the guillotine with the heroine. As vital episodes we have the rivalry of Andrea Chénier and Gérald, with the brave efforts of that Gérald to defend and save his foe. As a background there are the rude *sans-culottes* and spies.

To express this tale as it should be expressed with instruments and voices, a master might have had his task cut out. I hesitate to call Giordano masterly. But he has done wonders with this grim, exacting theme. He has handled it at times with sweeping power, with breadth and charm. While he has not quite touched the heights and depths of tragedy, he has been dramatic, and effective, at most points. His melodies in the first act lack inspiration. But, after that, they grow more personal. His orchestration rarely appears trivial; and it is almost always suited to its purpose.

We have all been puzzled, maybe, now and then by the close relationship between some youthful melodies of the "Veritists." Leoncavallo in his "Pagliacci," Mascagni in his "Cavalleria," and Puccini's early work, "Le Ville," seemed to have gone to the same sources for some well-known themes. What were those sources? Well, they were partly Russian, partly Italian. Ponchielli and the unfortunate Catalani had fathered some of them. Moussorgsky had invented various others. We knew but little of the Russians when we first heard "Cavalleria Rusticana." And all we know of Catalani at this moment is his "La Wally." But the young "Veritists" had dug into Moussorgsky and done their utmost to destroy the fame and fortune of poor Catalani. Ask Toscanini. He could tell you much which might not greatly please some favorite "masters." Puccini (in portions of his "Manon Lescaut"), Leoncavallo (here and there in his "Fédora"), and (in the first act of his "Andrea Chénier") Giordano has surely bowed to the beguiling spell of Massenet. Each "Veritist," again, has been affected by his Italian rivals. No wonder that they all seemed near akin.

The most "personal" of the group, despite some borrowings, is the composer of this "Andrea Chénier." In three of his four acts, if not in all, he stands on his own feet. If he had written only that fine scene for Gérald and the heroine, in the third act, he would have proved his title to sincere respect. Besides that scene, though, he has to his credit an enchanting chorus in the opening act, much charming love music for the heroine and hero,

Chief Caupolican, an Indian barytone, who sang in "The Polish Jew"

and, especially, his delightful orchestration. His melodies are often voiced by instruments, while the chief singers on the stage declaim their dialogue. But there are many lyric episodes for the singers in the opera, which is from end to end distinctly "musical." It is good to yield one's self up, for an hour or two, to the warm, southern songs; to let one's self be borne along on the broad, flowing tones of the Italian's harmony; and, for a little while, to rest from grander things. A fig for those who have no ears for music less grand than Wagner's and less pure than Mozart's! We should find room in our responsive hearts for all good music and for all good styles.

The settings helped. Yes, they were literal, except in one scene, when we were amazed to see that what looked very like the Tour St. Jacques had somehow moved across the Seine, to the Rive Gauche. The salon in the first act; the Conciergerie, with its stern Tribunal, both took one back to a strange, vanished age. The costumes, on the whole, were accurate—a bit too clean and spruce, perhaps, at times.

And the interpretation by at least two singers was worthy of the finest opera house. The Andrea Chénier (Gigli) lacked nothing but the grace of a romantic face and form. The Gérald of Danise was impressive. And both these artists sang remarkably, with taste and fervor and with nice discretion. Gigli, the tenor, has a charming voice, which he made use of with delightful skill. He was most pleasing in his *mezza-voce* passages. He did not force his voice to suit the groundlings. Here is a tenor who, had he more "personality" and prestige, might some day make a successor to Caruso. Danise, too, was at his very best. He steered a tactful course between the Charybdis of declamatory storm and the Scylla of mere fluent commonplace. He did what Gigli seldom did in acting—he gave us the illusion of his character. The heroine, Madeleine de Coigny, was interpreted, at times, quite well by Claudia Muzio; and the

(*Continued on page* 495)

Some Effective Material for Interior Decoration

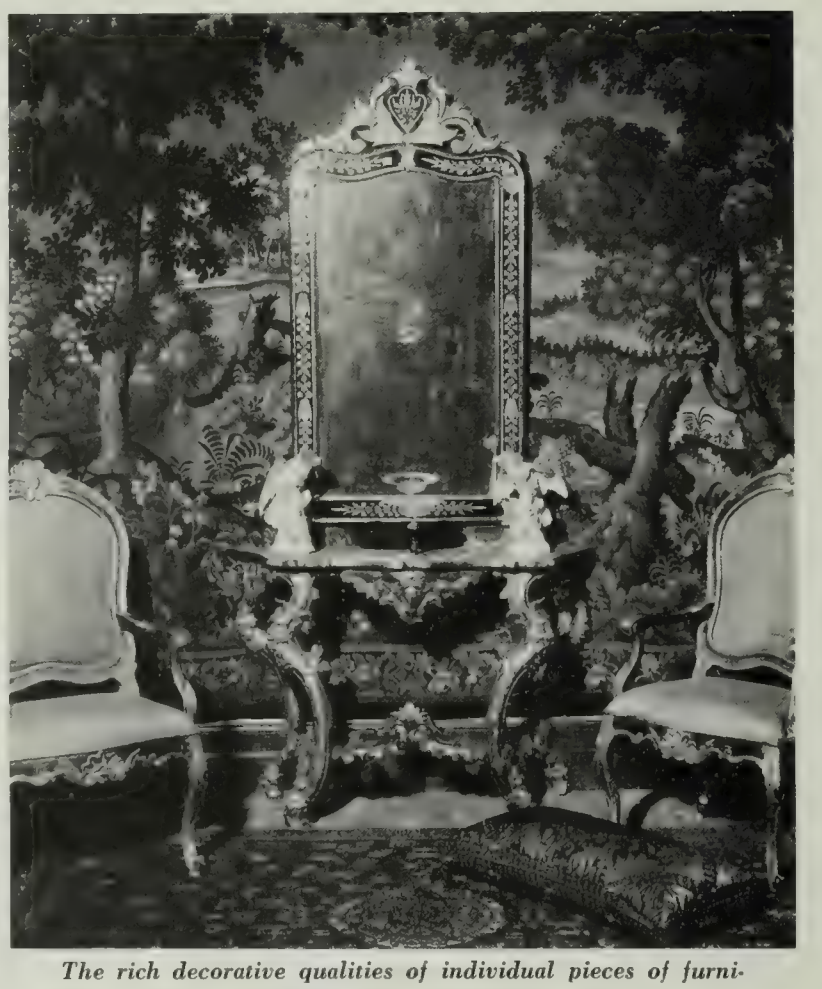
Courtesy A. H. Notman & Co.

A decorative element distinctly Spanish in character is seen in this graceful water-jar, set in a wrought iron stand. This motive may be used singly or in a pair

For a certain type of architectural treatment, the recent revival of the 17th century decorative painting is excellently effective. Over doors or mantels, or for panel wall treatments these paintings, copied in the mellow colors of the originals, add a distinct resource to interior decoration

A highly decorative version of the Spanish water jar, set in a wrought iron stand. The color and pattern of this jar would add the necessary interest to a formal Italian or Spanish interior

The small cupboards, called hutches, of antique oak are both substantial and decorative, and are among the most useful of "incidental" pieces of furniture



The rich decorative qualities of individual pieces of furniture become intensified and strengthened when they are seen in combination in a studied decorative arrangement

A small hutch of True Jacobean, or Early English Renaissance character. There is an intrinsic decorative quality in this type of antique oak furniture which gives it a definite value in many interiors

The true charm and value of decorative furniture is seen in those pieces which do not insist in the loudness of their coloring, but which are decorated in quiet, mellow tones which are rich without being intrusive

Special Exhibition of EARLY CHINESE ART

APRIL 2nd to 21st

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FAIENCE—Persian Faience. Important examples of Rhages and Rakka, from the 9th to the 14th century.

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New Fabrics for Old Textures

The Machine in the Field of Textile Design

By M. D. C. CRAWFORD

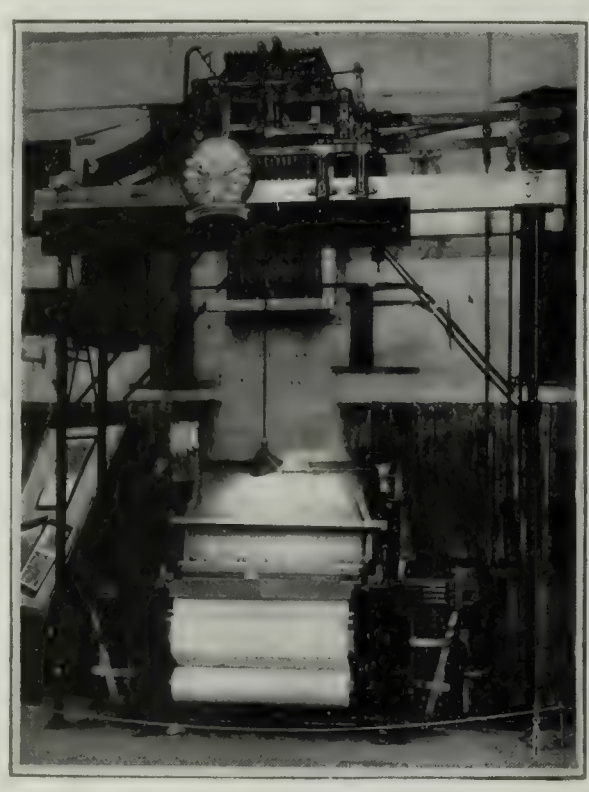
IN spite of the fact that this is a great mechanical age, hand decoration and hand weaving of fabrics have their place; indeed, it is becoming more and more important. Therefore, what I am about to say in reference to the machine must in no sense be considered as disparaging this healthy improvement. We need both the hand and the machine, as well as the brain and taste to use them.

But unflattering comparisons are too often drawn between the artistic qualities of modern machine-made fabrics and the splendid specimens in our museums and private collections dating from before our mechanical age. In one sense this is a healthy expression of an expanding and improving good taste. It is the record of a desire for the rebuilding of the old canons of tradition. the forms of design and color combinations that through experiment, rejection and final acceptance have won the approval of the human race. It is healthy and constructive criticism, and no doubt lies at the basis of the great improvement of color, texture and design, so happily conspicuous during the last decade in American textile history.

Is it, however, entirely fair criticism? Our historical collections represent the garnered harvest of the ages, peoples and cultures. The selection has been made in the main by individuals commanding unlimited means and directed by trained taste. For the museum curator (making the obvious allowance for individual deficiencies) is trained not alone in the academic history or ornament, but by experience learns to eliminate as well as to accept. Therefore the collection of a well established museum will always be richer in æsthetic values than the contemporaneous examples of the weaver's, dyer's and printer's art offered in the open market. If we compare the literature, the music or the painting of all time with the contents of the last salon, we would find a similar condition. To make the comparison fairly, we should select some special period, as like our own as possible, in political, economic and social influence. And even then the glamour of romance, the appeal of antiquity and the patina of years would all be in favor of the old and against the new. When we study the arts of other ages, it is a graceful habit to suspend the strictest critical judgment, just as when we study the works of our own time we are super-critical. This is not entirely unreasonable, since criticism is of no value unless it possesses a potential, constructive force, and relates to media and material that may be modified. Unless it has a constructive element, criticism soon descends to mere scolding and babbling.

However, the deduction from these facts that the machine and mechanical processes can never produce real objects of art, can never equal or even rival the product of other ages, is an unwarranted assumption. It is disproved by the great progress that has already been made in the art of mechanically reproduced fabrics, as well as many other related objects of art. It is true that from the original design to the finished product there are a great number of intermediate processes, largely outside the control of the artist. This is a habit that has grown up in the industry because the artist, in relation to the technical man, has been unimportant. It is a custom, therefore, that may be altered, not a mechanical fact that must always remain the same. If the artist and the mechanical expert work in sympathetic harmony, the artist can always use his influence on each of the processes that intervene between his original sketch and the finished fabric. But in order to possess this power, the artist must know something of the broad elements of mechanical possibilities, and the technical man must have something of the feeling of the artist.

A map by Coulton Waugh showing the history of silk



A modern Jacquard loom

Perhaps a brief description of the organic life of design may help to point out how vital is this relationship.

The initial step in the design is the idea. This is generally painted on paper, although sometimes for printed designs the original sketch is first executed on fabric in the batik process. It certainly would be a great advantage if the designers of woven fabrics made their first experiments on a hand loom or by embroidery, or through the aid of cut-out work. Any of these processes would tend to keep the artist in touch with the textural feeling, and avoid the unfortunate intricacy that sometimes develops in ornament that is only painted. The best of our printed designs, during the last five or six years (and some of them have been very good), have been either reproduced originally in batik, or made by artists familiar enough with this technique to think in terms of the finished fabric rather than the painted paper. However, painting on paper indicating one full repeat of design is the common practice.

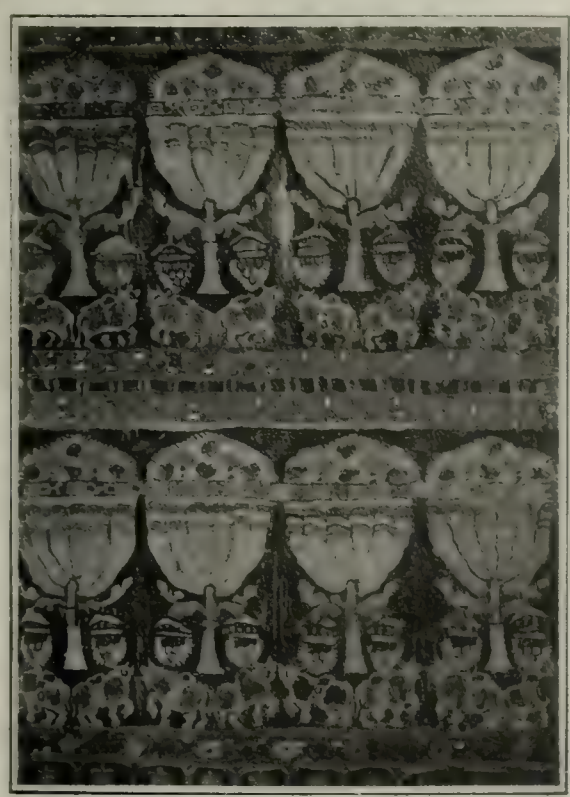
Copper printing rollers required to make a pattern

Where the design is intended for roller printing, the next step is to redraw the original design to the exact circumference of the copper printing roller, or between fifteen or sixteen inches. There is a regrettable tendency in this first transposition to eliminate the delicate touches, the happy accidents of the first sketch. Here the draughtsman begins to think in terms of the machine, rather than in terms of the market, and certainly the artist's suggestion and advice is indispensable at this juncture. Next, the problem arises of the different color schemes. More often than formerly, the original artist is called upon to make suggestions for the dif-

ferent chromatic plans the designs must pass through. Finally the design is enlarged on a zinc plate to four times its original dimension by the aid of a special camera. The zinc plate is used as a model by the girl who transposes the design by means of a pintograph machine to the copper cylinder. The zinc plate is placed before her, and she follows the outlines and details of each color with the needle fastened to an arm with a universal joint. As she moves this needle, delicate diamond points break through the varnish that covers this cylinder, and when the pattern is complete the cylinder is immersed in an acid bath, that etches out the pattern. Each color in the design requires a separate roller. The rollers are turned on a lathe to within one one-thousandth of an inch of each other so that they may register the design accurately on the printed fabric. Each roller revolves in its own bath of dye, and a sharp knife, known as the "doctor knife," passes slowly backward and forward across the cylinder and removes all surplus color.

A fish-skin garment from Amur River showing deer skin applique of academic Chinese origin

This is known as direct printing, but some of the most beautiful results are obtained by what is known as resist or mastic dyeing. Here, instead of a color, the engraved roller revolves in a bath of prepared wax, and



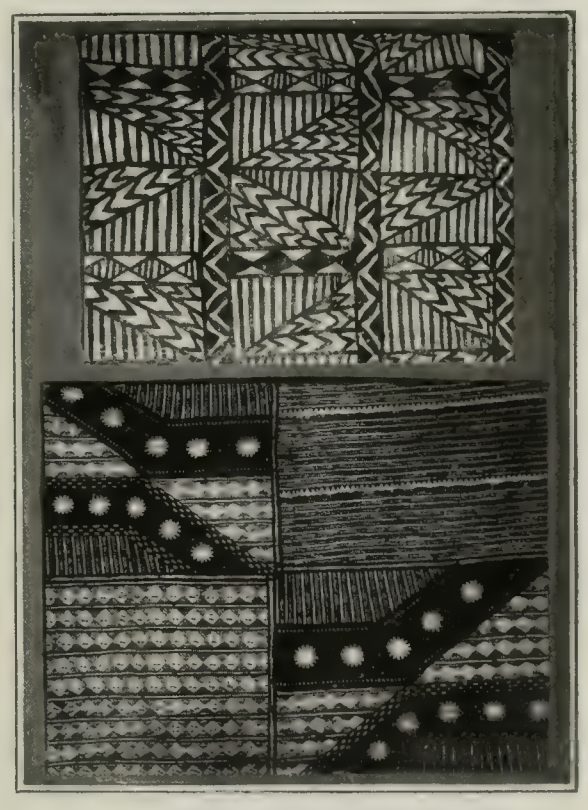
Silk from the tomb of Thaïs, now in the Guimet Museum, Paris

is then applied to a fabric, which is subsequently dyed. When the wax is removed the pattern is formed by the parts covered originally with wax, retaining the first color. At times a solution of wax and acid is applied to an already dyed fabric and eats out the color. But the principle is the same. It is resist dyeing.

This may seem a little technical. But let us glance for a moment at the old and assumedly simpler processes. From the Isthmus of Panama scientists unearthed, a few years ago, some very beautiful and highly decorative pottery known as "Chiriquan Lost Color Ware." The process was very simple. A pot was dyed red. When the color was dry a design was blocked in with melted beeswax, a chewed stick being used as a brush. The pot was next dipped in black, and when the wax was removed there was a pattern in red and black. The old Peruvians, past masters in all textile arts, used the same method on fabrics, and in India, the Philippines, in Japan, and in Java, batik and bandana or tie-dyeing was and still is applied to both fabric and yarn in endless variety. It is the same idea, the same principle we use today. Only we have a machine to do it by the mile, and in these places they made an inch at a time.

Certain printed designs that do not repeat in sixteen inches, or when a limited quantity is desired, or where a rather softer quality of design is required, are printed from hand-carved wood blocks. Here again each separate color is carved on a separate block, and the blocks must register, although not so exactly as in the copper rollers. This is the same principle and the same method, with slight mechanical variance, that was used in our grandmothers' day to print calico and chintz and silks in India. Curiously enough, old Peru had both block and roller printing. The little terra cotta rollers, scarce six inches in length, and perhaps four inches in circumference, taken from very old graves, had charming designs. They may have been used to print on the human body as well as on fabric. These rollers occur also in Central America, and together with the flat stamps of pottery from Peru, Central America and Southern Mexico indicate a very creditable development in this art. But India, with its countless festivals, each requiring different designs, different colors, was the natural home of the highest development in all forms of textile printing up to the present day. And it may be interesting to note that Ruskin's guess, flattering as it was to the craftsmen, was not

Above, an old picture showing Aztec weaving and spinning. Below, a simple type of Peruvian brocade



South Sea Island Tapa, or bark cloth, painted in textile pattern

quite accurate, for in the old accounts of dyers' guilds there was great criticism because of the very unpleasant odors that came from the dyers' quarter of the town.

In discussing fabrics with the non-technical, I find that brocades are generally the most difficult to explain. As a matter of fact, brocading or Jacquard weaving is a very simple process, although the devices for making it automatic and improving construction and increasing production are highly intricate. If you will imagine a fabric composed of two sets of threads of different colors that interlace at right angles in such an order as to show one color and then the other on the surface, it is easy to understand how by contrast design is produced. This is the principle of brocaded weaving. By using several different colors in the filling thread, that is, the yarn that runs from selvage to selvage and a parti-

(Continued on page 487)

"The Four Horsemen" Sets a New Pace

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

Villeblanche is invaded by the enemy and Marcelo Desnoyers, disbelieving the danger of his castle and seeking refuge from turbulent Paris, hastens South, to be met by this exodus of Villeblanchians

EVERYBODY said they couldn't, but they did. And now that they have, what are they going to do with it?

Had Blasco Ibanez been present at the premier showing of the Metro dramatization of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" he would have been astounded at the almost psychic interpretation of his mental conceptions of the characters; and he would have experienced an intimation of chagrin that a story which had perhaps taken him three years to write, which took everybody at least three months to read, had been unfolded, losing neither—and, if anything, emphasizing—dramatic tension, amorous substance, vivid kaleidoscope, nor infinitesimal psychological evolution—in three hours. This is where the film does equal the novel and not unusually outruns it. Those who did not know the Ibanez story and went to see the picture attained it as graphically as those who had labored through the some hundred pages, and who, in viewing the film, had the Spanish vagabond, Madriago, made still more vivid to them, and Desnoyers's fanatic pride in his castle more poignantly pathetic. There was nothing essential in the book that wasn't in the picture. There was nothing that was flashed on the screen that by appealing primarily to the optic sense did not evoke as much horror and spiritual transcension as the facile phrases of the litterateur.

One was presented with the underlying theme in a pellucid, sympathetic vein. Julio Desnoyers, epicure, poseur, falls in love with the beautiful wife of M. Laurier. They are both young, they are both lonesome, and they are both striving to overcome the fallacy they have been bred to call Life; she as the luxury in which her sycophant husband indulges—and neglects; he as the idol of the Tango Palace, the Beau Brummel of the boulevard, the pseudo-artist of an atelier frequented by restless women. M. Laurier is mature; he was not the choice of this exquisite creature's heart; the marriage was arranged by her parents. She recognizes in Julio the ardor of which she has been starved; the valiant dreams and lonelinesses of fecund youth. In her he sees woman isolated from her sex, adorable atop the pedestal on which he has forever placed her. They meet by chance in the home of Julio's mother one day, and subsequently every afternoon from 4 to 5 in Julio's studio. They are gentle in the discovery of each other; they arouse the most inspirational in each other; and M. Laurier's decree to get a divorce does not subdue their infatuation. The war comes. Laurier goes off. Marguerite's brother goes off. Marguerite goes to study nursing. Not for a minute does she condemn Julio for not joining the ranks. His country is one of the Americas; had he not had a grandfather who ruled his Argentine tract with the sovereignty of a domain?

But there was no more Tango Palace and all the men were in poilu uniform. They hissed at the dapper Julio as he passed. His family went to Bordeaux. He was alone, and he wanted to talk with Marguerite. He followed her to a hospital off the coast where she was attending a stricken patient, her

(*Continued on page* 500)

"But they'll forget all about Madriago!" the skeptics wailed when they heard the Ibanez book was to be filmed. Metro didn't, however, and here he is, vivid, picturesque and masterful, in Pomeroy Cameron's characterization of him

Carl Von Hartrott and the Kleine Von Hartrotts and Madriago's daughter, who waylaid his esurient plans for her by becoming Frau Von Hartrott. Notice the authenticity of the art director; before the period of tortoise shell

BONWIT TELLER & CO.

The Specialty Shop of Originations

FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET, NEW YORK

Women's and Misses'

RIDING TOGS

Punctiliously correct in design and developed in exclusive Scotch and English Materials

Danish Peasant Arts

Courtesy Holger Ferlov

In the group above is shown a small collection in which embroidered peasant caps, flowered ribbons and Amager shawls have been used in a modern way. The origin of the Amager (an island near Copenhagen) shawl can be traced to Spain. There alluring bits of brilliant color were brought by sailors from Barcelona to the Danish girls, who embroidered them in gold and silver threads or bright worsteds. The embroidered peasant caps make up charmingly mounted on velvet for jewel boxes

In the old embroidered peasant cap of Denmark a peculiar, rich, and imaginative ornamentation was developed. They are beautifully embroidered in gold and silver thread and in many of them brilliant colors are introduced. The patterns are varied and show a fine decorative gift

The embroidery was worked on a frame with cardboard beneath, the gold and silver thread being used only on top and caught down on the edge of the design with silk thread. The oldest examples were on velvet, later they were embroidered on silk. The five points are held in at the bottom

The oldest Danish Peasant Textile Art is that found in Tonder (Slesvig) lace, which takes its name from the form in which it was made. While some fine examples appeared during the Seventeenth Century, it did not develop into an industry until the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. A great deal of the lace was sold to foreign trade

An interesting example of how the embroidered backs of the peasant caps may be used today

The patterns of Tonder lace usually follow straight lines and many pieces show flower motifs. These Tonder laces are quite the equal of the Flemish laces in their fineness and the photograph above shows two pieces that illustrate the spider net quality of the lace. These were designed to wear beneath the embroidered caps

Hedebo work combined with lace edging is found on many of the finest linen pieces. The Danish peasant costume possessed a rare artistic charm. Over their dark bodices was worn an exquisitely embroidered collar, while their dark blue linen hoods, worn over the gold and silver embroidered caps, were covered with quaint embroideries

Instead of a bouquet of flowers the peasant bride carried a blue embroidered handkerchief — mounted on a stick—that was wound with bright ribbons and trimmed with bunches of beads. The waists and aprons were trimmed with bands of flowered ribbon and the whole costume sparkled with color. The men's wedding shirts were hand woven

CHARM in a home interior is the logical result of harmony and good taste. Positive assurance of good taste in furniture lies largely in the selection of pieces that are authoritative reproductions of furniture classics or artistic adaptations of period designs.

That one jarring note may not make all other expenditures ineffective, enlist the cooperation of those whose experience and specialized training qualify them to advise you authentically.

WM. A. FRENCH & CO.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

INTERIOR DECORATORS
AND MAKERS OF
FINE FURNITURE

Decorative Correctness in the Town House

The dainty bedroom belongs to the Eighteenth Century, with its strongest features tending toward the styles associated with Marie Antoinette. The sheen of taffeta, the moss of the heavy carpet and the pattern of the Venetian brocade all unite in giving value to the general scheme of color

Portrait of Mrs. Lewis L. Clarke, wife of the President of American Exchange National Bank, whose town house is illustrated on this page

The dining-room always depends upon its mantel for absolute decoration. The mantel here assumes the flavor of Sir Christopher Wren's work when taken in conjunction with the overmantel by Sir Joshua Reynolds and panelling which cover the chimney-breast

Furniture of petit point, and tabouret of Louis XIV flavor, appropriately fill the foreground before a tapestry of rich coloring, a tapestry of Brussels, made about 1700, in a fashionable mixture of gardening and the classic myths

With all the styles of all the ages to draw upon, the decorator chooses for the drawing-room the style called Regency or a restrained Louis XV. With chairs in gilt and enamel, tapestry-covered, and tables in gilt and natural woods, a happy ensemble is made

Furniture of Interesting and
Authentic Design is the Basis of
Fine Interior Decoration

The Decorator or the Dealer will Quote our Prices for you

A. H. NOTMAN & COMPANY

121–127 West 27th STREET
New York

A Declaration of Art in Advertising

The Art Directors' Club Exhibition at the National Arts Club

NO exhibition can more admirably fulfill a high intention than to increase and stimulate public appreciation of a phase of art which is generally familiar but generally unappreciated. By all means the exhibition which forms the subject of this article realizes in full measure the intentions of its sponsors, of whom more later.

It has been a secret to no person possessed of reasonable faculties of observation that the part played by art in advertising has yearly been growing in volume and significance, and that yearly artists and illustrators of greater repute and ability have been devoting their best energies and talents to this field of art.

The sharpness of outline, however, that this impression might otherwise have attained has been blurred by the also considerable volume of advertising drawings which are either mediocre or downright poor. All whose interest and appreciation have been directed toward the progress of art in advertising have been watching closely for years for the hour when the scales will dip unequivocally in favor of the fine work, for the time when the poorly drawn advertisement is the exception.

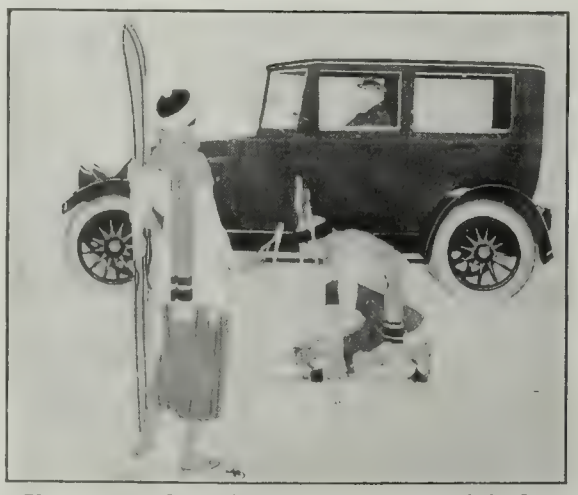
Special importance, for this reason, attaches to the service of the Art Directors' Club in making a selection of fine advertising work which might, for the most part, be called one hundred per cent fine, and in hanging this exhibition where the public, including the gallery-frequenting public, could see the original drawings and paintings and judge them on their merits, clear of the contaminating effect of much inferior work that shares the pages of the magazines and the expanses of the billboards. In this way the message is made clear, and the efforts of those artists, advertising agents and advertisers who are sincerely working toward better things are given a fair chance to declare themselves.

The writer recalls no such clean-cut declaratión of the ever-growing force of art in advertising as stands forth this month (March 3rd to March 31st) on the walls of the galleries of the National Arts Club in New York.

The present commentary would be incomplete without special mention of a man who must come to be affectionately known as the Dean of Advertising Art, Mr. Ernest Elmo Calkins, whose influence and whose convictions have done more than those of any one other man in this country to create and further higher ideals, and to urge the production of finer things in advertising art. An advertising agent, long-standing in professional esteem, Mr. Calkins's æsthetic enthusiasms are always excellently tempered with the practical viewpoint of the experienced advertising man, for which reasons his comments are of peculiar value and importance.

A pastel drawing by Neysa McMein—one of a distinguished series of types of "The Hostess," for Wallace Silver
(The Erickson Company)

The enjoyment of coffee is expressed in its highest degree in this splendid advertising illustration by Henry Raleigh, for Arbuckle Brothers
(The J. Walter Thompson Co.)



The portrayal of the Franklin Automobile has been achieved with consistent distinction by F. G. Chapman
(Patterson Andress Co., Inc.)

Of this current exhibition of advertising art Mr. Calkins writes as follows, in the catalogue:

"In this exhibition you will find the best current advertising art. The men who planned the exhibition, arranged the details, selected the works to be shown, and established the basis of selection, are the men responsible for the production of much of the art work used in advertising.

"The basis of selection is the same as that used by juries choosing pictures to be shown at any art exhibition—artistic merit. All pictures hung have been used for advertising purposes. All specimens submitted had been used in advertising. So the pictures hung on these walls represent the collective judgment of the men responsible for art production as to what kind of work should be used in advertising.

"It is the belief of the men who compose the Art Directors' Club that artistic excellence is vitally necessary to successful advertising. Two factors are involved in such pictures. One is the thought—the idea—the message—the picture is intended to convey. The other is the manner in which that message is conveyed, the artistic ability of the artist to express that message—simply, directly, effectively and convincingly.

"The purpose of this Exhibition is threefold. It is intended to set up a standard for the edification and education of all concerned with the physical appearance of advertising. It is intended to dignify the field of business art in the eyes of artists, to encourage the best men to undertake it, and to regard it while undertaking it as the greatest art job in the world. It is intended to show the business world the high standard already attained, and to teach advertisers, those who approve and pay the bills, the value and necessity of good art in advertising to the end of making all advertising more resultful.

"Each picture in this collection is the work of the thorough, careful and conscientious artist. Into the making of each design went much consideration. No greater amount of intelligent thinking is expended upon the painting of a mural decoration, a portrait, or an easel picture, than is now devoted to the production of a good design for advertising purposes. More artistic ability is now available for the advertiser's use than he is using—than he even realizes. Thousands of pictures are used every month for advertising purposes. Thousands were submitted for the purposes of this exhibition. Only three hundred were thought good enough from among all the art work of the past year or two. Isolated here, the average seems high. Mixed with the inferior and mediocre works which greatly outnumber them in the magazines and newspapers and on

The name of a Migel silk, "Pierette," is given an effective pictorial treatment by the imaginative photography of Lejaren Hiller
(*Street & Finney*)

billboards and street cars, the impression is that anything is good enough for advertising. The difference between this eclectic showing and the rank and file of advertising is the measure of the advertiser's opportunity.

"All these designs have been used by successful advertisers. They were chosen by experienced advertising art directors. They represent the best prevalent practice.

"But good as they are, they are not as good as they could be. They are not the best that can be done. What is needed is a better atmosphere—a better attitude toward good work—a better understanding of the selling power that can be put into pictured advertising—a less stiff and condescending state of mind on the part of the world's greatest artists—a less intolerant and narrow-minded attitude on the part of the world's greatest advertisers.

"Thirteen years ago the writer arranged the first exhibition of advertising art. It was held in these galleries. There were some good things then, but few compared with now. The significant fact, however, is that the good work then was taken from obscure sources—a color page from a printers' journal advertising ink—the cover of a booklet—an advertisement in an art paper of small circulation. About half of that early show was made up of magazine covers, selected to fill bare walls for lack of enough passably good advertising art. In the present exhibition the exhibits are nearly all national. They are already familiar to everyone who visits this gallery. They have appeared in national mediums, magazines with large circulation, in great newspapers, on posters and in space costing thousands of dollars. This fact suggests the growth of the confidence of the advertiser in better art work."

The frequenter of exhibitions will remember few with greater interest than this showing of advertising originals, and the poster enthusiast of the old days will be astonished, and certainly delighted at the host of newcomers in the field.

One of a series of water colors by C. C. Beall, for the American Piano Company. The elusively decorative quality of Mr. Beall's work strikes an unusually interesting note in advertising art
(*The Bricka-Ford Co.*)

Of course there are a few of the great names of those earlier days, and on work that shows no symptom of decline. Better, if anything, than it was when there were only about six known names in the field of advertising art. Notably, there are several of the recent Edison paintings by Maxfield Parrish inconceivably fine in their execution, and incomparable in their purely artistic qualities. Edward Penfield, dear to the poster enthusiast, was never better than in the exhibits under his name here. J. C. Leyendecker—who was doing things twenty years ago, and so is not of the newcomers—stands forth as a painter unapproachable in the kind of thing he does. Then there are the others, a mighty array—not all new, but with a newness in their work which makes them the backbone of the advertising art of today. Nelson Abbott, painting better than ever; Sheridan, blythe and colorful; Gordon, ardent believer in impressions rather than details; Oberhardt, exponent of the well-drawn portrait as an advertising asset. C. E. Chambers, besides his sunny, illustration-like pictures, was represented by an astonishing portrait of Paderewski.

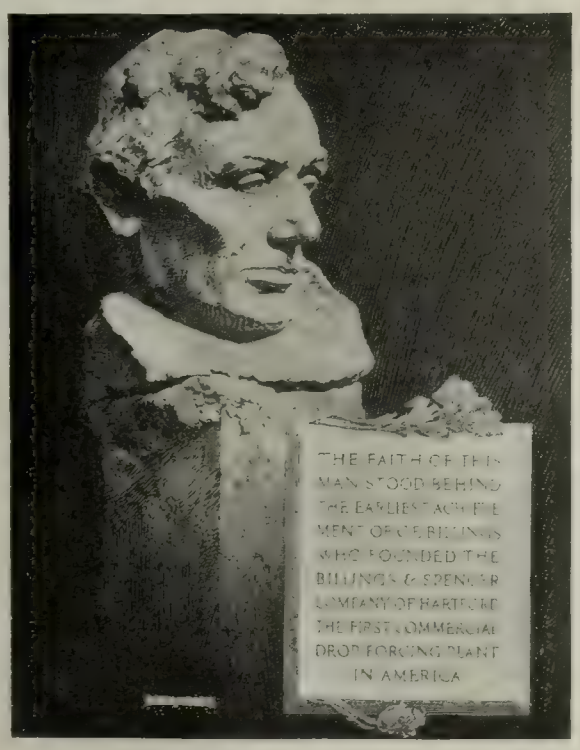
The combined strength and delicacy of Mary MacKinnon's technique, seen in an interesting advertisement
(*George Batten Company*)

The women who have attained real distinction in the field of advertising are by no means absent in this gallery of the best. There is a superb pastel by Neysa McMein, and some of the most interesting and arresting exhibits on the walls bear the well known signatures of Jessie Wilcox Smith, Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliot, Sarah Stilwell Weber, Lucile Patterson Marsh, Anita Parkhurst, Mary MacKinnon and Maud Tousey Fangel.

The exhibition is divided, broadly, into large groups of work in color, in pen and in wash, or black and white oil or pencil.

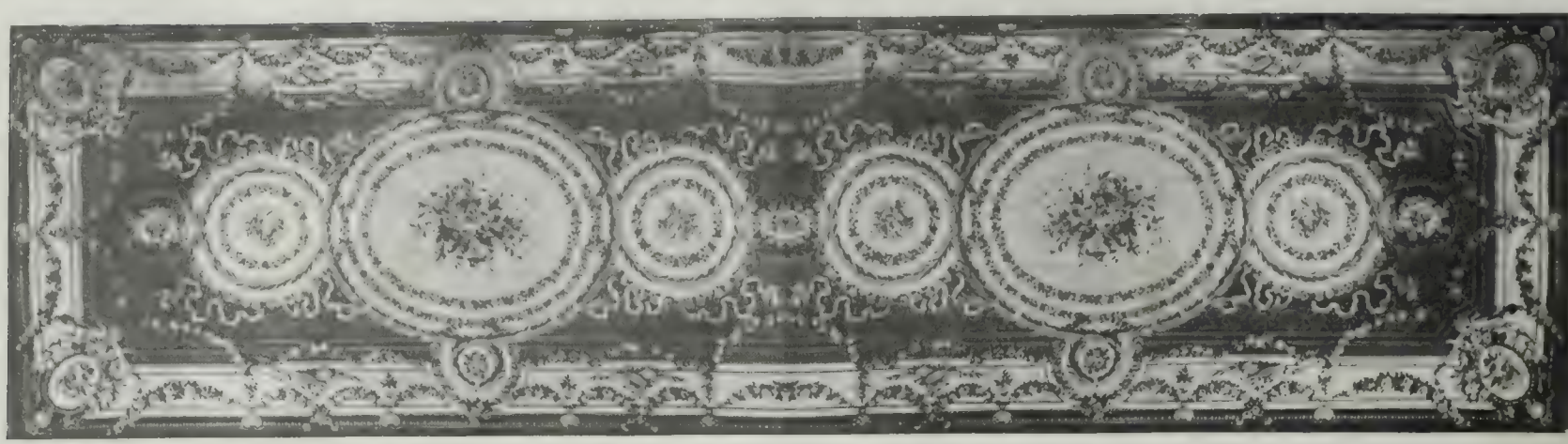
And because of the predominant "attention value" of the work in color, no one should overlook the

(*Continued on page* 497)



A remarkable drawing for a full page advertisement by Franklin Booth, one of the ablest pen draughtsmen in this country
(*Harry Porter Co.*)

A flash of vivid red and a strong poster technique helped to give this painting by W. E. Heitland for the Columbia Co. a first award
(*George Batten Company*)



The great Aubusson rug, which is one of two fine examples of those famous looms which found their way from France, through Spain, to the imperial residence of Maximilian

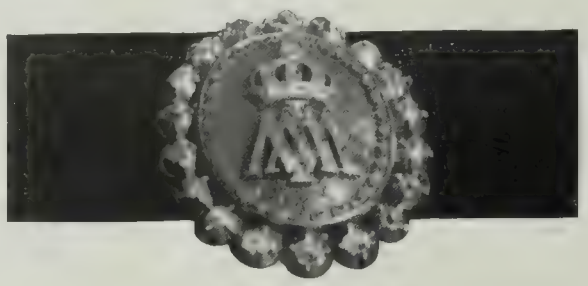
Relics of the Lost Empire of Maximilian

An Instance of Romance in Antiques

WHEN the quiet and dignified old-world *régime* of the Emperor Maximilian crashed to its fall in Mexico in 1867, after four years of equable government, the new order of things, the order that seems sometimes as though it were destined to sweep the world, made, as usual, many orphaned works of art.

From the brief glory of Maximilian's lost empire two exceptionally interesting and rare survivals have found their way to New York—a great chandelier of carved brass with heavy gold overlay, and an unusually large Aubusson Carpet. These two things, together with a set of wall-sconces which match the chandelier, were in the official residence of the Emperor at the time of his execution.

They were made in France, probably in the finest productive period of the Eighteenth Century, whence they traveled to Spain, as the possessions of a noble family. Almost a hundred and twenty-five years ago Don Gregorio de Mier took them to Mexico for his residence, later the residence of Maximilian.



A ring of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico

The fan of the Empress Charlotte, widow of Emperor Maximilian. It is now in New York City which it has reached after many vicissitudes

After the death of Maximilian, De Mier returned to take his property again, and to consider the sale of it to the new Republican leader, Mr. Diaz. Diaz was desirous of installing the great chandelier in Chapultepec Castle, as well as the Aubusson rugs, and other things from the former Imperial residence, but was dissuaded from doing so by the argument that these rich furnishings, symbolizing, as they did, the overthrown régime of the Imperial Hapsburg, Maximilian, would be most unsuitable for the Democratic capitol building which old Chapultepec Castle had become.

The famous chandelier is unquestionably a remarkable example of the finest metal craftsmanship of Eighteenth Century France. No finely chiselled ormolu mount for the masterpiece of the greatest "ebeniste" could have been more exquisitely wrought. Its foundation is brass, covered with an eighth of an inch of solid gold, intricately carved. There are about three hundred parts in the chandelier, which can be assembled with surprising ease, and the design consists of six entwined branches, each holding six candles. The four wall-sconces which match the chandelier are designed to hold ten candles each.

Experts are in agreement that the great chandelier is easily one of the most remarkable works of art of its kind in existence, and due to its great value no small amount of difficulty was experienced in its recent removal from Mexico.

Another relic of the ill-fated empire—a relic more intimate, and from its nature more romantic, and even sentimental—has found its way through other and various channels to consort once more with the other relics of royalty.

This fan, which is shown in one of the illustrations, belonged to the Empress Charlotte, widow to Maximilian of Hapsburg, Austrian Emperor of Mexico, 1863-1867. She was a sister-in-law of Francis

(*Continued on page* 500)

One of the four ten-candle wall-sconces which match the famous Maximilian chandelier. These, like the chandelier, are heavily covered with gold

The gold-covered, hand-carved chandelier of sixty candles which came out of Mexico from the imperial residence of Maximilian

Degas, the Inspired Artisan

A Synthesis of French Art of His Period

THE works of minor artists are frequently interesting and instructive because they reflect the prevailing creeds and traditions of their period, and we study them—noting a special facility here or a special earnestness there, and pitting one man against another in friendly provincial rivalry—in order mainly to arrive at a complete and balanced appreciation of the value of the creeds and traditions they reflect. But all the time we know quite well that there are one or two men who stand above and behind the rank and file, great revolutionaries who interpret three sets of creeds and traditions—the tradition of the period that preceded them, the fashion of their own day and the half-formulated creed of the period immediately ahead of them. Degas was, of course, an eminent figure of this kind. The main body of the Impressionists can be compared only with themselves. But just as it is impossible to think of Manet without Velasquez and Goya on the one hand, and Cézanne on the other, or of Renoir without Watteau and the eighteenth-century French masters on one side and modern French painters like Derain, Lhote or Dufresne on the other, so it is impossible to think of Degas except as a figure in a direct line of important artists. He lived from 1834 to 1917, and his art is a synthesis of the central current of French art of the whole period of his lifetime. Degas interprets the tradition of Ingres, in which he was educated, and the Impressionist creed of his own day, and he heralds Post-Impressionism, which belongs, properly speaking, to the period which followed his main activity. And the interpretation is in each case hammered into a new thing by the force of a convinced and concentrated personality.

THE outstanding feature of Degas' personality was a whole-hearted devotion to his *métier*. He took art for granted. It never occurred to him that it needed defence or explanation. He was entirely concerned with painting to the best of his powers, and the only problems which interested him were problems of *métier*. When the official Salon told the world that Manet, Monet and Pissarro did not know their business, Degas was indignant, and helped them to form the Salon des Indépendants. But the Impressionist taboos were as powerless to destroy his personal equilibrium as the Academic rules had been before. Twelve years later, when the Impressionists' honor had been established, he retired from the lists, and he never appeared again in a public exhibition. He returned to his beloved paints and brushes, his charcoal and pastels, and continued the study of his *métier* without further disturbance for the rest of his life.

It is this passionate absorption in the act of painting, as Degas understood it, which gives his work its air of final accomplishment, and provides it with the emotional *élan* indispensable to great art. It was, doubtless, this passion also which led him, subconsciously, towards the contemplation of the human figure contorted by a daily occupation—ballet dancers practising at the bar or flitting on hard muscular toes behind the footlights, laundresses bending beneath heavy baskets or concentrating their weight on the slender handle of the iron. And it was certainly this ruling spirit which enabled him to make his rendering of such subjects essentially plastic and pictorial.

DEGAS would, we imagine, have been well pleased with the little book before us,* because M. Henri Hertz has kept, in the main, to his muttons, and provided us with a straightforward life of the master and a sober account of his work, including some valuable notes on his conception of drawing and his technical methods. But Degas would assuredly have smiled at M. Hertz's final description of his *œuvre* as "un grand art Parisien." For the phrase is in the nature of a lapse into that vague literary species of art criticism which M. Hertz has elsewhere succeeded in avoiding. The art of any given place at any given period arises partly from the general stage of art development in adjacent or accessible countries, and partly from the personal factor contributed by the individual artists. The external elements that went to the production of Degas' art, which we have attempted to analyze briefly above, were the same as the external elements that went to the production of the art of Manet, or Renoir, or Pissarro, and their work is as much and as little Parisian as the work of Degas. Similarly the art of Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto arose out of conditions which prevailed in Venice in one period, the art of Canaletto arose out of conditions which prevailed there a century later. We describe both types of painting as "Venetian" for convenience, but Venice itself provides no æsthetic common denominator. Æsthetically speaking—that is, in this case, from the point of view of pure painting, the point of view of Degas himself, of the man absorbed in his *métier*—there is much more similarity between Canaletto and Hogarth than between Titian and Canaletto. And it is as much an accident that Degas painted scenes of Parisian life as that Canaletto painted views of the Grand Canal. R. H. W.

—*The Athenæum.*

* Degas, by Henri Hertz, Alcan, Paris.

DREICER & Co

Pearls

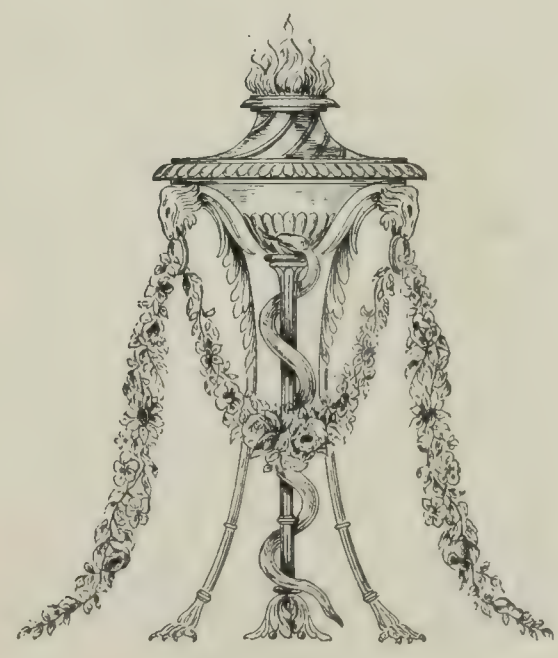
Precious Stones

and

Jewels

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY SIXTH

NEW YORK



In the Spring a Young Girl's Fancy

Photographs by Albin, courtesy Harry Collins

Springtime or bridesmaid gown is completely builded of the most elusive and delectable green chiffon, its draped double-skirts, crossed blouse and swathed girdle with curious green grapes placed where they will be most effective; it is crowned by an enormous leghorn hat, faced, and with a sash of chiffon and two bunches of grapes, one green and one red, applied flatly to the brim

A study in black and white is this most picturesque gown of charmeuse, black and gleaming as a raven's wing, of a superbly supple quality. It is slashed at the sides with rounded edges —the front a bit shorter than the back. This enables us to see the slip beneath with its wide hem, cleverly manipulated sleeve and very curious cuffs of white crepe georgette

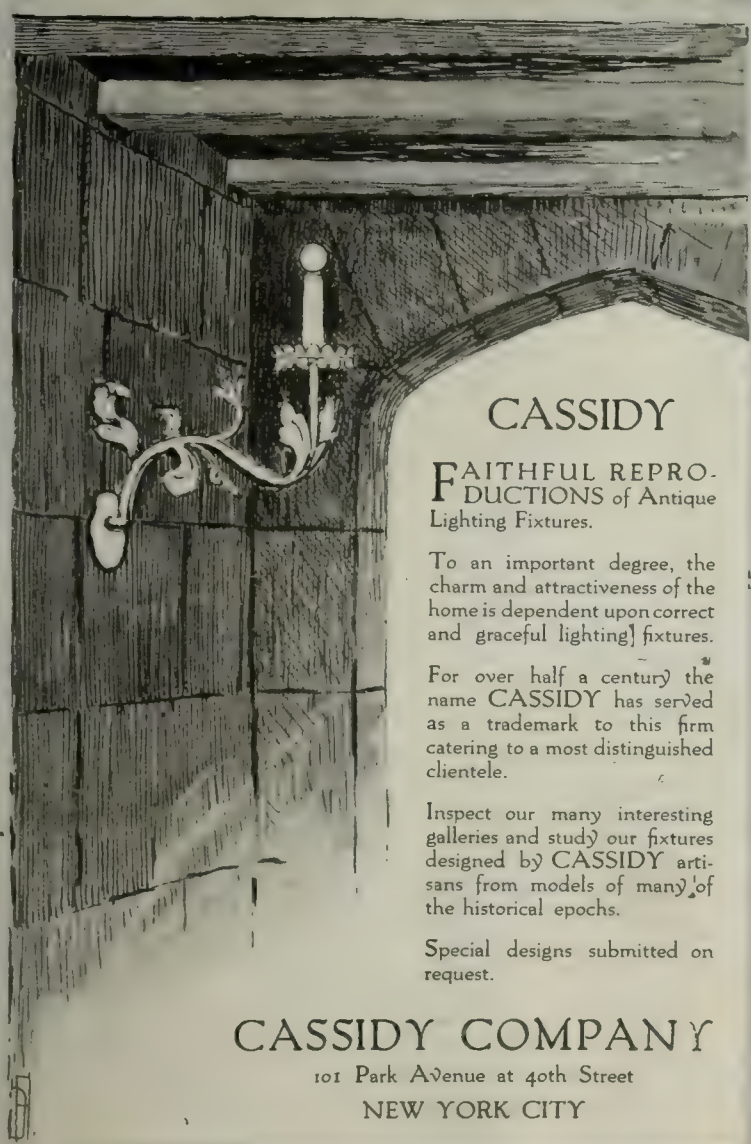
The wedding gown of cream duchess satin, straight and clinging, covered with a beautiful cream lace robe, encrusted with crystal beads and pearls, crossed at the waist-line in an inimitable way by a typical Harry Collins girdle that ties and makes two tiny individual trains at the side back. These are but supplementary to the long court train that sweeps its regal length four yards behind. This train is composed of satin bordered on each side by jeweled bands that match the robe. The veil is tulle with beaded edges held in place by crystal lilies above each ear and strands of pearl beneath the chin

ELSIE DE WOLFE

INTERIOR DECORATIONS
ANTIQUE FURNITURE
OBJÊTS D'ART

¶ Dignified treatment of mantel breast in a small living room. Antique Louis XVI mantel of white and black veined marble. Antique trumeau over, with delightfully carved panel inset.

TWO WEST FORTY-SEVENTH
NEW YORK CITY



CASSIDY

FAITHFUL REPRODUCTIONS of Antique Lighting Fixtures.

To an important degree, the charm and attractiveness of the home is dependent upon correct and graceful lighting fixtures.

For over half a century the name CASSIDY has served as a trademark to this firm catering to a most distinguished clientele.

Inspect our many interesting galleries and study our fixtures designed by CASSIDY artisans from models of many of the historical epochs.

Special designs submitted on request.

CASSIDY COMPANY
101 Park Avenue at 40th Street
NEW YORK CITY

ANTIQUE SPANISH BENCH, 7 FEET 8 INCHES LONG

NANCY BARROWS
Interior Decorations

12 West 40th Street
New York City

KATHARINE PARK STUDDIFORD, Associate

Decorative Essentials for the Spring Wardrobe

Courtesy Franklin Simon & Co.

Above, a navy blue tricotine trotteur frock aglow with rose-color beads

Three-piece demi-tailored costume of navy blue tricotine with separate blouse and softly draped collar of a novelty corded cotton fabric in French blue

Above, an afternoon frock of black silk crepe de Chine with embroidery

Petal draperies in variegated tones float airily down the sides of this Paris model chiffon dance frock

Below, silk Algerian crepe frock, in the ever smart combination of black and white, is studded with nail-heads and beaded all over

Below, navy blue crepe Georgette is the foundation for this all-over beaded frock, whose beauty is the blending of the rainbow-hued beads

PERMANENT EXHIBITION OF ITALIAN, ENGLISH, AND FRENCH ANTIQUE FURNITURE AND REPRODUCTIONS

INQUIRIES SOLICITED THROUGH YOUR DEALER OR DECORATOR

THE ORSENIGO COMPANY, INC.

112 WEST 42ND STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Reproduction of Old Chest, interior with drawer compartments

THE Huber factory at present are reproducing many fine old pieces from original models gathered from all parts of the globe.

H. F. Huber & Co.

13 East 40th St.

New York

Draperies Decorations

Antiques Furniture

FACTORY:
18th to 19th Streets, Avenue C

WORKROOMS:
551 W. 42nd Street

PARIS:
18 Faubourg Poissonnière

From the Sahara to the Ritz

IN THE TENT of a Bedouin on the sands of Sahara, or over the counter of the Ritz in London—as fare on a junk in Hong Kong Harbor, or on an American Pullman

American Express Travelers Cheques
Are Good As Gold

BETTER THAN GOLD since they are never questioned, never discounted and *safe*, because they are worthless without your counter-signature of identification.

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Topics of the Day in Art

Nothing

ALWAYS readable, and frequently right, Mr. Henry McBride begins his article on Archipenko in the New York *Herald* by quoting a snatch of dialogue from *Punch:*

"Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns 'I met the latest, greatest genius of the season last night at Mrs. Leo Hunter's.

"Col. Ponsonby de Tompkyns: 'Yes—and what does he do?'

"Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns (impressively): 'Nothing—nothing at all.'"

A delightful beginning, this. Read now the conclusion of Mr. McBride's delightful essay: "Archipenko probably said to himself, 'I must do something that's impossible; say, fellows, what is there that's impossible?' And when they laughed at him and said 'Nothing,' Archipenko probably replied, 'You said it! I'll do that; in sculpture, too.' And the fusses that have attended the exhibition of his experiments in Venice, Geneva, Paris, London, Amsterdam, Brussels, Athens, Berlin and Munich attest his success."

The Cow of Alan

All Paris — and, indeed, all France—is agog over the Affair of the Cow of Alan, nor can one readily decide which to pity the most—France, Alan, or the Cow. Here you have the story, as told by *La Renaissance de l'Art Francais:* "Alan is a little village of eight hundred inhabitants sixteen miles from Saint Gaudens in the Haute-Garonne. In 1911, M. Demotte, the famous antiquary, visited Alan and found at the end of a slummy lane a richly sculptured Gothic portal in the style of the early Fifteenth Century and displaying, among its other embellishments, a sculptured cow—the now celebrated Vache d'Alan.

"The house to which this marvel belonged had been a bishop's palace. M. Demotte bought it, with a view to carrying away to Paris the sculptured portal—cow and all. The mayor approved the sale. There is documentary evidence of that. But then something happens, nobody knows just what, and when M. Demotte's agent arrived (in July, 1912) to take possession of the house, he heard the beating of a drum, and along came the town crier, bawling, 'Monsieur the Mayor bids the people of Alan assemble at once and forcibly save their Cow from abduction!' Nothing daunted, the agent went ahead, and was in the act of having the portal boarded in when a church-bell rang the tocsin! A crowd collected. There were cries of *'Á l'eau! á l'eau!'* Whereupon, the agent took to his heels."

M. Demotte seems to have been remarkably patient. He let matters rest, and they continued to rest until, about two years ago, he revisited Alan and found a wall built close to the door of his house and the sculptured decorations somewhat injured — not wholly through carelessness, he suspected. In his wrath, he protested to the authorities in Paris. When they ordered him to abandon his project of carrying away the portal, he yielded, and again matters rested.

But of late the provincial papers—notably those in Toulouse—have been excoriating M. Demotte in exceedingly nasty style, and once more his blood is up. This time, he "is determined, cost what it may, to deprive Alan of a work of art which its people have permitted to languish in a vile alley and which they have shamefully mutilated. To prove his disinterestedness, he agrees to present the doorway, Cow included, to the Louvre." Thus the plot thickens. No more than M. Demotte himself is the French Government minded to abandon the Cow. No more than at the outset does the little town in the Haute-Garonne feel inclined to surrender its Cow. So—*voilà l'Affaire de la Vache d'Alan!*

Concerning Churchliness

At the Pavillon Marsan there was recently an exhibition of Christian — that is to say, ecclesiastical —art; and among the "repercussions" in Paris one notes a somewhat scathing comment by *La Revue Universelle,* which remarks that "a church should resemble neither a casino nor an archæological 'reconstitution,'" whereas, "the exhibition shows that certain religious artists have a mania for the bizarre, for over-ingenious detail, and for surprising effects of color such as we associate with the works of the new decorators." The Bakst sort of thing? Quite evidently. And the pseudo-antique sort of thing—"Byzantine primitivism"—though there was less of that than might have been expected." The intolerable Byzantine primitiveness that has dominated religious art seems to be disappearing—which permits us to hope that the architects employed to rebuild churches in the devastated area will be able to symbolize eternal truths without using forms and materials unsuited to our epoch."

In Venice, meanwhile, there has been opened "an exposition of sacred art, whose purpose is to present the best models of architecture and sacred ornament for the reconstruction of churches of Venetia destroyed during the war."

On the Azure Coast

Artistic "regionalism" gains a new impetus in France from developments at Nice, where, according to a little article of M. Pierre Bohel's in *L'Art et les Artistes,* "the superb Villa Massina, purchased by the city from the heirs of Prince d'Essling, has been taste-

(*Continued on second page following*)

What Our Friend the Architect Told Us

Facts that Every Home Builder Needs on Construction

Vaulted and crowned ceilings made on metal lath add beautiful and rich effects to any house at small expense. Ten dollars spent in this way is equal to a hundred dollars spent in other ways. Use vaulted ceilings in halls, dens, dining and breakfast rooms. See small cut.

Beauty and dignified charm of stucco exterior and the infinite variety of treatment made possible by stucco are exemplified in this picture. This loggia is on the inner court of the residence of William V. Kelley, Lake Forest, Illinois.
Architect, Howard Shaw.

Plaster on Metal Lath Won't Crack

"Use metal lath and you won t have plaster cracks," said the Architect to his friends. "Metal lath gives you beautiful walls and fire protection, also. I want you to send for a free booklet just published on this subject. It contains no advertising."

"Metal lath is a money saver," said the husband. "Is it expensive to put up?"

Vaulted Hall Ceiling, Plaster on Metal Lath. A Permanent, Rich and Inexpensive Embellishment.

"Metal lath costs nothing, as it pays for itself in saving repairs," replied the Architect.

"Think of the joy of having beautiful walls and ceilings that never have cracks," exclaimed the wife.

"Metal lath prevents cracks and stops fire," said the Architect. "Let me show you a new house where metal lath is being put up."

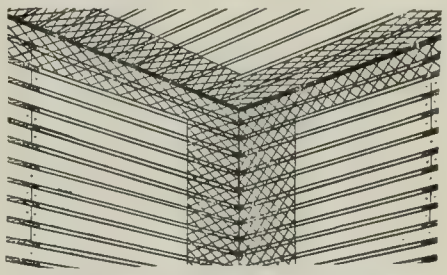
In the new house only part of the plastering was done. Other parts of the walls and ceilings were covered with a network of steel mesh. "That's metal lath," said the Architect. "When the plaster is put on the steel mesh is embedded in it, as in reinforced concrete. Plaster on metal lath will not crack."

"Is metal lath the reason why beautiful buildings and homes don't have plaster cracks?" asked the wife.

Metal Lath Pays for Itself

"Metal lath is what prevents cracks," answered the Architect. "Use metal lath and you will save all the ugliness of cracked plaster, and also the heavy expense of continual repairs. Metal lath is produced so economically now that everyone can use it. See here, how metal lath stops fire." He pointed to the steel mesh under the stairs. "Fire can't get through that plaster on unburnable metal lath."

"Beautiful walls and ceilings and safety from fire. I certainly want metal lath in our house," said the wife emphatically.



Detail of corner, showing a 12-inch strip of metal lath used to prevent unsightly corner cracks.

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"You want to know all about metal lath before you build or buy," said the Architect. "Send today for that illustrated booklet. It is not an advertising booklet. It is full of pictures and information about interior plaster, also about stucco building. It's free, but the edition is limited. Write today to the Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago."

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Topics of the Day in Art

(Continued from second page preceding)

fully transformed into a kind of *Niçois Carnavalet.* It now contains not only important paintings, but a host of objects connected with the history of Nice and of the region round about. All pictures relating to Nice have been taken from the *Musée des Beaux-Arts* and placed in this sumptuously decorated Villa—among them portraits and mementos of Napoleon, Masséna, Alphonse Karr, Marie Bashkirtseff, Leconted de Lisle, Victorien Sardou, Rachel, Rosa Bonheur, and Ackermann. Also, thanks to a happy inspiration, there is a charming collection of paintings by the artists who have interpreted the natural beauty of the region — Signac, Renoir, H. E. Cross, Seurat, Valtat, Fer, Seyssand, and many others.

Strictly Anonymous

The Parisians have been having an exhibition of unsigned paintings. It is an experiment—a kind of prank — in French parlance, a "coquetry"—and M. Roger Allard wonders what "piquant and disconcerting results" would follow if the whim should become a general practice. "An experiment of the kind was tried by a musical society," he recalls, "and at the end of the concert the audience were invited to name the composers of the works interpreted. There were some appalling 'breaks.'" He appreciated, of course, that leaving a picture unsigned puts its qualities to a nobly severe test, but he appreciates also that "the art-lover who buys a painting simply because it pleases him and without regard for the signature is a rare exception. People who plume themselves upon discovering an unknown painter have made the discovery, nine times out of ten, at some dealer's."

Moving, But Not Motion, Pictures

Like homing pigeons, the works of art hidden during the war have been returning to their accustomed abodes. Unlike homing pigeons, many have halted to be admired en route—in Venice, for example, and in Brescia and Bergamo, where wonderful exhibitions have been held. The one in Venice, so the correspondents of European papers tell us, "had the advantage of displaying at close range and in good lighting certain pictures that had hitherto been seen only on the altars of churches. The Bergamo exhibition permitted Italians to study several Renaissance masterpieces that are ordinarily as good as buried in obscure and inaccessible hill towns. Particularly admired was a Cima da Conegliano from Olero, while Palma Vecchio, Lorenzo Lotto and Giambattista Moroni were splendidly represented, and there came to light a supposedly lost painting by Tintoretto.

Prenez Garde

Mr. Augustus John is still bewailing the fate of his picture, wickedly cut down by the wretch who purchased it; but "they order these things better in France," where tampering with an artist's work is now a high crime and misdemeanor. The courts have lately so ruled—*in re* Galland.

Galland, a commercial artist, sold some drawings for advertising purposes, and when they were published he discovered that they had been altered and that on one of them the name of the photo-engraving concern replaced his signature. He took his grievances to court, where, according to *Art et Decoration,* "the advertiser protested that, having bought the originals, he was privileged to do as he liked with them." In giving their verdict, "the judges declared that an artist should be absolute master of his work, even after its sale, and that no one had a right to alter it in any particular or to erase his signature."

Troubetzkoi

Paul Troubetzkoi is resting at his villa on an islet in Lake Maggiore after his return from America, but on the way he paused for a little in Paris, and *L'Art et les Artistes* comments enthusiastically upon a one-man show of his at the Galerie Georges Petit. If variety of subjects is a merit, this was certainly a meritorious display; among the busts and statuettes the Parisians beheld likenesses of Tolstoi, Carpentier, d'Annunzio, Anatole France, and—Mary Pickford!

Combien?

A Rembrandt portrait of a woman has been sold in Paris for 2,200,000 francs, "The record price in francs for a Rembrandt," so the New York *World* tells us, but "not a record in gold value. At current exchange the price would represent about $160,000," whereas the late Benjamin Altman paid 1,000,000 francs in 1913 for Rembrandt's 'Toilet of Bathsheba,' involving an outlay of $195,000, as francs were then at par. A still higher and record dollar price for a Rembrandt is credited to the late P. A. B. Widener of Philadelphia, who is said to have paid $500,000 for 'The Mill.'"

Among Italian Peasants

On the Palatine Hill—in the Villa Mills, to be precise—a new Roman museum has been founded, and very novel is its aim. Never, until now, has Italy possessed a museum of peasant handicrafts, delightfully interesting though they are—notably those of Sardinia, Sicily, Calabria and the Abruzzi. Take, for instance, the rugs of

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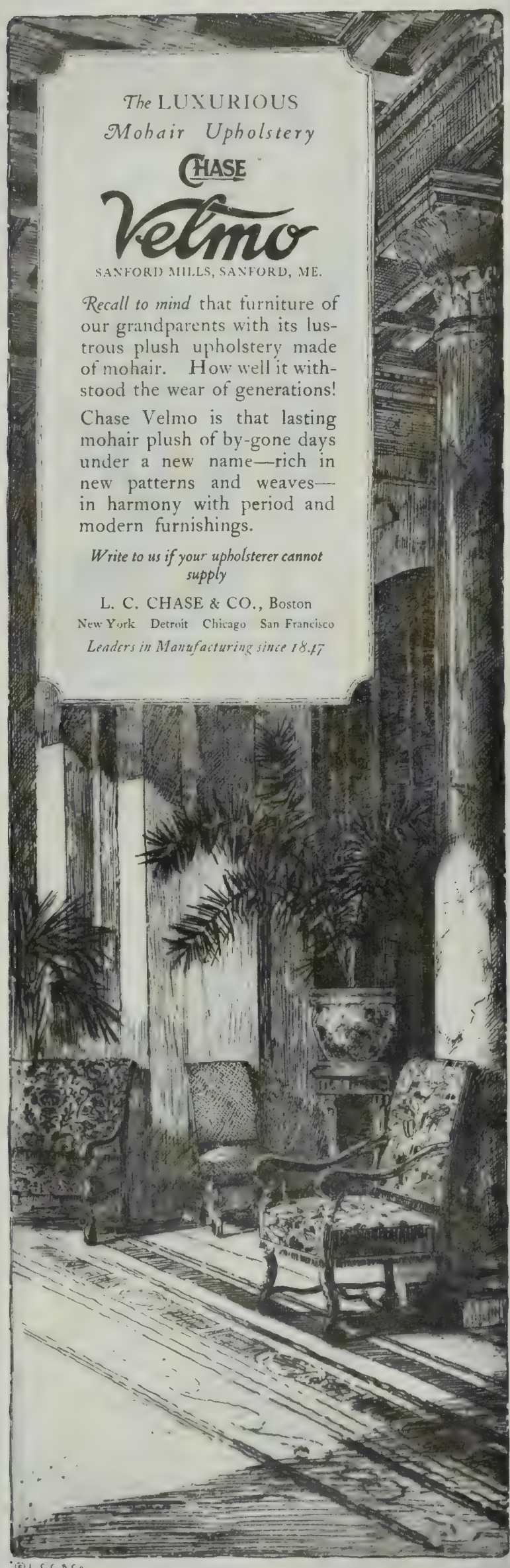

Topics of the Day in Art

(*Continued from second page preceding*)

Pesco Costanzo. They "rival the best Oriental rugs," we are told, "and perpetuate a style handed down from the Eleventh Century." Or take the carved ivories of Sardinia; "though made today, they are clearly Byzantine." Or, again, take the beautiful ceramics of Sicily, Piedmont and the Abruzzi. Given a museum where they can be shown off to advantage, all these charming products will find a market. Further to stimulate handicrafts among the peasants, a society has been founded which means to stimulate demand, just as was done in the case of Murano glass and the Burano laces. A beginning will be made with rugs from Pesco Costanzo. In short, Italy has resolved to promote the arts and crafts movement among her peasants somewhat as missionaries in Appalachia are promoting the artistic activities of our Southern Highlanders — wood-carving, hand-weaving, and the rest. What is the Allanstand Shop in Asheville, N.C., but a miniature museum with "boosting" devices attached?

Artistic Overtures to Italy

Augusto Caprani, who died in 1919, bequeathed the little island of Comacina, in Lake Como, to the King of the Belgians as a testimonial of his admiration for the part heroic Belgium had played in the war, and now King Albert has presented the island to the Italian Government on condition that it be made an abode for artists. Nor is this the only way in which Belgium is courting Italy with overtures artistic. As *La Renaissance de l'Art Francais* reminds us, a Veronese, "Juno Pouring Out Her Treasure Upon Venice," painted in 1553-4 for the hall of the Council of Ten at the Ducal Palace, was removed by Napoleon's orders in 1799 and sent to Belgium, where it has adorned the Brussels Museum ever since, while in Venice there has been only a copy. Now the Belgian Parliament is sending back the original. When M. Destre proposed the measure, he told his fellow statesmen that "Belgium's real inheritance from the art of Paolo Veronese is not a stolen painting, but rather the genius for color which Veronese transmitted to Rubens."

Art in Whitechapel

Back in the days when Canon Barnett was a parish priest in Whitechapel — thirty years ago, it must be—onlookers ridiculed the enthusiasm he had for "bringing beauty home to the poor," and especially for adorning his church, inside and out, with works of art by the English Pre-Raphaelites. In Jack-the-Ripper's bailiwick, who was there to appreciate art? But see! Beauty has not been wasted there. Little by little taste has developed—thanks to Canon Barnett's faith in Whitechapel's possibilities, largely—and now a Londoner writes to *American Art News:* "The exhibition of modern Dutch art at present occupying the Whitechapel Art Gallery in the East End has no cause for complaint as to indifference on the part of the laboring section of the community, for the denizens of the neighborhood are accustomed to spend their leisure moments among its exhibits just as naturally as the better endowed art lovers of the West End visit the galleries of Bond Street and St. James."

Restorations at Windsor

Thanks to photography, which records every detail, the restoration of Gothic buildings is less whimsical than it was, and a cabled dispatch to the New York *Herald* assures us that the repairs on St. George's Chapel within the walls of Windsor Castle "will consist of replacing the decayed material without much alteration." However, it will take three years and cost £100,000, which the Knights of the Order of the Garter, for whose use the chapel was founded, have agreed to raise. By all accounts the need of restoration is imperative. We are even told that architects who lately examined the fabric predicted that, otherwise, the roof would collapse within a year.

Those Peruvian Tapestries

Chatting the other day with an interviewer from the New York *World*, Mr. Charles W. Mead, curator of Peruvian textiles at the American Museum of Natural History, told how his treasures were examined recently by certain of our leading mill men. "They tried to count the threads with their measuring glasses, but they couldn't. They were too fine for the glasses. Had to unravel an inch of one under a microscope—208 weft threads to an inch, we counted, and it took three hours. Look at it! Two thousand years old—probably three—and colors still perfect. Look at that pink! Where can you find its like today? Yet it isn't the colors, nor the design—though that is perfect, too, by every law of art. But feel it. Rub it between your fingers. The coarsest pieces of these Peruvian textiles are finer than the finest Gobelins ever woven, though it takes a man a year to weave one square metre of Gobelin tapestry. Yet in that ancient land, rulers and nobles and priests wore these cloths, multitudinous temples were adorned with them, they were used in religious ceremonies and burned as sacrifices, the dead were buried in them, and banners made from them turned their endless pageants into rivers of color. How explain the marvel?"

(*Continued on second page following*)

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Topics of the Day in Art

(Continued from second page preceding)

Doorn Papers Please Copy

Dispatches from Germany report that the former Kaiser's palace in Berlin is at present overrun with masons, carpenters, and plasterers. In the early days of the revolution, marines from the Baltic swooped down on it and took possession, and in order to coax them out it was necessary to use cannon. As soon as the damage thus inflicted has been repaired, the building will become a museum for the exhibitions of art treasures that once belonged to Wilhelm II and which, during his reign, were shut away in parts of the structure the public was verboten to visit.

Ein Deutscher Skyscraper

The war-after-the-war—in other words, the struggle for world markets — produces astonishing results in Germany. A Fatherland too poor to meet its obligations can nevertheless spend freely when it comes to whipping up trade. Note, for example, the German magazine, sumptuously illustrated in color, for circulation in Spain. The Spaniards themselves, skilled color-workers though they are, and with climate favoring, as it does in Spain, could hardly equal it. And note also the plans, already being carried out, for a forty-story building (to say nothing of the dome) to house the Leipzig Fair. A startling innovation, this. Ach Himmel, ein Deutscher skyscraper! According to the New York *Herald's* correspondent, it will be "a round tower 290 feet in diameter at its base and 420 feet high," providing "an aggregate floor space of 350,000 square feet." Happy thought! Why arrange an exposition in buildings wide apart, with glorious effects of landscape gardening, lagoons, fountains, and sculptured loveliness, when the whole thing can be ruthlessly packed together under one dome?

Propaganda by Poster

In the land of the Soviets at least one form of art is known to thrive. Mr. Thomas Reece, London correspondent of the *Poster,* describes an "exhibition of posters brought back from Russia and shown in one of London's East End Socialist clubs and widely commented on. It includes posters illustrating Bolshevist propaganda grouped under such headings as 'Care of the Children,' 'Education and Art Under the Soviets,' 'Heroes of the Revolution,' 'May Day Celebrations,' 'The Red Army,' etc. The leading place in this exhibition is given to the poster on which is printed 'The Proletarian Ten Commandments,' one of which, by the way, is 'Keep your rifle in your hand.'" Meanwhile, the *Illustrated London News* reproduces a photograph showing how the entire side of a Russian railway coach becomes a poster. Subject: The Red Army Hunting Down "White" Generals and "Capitalists." Legend: "Cossacks! Forward to the defense of Soviet rule!"

"Up to" Philadelphia

"One of the most costly and magnificent collections of Eighteenth Century English art in the world," as the newspapers tell us, is left in trust to the city of Philadelphia by the will of the late John H. McFadden. "The collection comprises between forty and fifty canvases, one of which is reported to have cost $500,000," and "includes paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Constable, Raeburn, Romney and other celebrated English artists." As we are further informed, "the will provides that $7,500 annually be set aside for the maintenance of the collection."

But there is a beneficent and highly commendable "string" to it all. "The municipal art museum to house the paintings must be completed within seven years after Mr. McFadden's death. Should the city fail to meet this requirement, the pictures go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York."

Will H. Low, Architect

What right have painters to meddle with architecture? An Italian painter did, and the result was St. Peter's at Rome; and in Paris, whenever a brilliant architectural adventure is projected, the press consults not only painters but sculptors and even composers and men of letters; yet there was a ripple of astonishment in New York, the other day, when Mr. Will H. Low meddled in matters architectural by publishing a letter thus phrased:

"One by one, the works of Stanford White, the greatest benefactor in an artistic sense that New York has ever known, have been destroyed or are threatened by the relentless force of Big Business. This morning the doom of the Herald Building is announced. The name of the architect of the replacing skyscraper is not given; but, speaking, I am sure, with the voice of the many who have long admired the Herald Building, may it not be suggested that the present low structure, with its carefully designed skyline, would make an admirable crown to a future building, which might thus furnish a solid block of no matter how many stories devoted to business, and add the grace of art to its more prosaic purpose?

"Indeed, the airy lightness of White's building would suffer little from being thus elevated, while its situation, permitting its view from across the square, would

(Continued on second page following)

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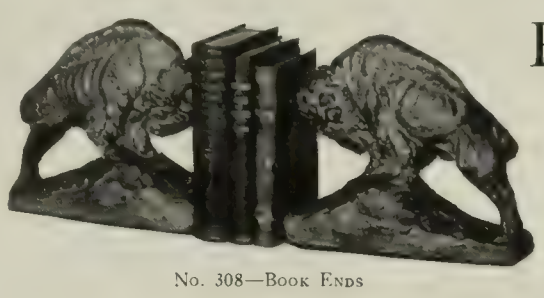

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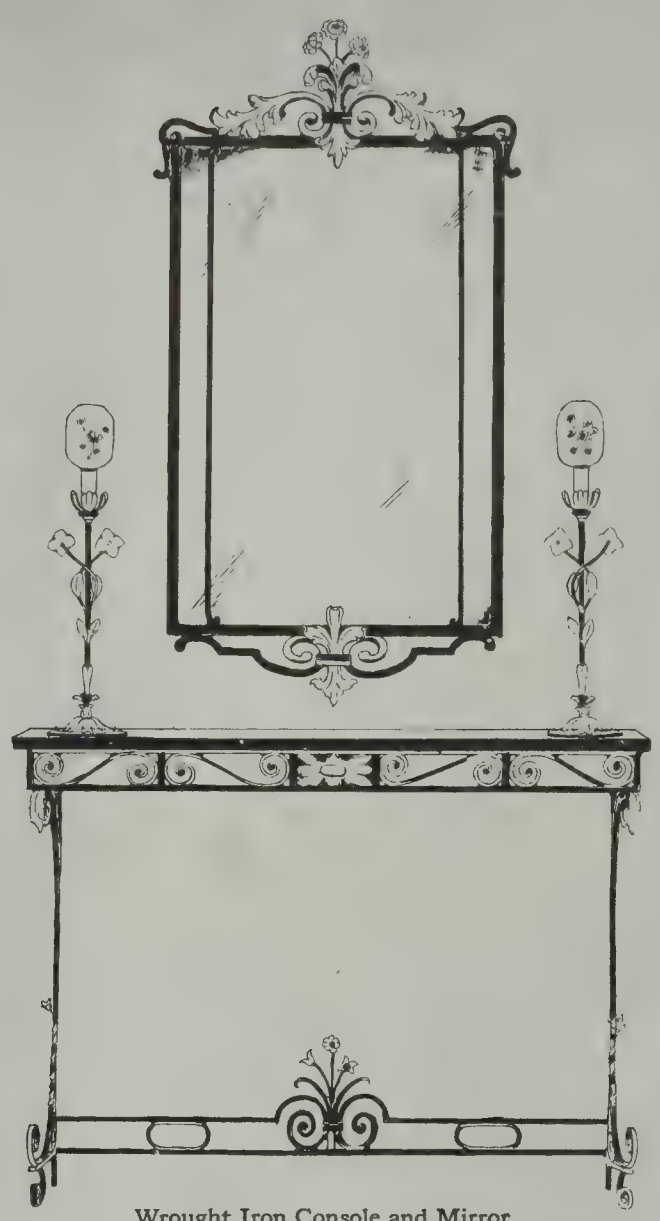

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Topics of the Day in Art

(Continued from second page preceding)

enable its proportions, the elegance of its façades, and its studied silhouette to be retained for the enduring appreciation of those who regard it as one of the too few jewels of our metropolitan casket."

Is this suggestion of Mr. Low's too daring? Already a glorified Choragic Monument of Lysicrates surmounts the Municipal Building; the Bush Terminal Building culminates in a charming reminiscence of Bruges; and the "crown" of the West Street Building, our first artistic skyscraper, is a modified French chateau.

In Toledo

It is with a more than pardonable pride that the *Toledo Museum of Art News* reprints certain enthusiastic sentences from an article by Mr. Allen D. Albert in *Collier's*. "To know Toledo as her people know her," says he, "you must see the Museum of Art. 'We have never found a man who took the civil-service examination who did not know where the Art Museum is,' reports the civil-service commissioner, 'but we have found many a one who could not direct a person to the leading hotels.' Thousands of school children voted on the Seven Wonders of Toledo. They put the Museum of Art first by a large majority."

As Mr. Albert goes on to say, "children really built the museum building. Their pennies, nickels and dimes made a pile four feet high in a bank window. The younger women formed a committee to raise money. There were committees of stenographers, debutantés, laborers and newsboys."

In the Toledo Museum, "wherever you go and whatever you see, you will find no paid guards, no paid guides. Boys and girls do all the guarding and guiding that are needed. On any Saturday you can see in the basement hundreds of typical happy American youngsters picnicking at luncheon time in order to be in the Museum all day. No pressure is put upon them by the schools or any other agency. They come for interesting talks, for free music hours, for story hours. In one recent year, surely surpassed in 1920, the Museum had 86,000 constructive contacts with the child life of the city."

Curator by Accident

In its leisurely way *The Museum's Journal* (British, has got around to reporting a conference of museum folks held months ago at Winchester, but the reigning topic of discussion was far from perishable—the topic, namely, of training (plus diplomas) for curators. "There is no doubt that a diploma would give our calling a definite position in public estimation," said Mr. D. W. Hoyle, F.R.S.E.; for, according to Hoyle, "it would come to be looked for in the case of those seeking museum appointments and in time it would have a favorable influence on the scale of remuneration for such work." Whereupon, the chairman invited Mr. Carrington, curator of prints at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, to unpack his soul, which he did only too gladly.

"I am a farmer by temperament, a business man by training, and a curator by accident," said he, adding that his present occupation was anything but remunerative. "I hate being poor, and I am poor. I admit it. Without an adequate wage you can't hold them. I have lost my entire staff twice in my eight years of office. They are forced out of it, even after they have become fond of it, by economic conditions.

"In 1915 a committee of three members was appointed, of whom I was one, to consider how to utilize Harvard for training museum curators. I am afraid it will come to nothing at present, because the remuneration is such that a trained man would not be able to live upon it unless he had adequate personal finance."

A Chicagoan Scolds Chicago

Huge, illuminated signs proclaim Chicago the "finest city in the world," but they were erected by an embattled mayor, and in no wise interpret the spirit of present-day Chicago, which is modest, even self-denunciatory—so much so, in fact, that one reads with little surprise an open letter recently circulated there and beginning, provocatively, "What do you, personally, think of the artistic standard of Chicago as exemplified by the exhibition now being shown at the Art Institute?"

A voluminous document, the letter abounds in such accusations as, "Insincerity, triviality and commercialism are 'getting by,'" "There are very few artists in Chicago of more than mediocre merit," and "The average magazine illustrator or commercial artist could 'put it all over' the average of this show in drawing," and toward the conclusion, we read, "Now, for the fourth largest city in the world, isn't this deplorable?"

Chicago has acquired considerable distinction in the arts of music, literature and poetry. Is Chicago satisfied to be known in painting as almost hopelessly ignorant? Why is it that whenever a Chicago painter shows signs of becoming a real artist he leaves the city? Who is to blame? Is it the fault of our art schools, which teach only technical methods and principles, neglecting the æsthetics or philosophy of the attitude which is necessary to direct and control workmanship if a work of art is to be produced?

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What's On in the Book World

GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. American Supplement. Edited by Waldo Selden Pratt and Charles N. Boyd. The Macmillan Company, New York.

GROVE'S great "Dictionary of Music," in five volumes, issued in a new edition a few years ago under the editorship of Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, is now completed by a sixth volume dealing with music in America. The editors, who have performed admirably their complicated task, state in their preface that "the aim throughout the entire volume is to present as many facts as possible in the clearest manner, so as to make them accessible for reference, but to avoid the expression of critical opinions except in general terms or in quoted form." Thus the work is essentially a book of reference; and by its thoroughness, accuracy, and ingenious scheme of arrangement is certainly one of the most complete manuals in existence for all that concerns American individuals, organizations, and institutions.

It is laid out in two general divisions, the first a compact Historical Introduction, combined period by period with a Chronological Register, giving brief references to some 1,700 persons; the second consisting of more detailed descriptive articles about 700 persons and enterprises, arranged alphabetically. In this portion will be found complete lists of the works of many composers. There are also sixteen full-page portraits.

The only extended narrative writing is naturally that of the Historical Register. This is admirably judicious; and while the editors nowhere dogmatize, and usually take, as is perhaps inevitable in such a work, a universally optimistic tone, one may still read between the lines helpful criticism of our musical life, always moderately and clearly stated. Concerning the highly controversial question of the effect of mechanical instruments on musical taste, for instance, we read: "Their popularity has aroused much discussion. On one hand it is naturally said that they do not usually represent musical effects accurately or adequately, especially in correct intonation, delicacy of nuance and the subtle personal magnetism of the living performer. Yet, on the other hand, it is evident that for many users, especially those of limited opportunity or of uncritical habit of listening, they supply a real means of entrance into the world of musical literature. . . . The balance between their good and bad possibilities must be struck according to circumstances. It is true that the eagerness for large sales has led many manufacturers of records, like some publishers of printed music, to flood the market with inferior and even obnoxious material and to stimulate its purchase. Yet remarkably fine records of important works, vocal and instrumental, have been prepared, and their number increases. . . . This commercial evolution, then, with its hold upon popular attention, must be counted as an important factor in the present situation."

No one can read this historical introduction without gaining a clearer idea of the peculiar conditions under which music in America has developed. Both for this reason and for the excellence of its special articles the book establishes itself at once as an important one.

D. G. M.

PAINTINGS OF FRENCH INTERIORS by WALTER GAY. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

MR. WALTER GAY sums up the work of a happy lifetime in "Paintings of French Interiors," for which Mr. Albert Eugene Gallatin has written the introduction. "The rooms which Mr. Gay has chosen to paint are usually Louis Quatorze or Louis Quinze; they are brilliant, rococo, and altogether charming," remarks the seldom too enthusiastic New York *Evening Post*, adding, "The chief interest of the volume will be for the interior decoration and for the student of French furniture; these will find it extremely valuable. For Mr. Gay's brother painters it will have less attraction. The art movements of the last forty years have swept over his head without touching it; his technique is sound, but not at all exciting."

"In many details of his treatment he goes back to the school of Watteau. This fact might even lead one to make a moral judgment of his work (if indeed one can judge furniture and wallpaper from the moral standpoint). Watteau and his followers were significant because they could fix on canvas the nebulous and delightful spirit of their age. Even if he possessed their skill, Mr. Gay could never again bring that age into being. He loses contact with modern life because he attempts to interpret a generation that is not his own. Mr. Gallatin tries to answer this argument in advance, stating that the artist truly paints the temperaments of the owners of these rooms. However, it is a question if one can reveal the character of a gentleman of the Twentieth Century by a painting, no matter how meticulous, of a room which some one has decorated for him in a style created two centuries before."

THE FAN BOOK by MAE IVER PERCIVAL. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

"THE FAN BOOK" is of interest chiefly to the collector. The ordinary person, considering fans, thinks of the large palm leaf variety or possibly of the Japanese fans so deftly flourished in the Mikado. But here is a whole book written on "the folding fans used in Europe in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." It is illus-

(Continued on second page following)

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Grand Rapids, Michigan

What's On in the Book World

(*Continued from second page preceding*)

trated with some fifty cuts of rare fans and discusses the fan from its design and manufacture to its influence on literature and history.

The subject is very sympathetically treated and should be a help and encouragement to the real fan lover. "It has been said that nowadays to collect fans one must be a millionaire—or a burglar. If the object of a collection were the attainment in a short time of a large collection of the finest and choicest examples, this is no doubt true. If, on the other hand, the desire is to pursue a most interesting quest, it is, even in these days, emphatically a mistaken idea."

CHATS ON OLD SHEFFIELD PLATE by ARTHUR HAYDON. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

"CHATS on Old Sheffield Plate," by Arthur Hayden, was written as a companion volume to "Chats on Old Silver," by the same author. Historically, it covers a period of only about a hundred years, during which Sheffield Plate, a thin sheet of silver placed on a copper base, was developed to a high point of perfection and was finally superseded by the modern electroplating process.

Sheffield plate came into existence from an economic need and, as in some parallel cases, it was largely imitative. But during the hundred years of its manufacture a great deal was produced, consisting of fine design, exquisite balance and wonderful technique.

Those who know Mr. Haydon's "Chats on Old Silver" should welcome his latest addition to the subject, but to anyone it is a very complete and able exposition of an art which is none the less interesting because it is no longer practised.

VISIONS AND DESIGN by ROGER FRY. London.

MR. Roger Fry has no love for the vulgar herd. His "Vision and Design" makes that sufficiently clear, at least to Mr. Haldane Macfall, who reviews the new volume for the London *Bookman*. "That so pleasant a personality and so charming a speaker, the moment he takes pen in hand should write in a jargon as baffling as the government English in an income-tax return, is Art. Still, it is in the great tradition. It conceals from the vulgar herd." And are there not others who, quite like Mr. Roger Fry, "deny to your ordinary man the exquisite perceptions and emotions of life and arrogate this power to a priggish clique?" Mr. Macfall detests that attitude. He especially detests it in Fry. "When art, debauched by German Kultur which has put a bastard scientific aim upon it, came dribbling through Italian Futurism and French Post-Impressionism and Cubism and What Not and Blast from Elsewhere, it was Mr. Roger Fry who bowed it into England. Indeed, so deeply is he imbued with the fatuity that art is not for the people that he rushes at any painting that baffles him and hugs it to his bosom, since he feels sure that what baffles him must baffle the vulgar herd."

CHINESE PAINTERS by RAPHAEL PETRUCCI. Translated by Frances Seaver. Brentano's, New York.

RAPHAEL PETRUCCI, who died early in 1917, was one of the ablest students of the art of the Far East. His best known work, *La Philosophie de la Nature dans l'Art d'extrême Orient*, shows the great extent of his knowledge and learning. "Chinese Painters" is a smaller, more condensed work, but is equally valuable in a more restricted field.

Petrucci had a knowledge of Chinese, which, added to his understanding of art in general, made an excellent equipment for this particular work and for his many other interests. In fact, he "was a man who seemed to reincarnate the boundless curiosity and the various ability of the men of the Italian Renaissance. But for some years before his death he had concentrated his powers chiefly on the study of Oriental Art, of the Chinese language, and of Buddhist iconography."

Frances Seaver has made a translation of the work which is sympathetic and literal—most important factors in a translation.

OLD BRISTOL POTTERIES by W. J. POUNTNEY. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

BRISTOL has for several centuries been a centre of English pottery manufacture, and several important works on its history have been written. Mr. Pountney's book is the latest of these and by far the most important of them. Where other writers on the subject have relied on old archives and traditions, he has added the "powerful auxiliary in the spade."

Mr. R. L. Hobson, of the British Museum, speaking of this subject in his foreword to the book, says: "It is to be regretted that excavation has played so small a part in ceramic research in this country. So much that has been written about the various factories rests on theories more or less sound, on gossiping references in the works of uncritical writers, and on imperfect local records; and numerous problems have arisen involving endless controversy, which would be instantly solved on the appearance of a few thoroughly authenticated specimens. To the searcher after truth one waste piece from the site of an old kiln is worth reams of inductive evidence; and the excavations so successfully conducted on the sites of the old Bristol potteries by Mr. Pountney have furnished a new and safe

(*Continued on following page*)

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What's On in the Book World

(*Continued from preceding page*)

starting-point in the study of English delft. Mr. Pountney's other researches, conducted in the lighter soil of the public archives, have also yielded good results, establishing the identity of several potters whose names have been connected with Bristol wares, and in one important matter—that of Lowdin's glass house—throwing light on an obscure corner of our early porcelain industry."

Mr. Pountney himself comes from an old family of Bristol potters and therefore has an inherited taste for his subject and a wide local knowledge. Both of these have been of great use to him in his work which should be indispensable as a book of reference and as a foundation for further studies.

HOW TO APPRECIATE PRINTS by Frank Weitenkampf. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE fact that Mr. Weitenkampf's book has reached its seventh printing and its third revision speaks for itself. Various additions and changes have been made and the book, as it now stands, is a remarkable text-book on the various methods of making prints, from wood cuts to modern color engravings.

But in addition to this "the emphasis is on *appreciation,* and the end in view will be fully realized if the reader is helped to *see,* whether he eventually agrees or not with the opinions expressed. The object is not to furnish cut-and-dried invariable rules, but to aid in the development of a critical spirit paired with liberal-mindedness."

Mr. Weitenkampf makes no attempt at historical completeness—it is in no sense a record of names and dates. But such things are, after all, unimportant to most people. The main thing, as Mr. Weitenkampf emphasizes, is intelligent appreciation and liberal-minded criticism.

Modern Decorative Art

MODERN decorative art is a combination of a great number of specialized efforts, and success is determined less perhaps on individual details than on co-ordination. Each phase is given in charge of some specialist, and there must be some central power that brings harmony out of the often conflicting but necessary elements.

In the modern art of costuming, this position is generally held by a man, and almost invariably this man's personality is kept in the background, and the personality of the designer featured. This but proves the importance of the central power, and in fact the tone of the entire house or institution is often determined by an individual whose name is seldom popularly connected with it.

The planning executive bears the same relation to the designer as the impressario to the star, or the editor to the artist. He is at once the critic and adviser, and in a sense, director. The details of publicity, finance and management—affairs that seldom appeal to the designer—fall to his lot

His success is measured by the absence of friction in the organization, but once in a decade it is necessary that he decide upon a new policy, and then there is some confusion.

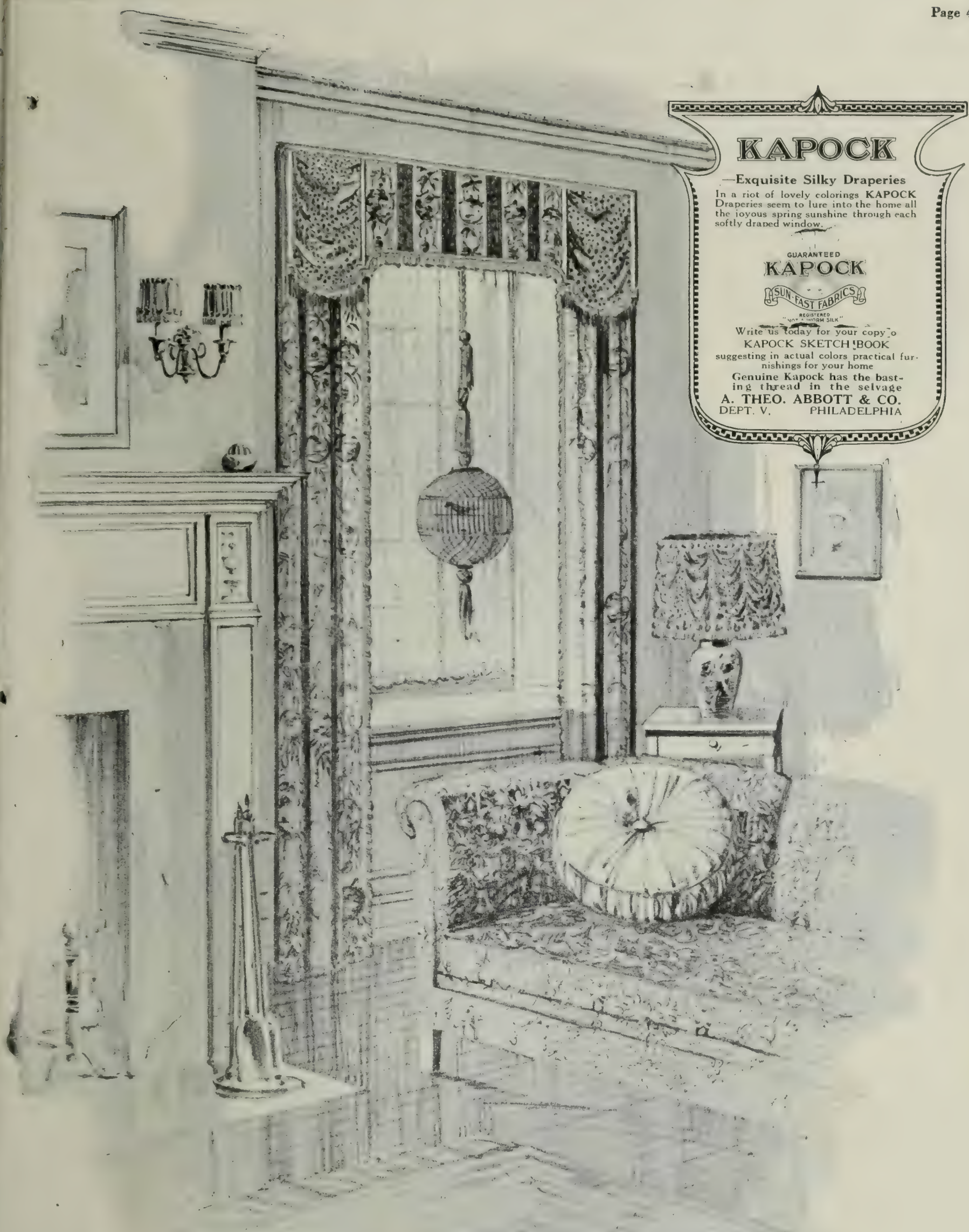
MILTON WOLF is the president of "Joseph." His office is very like that of a modern bank president, and he is almost as aloof from his general surroundings. But instead of books on finance, trade statistics, etc., his library consists of rare works on costumes and other objects of art; a complete file of contemporaneous magazines, sketches, photographs and swatches of all the costumes and materials in his establishment. Many of his books cannot be found in any public library, and at some future date his reference samples and sketches will be highly prized in museum collections.

Mr. Wolf said:

"The executive in a specialty house sometimes has to make decisions that separate him not only from his own competitors, but even raise points of difference within his organization. I remember once such an instance, now an amusing reminiscence, although at the time sufficiently serious.

"In 1911 I decided to abandon the policy of buying each year large numbers of imported models, and having them on display for our clients at the special openings that we, together with other specialty houses, have each season. Our relations with our patrons are rather personal, and these affairs have a more or less social atmosphere. I announced through the press and in special circulars that that season we would show nothing but our own creations. We made elaborate plans for entertaining a large number of people, and when the fatal day arrived, only one lady came.

"Our clients were evidently afraid that we had taken the idea of American clothes for American women as a serious slogan. What we were trying to do, and have since accomplished, was to demonstrate our ability to design costumes appropriate for any lady, for any function. There can be no patriotism in clothes, or in any form of the major arts. The only kind of costumes into which nationality enters are the peasant costumes of Europe and the dress of a savage, which, for all their charm and brightness, are not appropriate.



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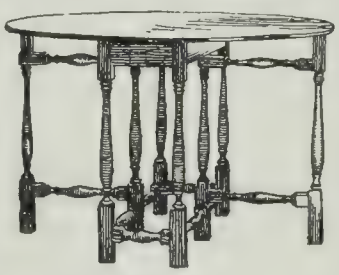

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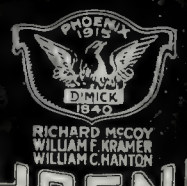

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New Fabrics for Old Textures

(Continued from page 459)

colored warp, it is obvious that great flexibility is available in woven patterns.

Let us remove the discussion to a similar type of loom, and more direct process, but where the finished result is equally beautiful and equally intricate. I have analyzed under a microscope a Peruvian brocade that contained 300 weft threads to the inch, that interlace with 50 warp threads so as to produce a delicate and exactly balanced feather design. Now a child would easily understand a Peruvian loom. It is simply two parallel bars like the Aztec loom shown in the illustration, and from these two bars are hung parallel threads. The pattern was formed by darning with the weft bobbin, never over more than five, and sometimes over only a single, warp. This was very much like embroidery. In a very ancient Chinese loom there was a platform on which a boy stood above the loom and lifted with cords the warp threads in the sequence and order directed by the weaver according to the pattern. The Jacquard loom we use for brocade weaving was invented in France in 1806. It is highly suggestive that at this period the French designers were deeply interested in Chinese art, and Jacquard no doubt was familiar with these old Chinese looms. The raising and lowering of the warps today is controlled by a series of perforated strips of stiff paper that release or restrain little hooks that are attached to the myriad cords connected with the warp. An ordinarily complicated pattern requires for weaving 2,600 of these hooks. It is in principle not unlike our modern automatic player piano.

LIKE the printed design, the woven design is first painted on paper. It is then very carefully re-drawn, on squared paper. In every inch there are sixty-four little squares, and these are blocked out in color only where the warp shows on the surface. Where the weft shows on the surface the squares are left black. How tedious and laborious this process is may be judged from the fact that the square paper design for an old Paisley pattern would cover 2,304 square feet.

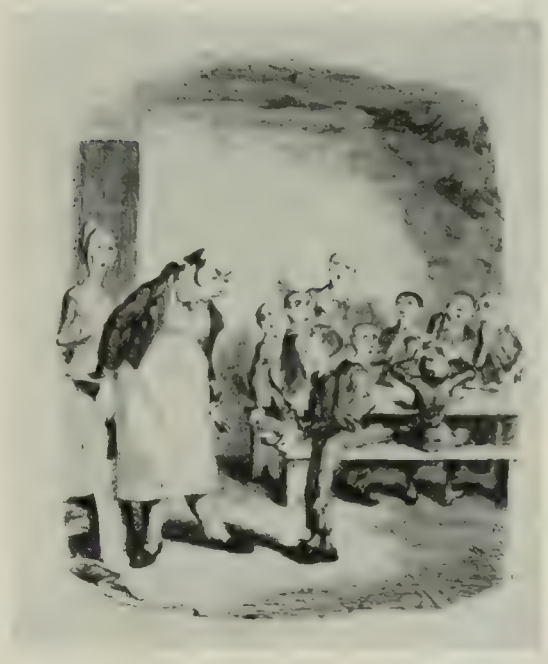
Modern textile designers are under one great handicap. The preliminary processes are extremely tedious and very expensive, and each pattern must run a great many yards before expenses are met. For example, in cotton printing a minimum of 10,000 yards is required. In silk printing the minimum is 3,000 yards, and a woven pattern must equal at least the length of an original warp from 600 to 1,000 yards, and if only these limits are equal, there is little profit, or a relatively high price.

Stability in design is by no means to be deplored. Originality is not necessarily good taste. India, China, Persia and Peru had each a distinctive textile art, and are regarded as peaks in textile design. Their hand processes gave them a flexibility of technique that might have been attended by great diversity of product. But if we study each period we will find a comparatively small assortment of design satisfying their exacting artistic needs. There was none of our restless calls for bizarre effects. There was none of our selfish exclusiveness in dealing with ornament. We could have profitably a greater number of designs than any of these peoples enjoyed. They could be just as beautiful as they ever were, and in relation to their production and to the purchasing power of our labor relatively much cheaper. And this is democracy—the ability to share in the delights and pleasures as well as the duties of citizenship.

TODAY a girl in Kansas City, a debutante in Newport, or a Miss from the Canadian snows, may have a cloak lined with a silk printed from the designs worn in the First Century by fair Thaïs.

Silk first came from China before the present form of Europe was solidified. Cotton originated in India, perhaps almost as long ago. Linen and wool, barks, grasses and hair have been fashioned into fabrics in geological remoteness. And still the fabric, the design, texture, color and form delight and mystify man. We had cotton in the New World thousands of years before the white man came. It probably traveled across the Pacific from Asia, and all colors, all whims, all symbolisms and all arts have found their place at some time, in some form of fabric. And man never tires, and the delight never grows stale. We rejoice in the ancient. We revel in the new. Method, race, time have nothing to do with the result. Each age and people get the kind of fabric best suited to them. Their taste, their whim and needs eventually directed the forces of production. A copper-colored native of the frozen Tundras of Siberia appliques with careful needlework painted deerskin from the designs of academic China, or a fish-skin coat. Today we make this design with fine silk and gold thread on a loom that is operated by electric current. But the design is the same—and the lady of the day has some leisure for other pursuits.

And so I say if you want fabrics of better design, if you want beautiful colors, richer textures, ask persistently for them, and they will be yours. For today, thanks to the machine, the power is ours to give without stint and without denial of other needs.



'Oliver Asking for More," from "Oliver Twist," by George Cruikshank (1792-1876). Cruikshank was one of the many great masters who used Whatman Drawing Papers.

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The "American Salon"

(Continued from page 443)

perament in a way that was forever forbidden to the American painter. Consequently, when men like the elder Inness revealed that there was a glamour and a rare beauty in the American countryside, and when the younger group led by Murphy also discovered that, despite our higher sun, our clearer atmosphere, our bluer sky and our general absence of watery, cloud-enveloped vistas and washed-out landscapes with gray predominant color note, our own nearby countryside views could be invested with a rich human interest in which the poetry of all outdoors was revealed in lovely color and ingratiating design, it was not long before recognition came and the American landscape took its proper place in current art the world over. That the dead artist's type of mind should incline him to paint the mellow languors of the early autumn and the golden haze of that halcyonic period of the year denoted as "Indian Summer" did not by any means indicate that he had a super-sugary recipe for landscapes in order to suggest sentiment.

There is indeed nothing super-sugary about any of the landscapes in any of the galleries, nor are the nudes in any way sentimentalized. Seyffert's prize winner, for instance, showing but the torso of a model leaning back in a pose of obvious repose and revery, quite in contrast to the pinkness and the cherry-like richness and vivacity of William M. Paxton's "Nude Girl Combing Her Hair," which is quite ambrosial, and again in contrast to the two nudes which seemingly painted against certain backgrounds are obvious studio effects, arbitrary in color, reflecting in the flesh none of their surroundings. By a curious accident, too, a very gray, almost sooty, full length nude by Griffith B. Coale is in the main corridor a few feet away from one of the Academy's old-timers, a sort of golden Titianized Venus. And really one prefers it, since it is also a full length, to the grizzly gray models of today. After all, the Italians knew a thing or two and believed that art was life and life was art.

Of course one must not forget that if the exhibition represents 1890 that it was saved, in the opinion of modernists, by a Tahitian group by George Biddle, by Moffett's grim Provincetown folk and by Glackens with his beach scene in reds and rhythms, and a child in Chinese dress, in which the accessories allow the painter to push the Renoir recipes for magentas and brick reds and various other combinations to the extreme. Save also for the audacity of a young student who, in his "Black Iris," quite knocked out the Henri study of a young negress nearby, going in for a greater blackness and invoking the oddity of a seemingly dirty canvas to gain his effects, modernism was conspicuous by its absence. Nor was modernism apparent in the sculpture, the portrait school of the Academy graduates under the Grafly influence contributing some fine things through the young Italians, like Renzetti, who turn to sculpture as a duck does to water, and, of course, with Polasek and Murray and Quinn and Mayer sending in portrait busts, and with the usual fountain specialities by Edith Parsons and McCartan and Nancy Coonsman, and delightful figurines by Bessie Potter Vonnoh and a great variety of material from Stirling Calder, this part of the exhibition was choicely conventional but effective, with Miss Longman easily first, even Manship with his "Candlestick" not carrying you off your feet in any way; nor did any other exhibitor, even if Nadelman shocked with his Cretan youth, all hips and shoulder blades, and Lachaise arranged with his life-size Venus all protuberances and unbeautiful. Well, this is the exhibition in a nutshell. It does not carry you off your feet, but who wants those exciting works of art that have a kick in them or a kick back of them?

Dollars and Art

"NEW YORK is now the art capital of the world," says Mr. Thomas E. Kirby, president of the American Art Association, in an interview published by the New York *Times*. "This country has become a great treasury of art." It became so during the war. "Just as soon as foreigners saw that successful sales could be made in the United States, New York was made the outlet for the chief centers of the world. During one season the American Art Association's sales amounted to approximately $5,000,000, and most of the objects came from abroad. There were two reasons. First of all, Americans had money with which to buy art, while in Europe money had to be used for other purposes. Then the difference in exchange made it highly profitable to sell in this country. The result has been that Italy, France and England have sold many of their historic pieces.

"During the war a new set of buyers sprang up. A great number of people were making money. Notable buyers began to come from the West and from the Pacific Coast. The old buyers disappeared from the market; most of them gave their money to war charities; but in spite of their absence, we had phenomenal buying. After the armistice this war element largely disappeared.

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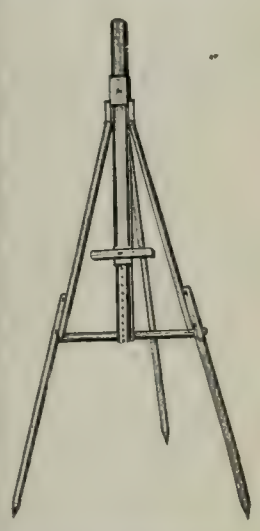

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No. 1. The above photograph shows the studio of Edwin R. Blashfield, President of the National Academy

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American Antiques

Murdered "Macbeth" and Other Plays

(*Continued from page* 451)

Gordon Craig has taught us that we need not spend a fortune to make pictures. Shakespeare himself did much without real scenes, though he might and perhaps would have preferred to stage his plays with some approach to naturalism. But Mr. Hopkins was not thinking of economy when he put on "Macbeth." Nor was the designer of the settings really striving to save money for his manager. A brain storm might to some extent account for "Bobby" Jones's fantasies. But, to be frank, it looks as if the guiding motive which inspired him was less tragic. At times an honest artist may be tempted by mere freakishness, or by a longing to play tricks for the tricks' sake. Or Jones may, just for once, have hungered for the joy of being advertised, discussed and even pilloried.

I grant that, by projecting lights on curtains, he has in several scenes produced the clear illusion of tall trees and distance. But he did not invent that sort of thing. It has been seen before in many "little theatres."

To enhance the mystery and the terror of "Macbeth" at many points, a composer has devised strange, ignorant parodies of Claude Debussy's music. A single chord of a celesta, here and there, was heard at intervals in the three witch scenes. Quaint discords of the "strings" and the wind instruments disturbed one often. To a musician these attempts to furnish "atmosphere" and moods seemed childish. Are Jones and Mr. Hopkins very musical?

The revival altogether was a travesty on Shakespeare—that merited rebuke and condemnation. There is a passage in "Macbeth" which fits the case. It speaks of "vaulting ambition that o'er leaps itself, and falls on the other."

"The Tyranny of Love," produced last month at a series of matinees, at the Bijou Theatre, was an attempt by a young playwright, Henry Baron, to adapt the "Amoureuse" of the French dramatist, Porto-Riche. In the original, the play is a small masterpiece—a comedy of searching truth and power. It is a study, of the most free and ruthless kind, of three chief characters. Had Mr. Baron left the plot in Paris, instead of transferring it to a New York environment and ascribing to American characters the ideas and moods and acts of French folk, it might still, in English, have appeared a masterpiece. It was in "Amoureuse" at the Vaudeville and at the Odéon, Réjane earned some of her most splendid laurels. And now, after long years, the play has been added to the Comédie-Française repertory.

Here, in the Baron adaptation, which lacked ease and polish, though, by and large, it kept the essentials of the plot and characters, it was whistled down the wind by certain critics to whom French drama is a cryptic book.

"The Tyranny of Love" sets forth the tale of an ill-matched and contrasted wife and husband. The wife is young, impulsive, amorous. The husband, in the early forties, has lived and loved before he met his bride, and longs for peace, the chance of winning name and fame by his researches in the field of science. Between the two stands an old Paris chum, Paul Cartier, who had once hoped to marry his friend's wife. And, in the background, is the discarded mistress of the scientist. This mistress, I should add, although an actress, has the domestic merits which would have just suited her ex-lover. The wife, though virtuous, on the other hand has all the makings in her of an impassioned mistress. So, after marrying to be free of love, the husband finds himself obsessed with love. His work, his dream of fame, his ambition, fade until in a fit of rage he tells his wife that he is sick of her and her too-clinging charm, and bids her take her kisses to some other man. That man—Paul Cartier—does not lose his chance, when the spurned woman whom he loves is offered him. But he is tossed aside again soon after, and the denouement brings back the rebellious husband, shamed but submissive, to his tyrant's arms.

Ironic, cruel, witty, always human, the play (as it is played in France) is irresistible. The contrasted characters of the young wife and the ex-mistress afford rare opportunities for comedy. And, in the loving, too-amorous, heroine Réjane was wonderful. While Estelle Winwood was less wonderful, she did, after a fashion, lend vivacity and charm of a hard kind to the transplanted wife. She underdressed the part, though, at some loss of taste and truth; and at the end of the great second act she gave us shrewishness instead of passions and pathos. As for the husband (played by Cyril Keightley), he stumbled through his part and "fished" too much. The English phrases in the adapted play were sometimes apt enough, but often forced. It is a pity that so fine a work should have been ruined by the playwright's blunders and by the inability of the interpreters to make French characters seem real Americans.

I have not yet seen the new offering of The Theatre Guild, the London comedy, "Mr. Pim Passes By." Nor have I seen the much-talked of adaptation from the Spanish here renamed "The Cradle Song." These plays and other novelties are doing well. So are the revived "Romance" of Edward Sheldon and many more works, good and less good, among them "Wake Up, Jonathan!" in which

(*Continued on second page following*)

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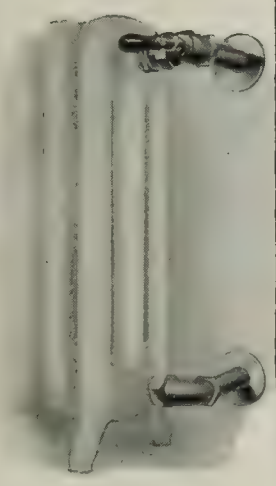

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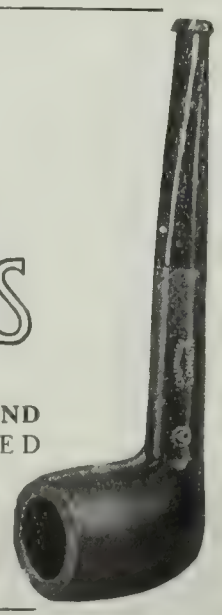

Murdered "Macbeth" and Other Plays

(Continued from second page preceding)

Mrs. Fiske has once more proved herself the most cerebral of our actresses.

Within the five or six years of its brief activities, the Neighborhood Playhouse has seen many plays more vital and more weighty, beyond doubt, than "The Great Adventure" of the audacious Arnold Bennett. But it has shown us few, if any, more amusing in its own ironic style, and none at all which has been acted more efficiently. The presentation of this work by Mr. Ames left no impression, though why I do not recall. The play is not, maybe, of vast importance. Yet it is good enough to merit reproduction. It is a free and easy adaptation for the stage of a droll story at first known as "Buried Alive"—the story of a painter who shrank painfully from vulgar fame, and who, to hide himself from unsought notoriety, assumed the name of his dead valet, Albert Shawn.

The valet, after death, is buried with much pomp and state, in Westminster Abbey. His master sinks into the drab obscurity of life in a cheap Putney boarding house, with Janet Cannot, a kind-hearted Cockney widow, wholly ignorant of art. He marries Janet and she makes him happy. He puts away his easel for a time. Then the great ruling passion lures him back to art. He is again hailed and discovered as a genius. In vain he fights against his hated notoriety. He is compelled to acknowledge his identity. And, as the curtain falls on the last act, we leave him wondering what the public will do next time, when he really dies.

"The Great Adventure" is, at most, a joke, now bitter and now sweet, but always bright. It has in places some of the broad Dickens humor. In spots it has a touch of Shavian satire. But it is merrier than the miscalled "plays" of Shaw and free from Shaw's habitual truculence. It does not leave a disagreeable after-taste, and, while it lashes follies, does so with good temper.

The actors who interpreted this trifle were, in the main, well-suited to their parts. Indeed, in several cases they did more than players of more fame on Broadway would have accomplished in their various characters. Perhaps the most contenting work in the performance was contributed by Deirdre Doyle, as Janet. Ian Maclaren was quite plausible as the painter, Ilam Carve, and incidental parts were dealt with most successfully by Lionel Glenister (Dr. Pascoe), Harold West (Ebag, the picture dealer), George Fitzgerald (Lord Leonard Alcar), Henry Crosby (the American collector, Texel), and Pacie Ripple (Ilam's cousin, Cyrus Carve).

The Carnegie Institute Exhibition

ANNOUNCEMENT is made by John W. Beatty, Director of Fine Arts at Carnegie Institute, of the International Jury of Selection and Awards for the coming Annual International Exhibition of Paintings at Carnegie Institute, which will open April 28th. William Nicholson and George Clausen, two of England's foremost painters, have been elected as the foreign representatives on the jury. The American artists elected are Charles H. Woodbury, of Boston, Mass.; Bruce Crane, of Bronxville, N.Y.; Edward W. Redfield, of Center Bridge, Penna.; Leonard Ochtman, of Cos Cob, Conn.; Daniel Garber, of Philadelphia, Penna.; George W. Bellows, Emil Carlsen, and Charles W. Hawthorne, of New York City. These artists, all of international reputation, have been selected by the painters invited to contribute works for consideration for the coming exhibition. The jury will meet in Pittsburgh on April 7th to select the paintings to be exhibited and award the honors. Under an established rule, John W. Beatty is president of the jury. A gold medal, a silver medal, and a bronze medal, carrying with them respective prizes of $1,500, $1,000, and $500 will be awarded.

For the past twenty-four years, with the exception of the period of the war, these juries, consisting of men recognized as authorities throughout the art world both in this country and abroad, have met in Pittsburgh to select the paintings that grace the walls at Carnegie Institute. A list of former jurors includes the names of such eminent artists as John W. Alexander, Cecilia Beaux, E. H. Blashfield, Henry Caro-Delvaille, William M. Chase, Emile Claus, Kenyon Cox, Chas. H. Davis, André Dauchez, Joseph DeCamp, Frank Duvenek, Thomas Eakins, Alfred East, Ben Foster, Maurice Greiffenhagen, Alexander Harrison, Childe Hassam, Robert Henri, Winslow Homer, John La Farge, W. L. Lathrop, John Lavery, Henri Eugène Le Sidaner, Gari Melchers, Albert Neuhuys, Julius Olsson, René Xavier Prinet, W. Elmer Schofield, John M. Swan, Gardner Symons, Henry O. Tanner, Fritz Thaulow, John H. Twachtman, R. W. Vonnoh, Henry Oliver Walker, J. Alden Weir and Anders Zorn.

The fact that the Annual International Exhibition at Carnegie Institute is the only international exhibit held in this country makes it of signal importance to artists and those interested in art, for it is here that an opportunity is given to compare the work of European and American painters.

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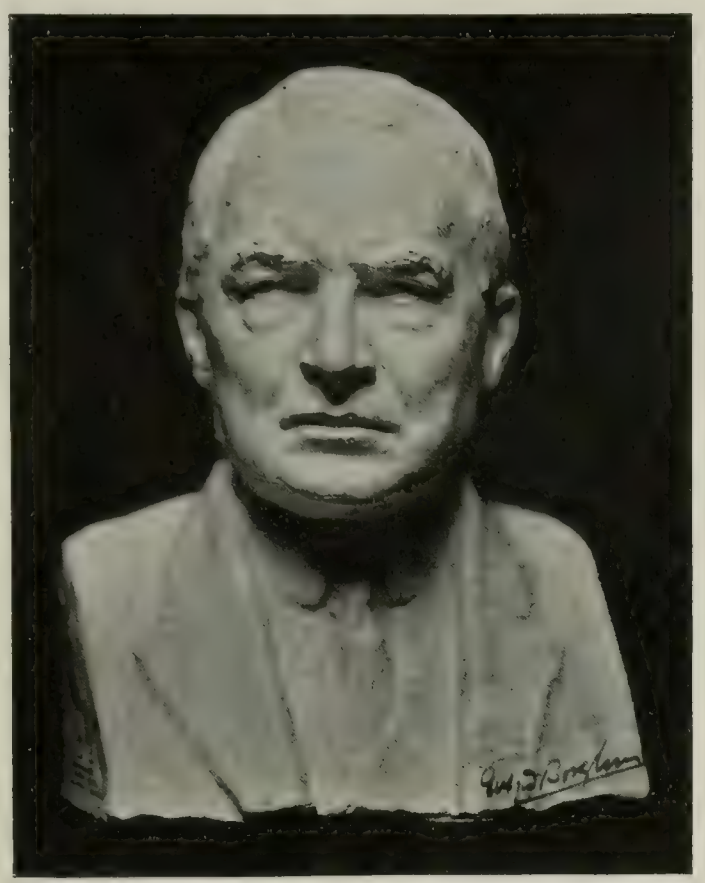

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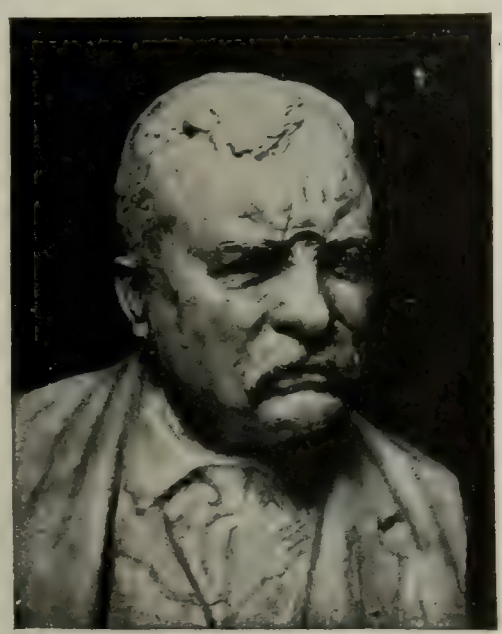
Mr. Borglum has begun the most colossal piece of sculpture ever undertaken in the history of the world—the great Stone Mountain memorial to the Confederacy, near Atlanta, Ga. On the sides of a mountain of solid granite will be carved from the living rock the Confederate army, figures of men and horses fifty feet tall, in high relief.



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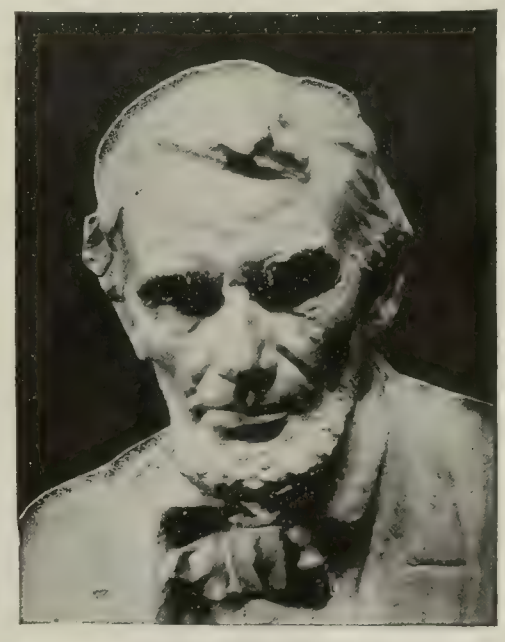

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Dramas and Dances on the Opera Boards

(Continued from page 455)

orchestra was led, rather too noisily at certain points, by Maestro Moranzoni.

As a final novelty of the advancing season, the Metropolitan has now produced a two-act opera of the Czech, Karl Weis, "The Polish Jew," in English. One more departure from the boasted theory of the house as to performing all works "in the original languages" employed by the librettists. The story (which abroad was told in German words) has been translated—how well or how ill we do not know, as the publishers of the libretto have been careful not to invite comparisons by printing the original German text, by Siegmund Spaeth and Cecil Cowdrey. As for the plot, it is familiar to our playgoers through the two versions used by Coquelin and Irving. The score is inoffensive and agreeable, melodic in a plain, old-fashioned sense. It need not puzzle the most simple audience. But why it should have been performed in preference to a hundred greater works, no one can say. It means but little to the modern music lover and, though it may live through a season or two here, will cause no flutter in the dove cots of New York. The central rôle of Mathis, the haunted inn-keeper who has killed the Polish Jew, was entrusted to a newcomer named Capaulican, an Indian. The Christian in the cast was Chamlee. The Annette, to whom he is betrothed and wed, was sung by Delaunois, and Bodanzky had the direction of the orchestra.

Before departing, split up into several groups, on a long Western tour, the Chicago Opera singers added to the laurels they have won this year at the Manhattan by more performances of various charming works. Foremost among them stood the Février "Monna Vanna," in which that marvelous Mary Garden and that rare tenor, Muratore, excelled themselves. The interpretation of the second act by both was so supremely fine, so eloquent, so romantic and absolutely flawless, that it has set new standards of the highest kind—standards as noble as those known to not a few of us in the old golden days of Jean de Reszke. Moreover, as a farewell offering, the Chicagoans produced a little ballet, named "A Dance Poem," in which Oukrainsky, Pavley, Ledowa and a *corps de ballet,* of no special skill, posed, danced and acted, in a pagan mode, to the music of the first movement of Franz Schubert's gracious "Unfinished" symphony.

Ballet has not this season been the strongest feature of the Chicagoans' artistry. Nor is it easy to tell why the dainty "Birthday of the Infanta," which John Alden Carpenter devised last year, was omitted from the Manhattan repertory. It is still harder to say why some incidental dances we have had at the Manhattan (in "Lakme," "Traviata," "Carmen" and "Manon") were so incongruous—so ill-suited to the operas. There were surely opportunities in "Lakme" for the introduction of some Oriental dances. But all we saw was a succession of grotesqueries, the twiddling of bare toes by a male dancer, and the quaint wriggling of bare arms and hands by two groups of women. Rather than bore us with ridiculous *divertissements,* so called, which can by courtesy alone be treated seriously, it might be wise in future seasons for the Chicagoans to suppress ballet altogether in their scheme.

The Russian dancers, Fokine and Fokina, had the traditions of their graceful art to guide them when they presented their Mozartian ballet a short time ago on a Metropolitan off-night. "Le Rêve de la Marquise" was really dainty and, above all, it was in keeping with the music. A Marquis and a Marquise met and presently engaged in courtly badinage. The Marquise fell asleep beside her bathing pool and, in a dream, imagined that a marble faun awoke to life and played with her, as only fauns could play. It was all properly and pleasingly in character, from the formal dances of the waking episode to the daring epilogue. In its own style, a bygone style since our own Isadora taught us what the dance should be, it was delightful. But I would give a dozen ballets of this pattern, even with Fokine and Fokina to interpret them, for one dance by Isadora and her pupils set to a Schubert waltz or a Chopin nocturne. The poetry of motion should be natural; not hampered by conventional tricks.

The Print-Collector's Quarterly

WE are glad to learn that the Print-Collector's Quarterly is to be revived. This excellent magazine had seven years of successful life in America under the Editorship of Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. In 1917, however, it was obliged to suspend publication on account of the war.

It has now been unanimously agreed that it would be more advisable to restart the magazine with London as its headquarters intead of Boston. Mr. Campbell Dodgson, the Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, is to be the new editor, with Mr. Fitzroy Carrington as American Editor, and Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., as the publishers. We trust that under these conditions it will continue to receive the support of its numerous American readers, and that it will find a yet wider appreciation abroad.

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Lay Criticism

ANY attempt to justify a lay criticism of painting must rest on some wider basis than is to be found in the art itself. It must seek some conceptual unit of which painting is merely a part, and establish some necessary—and on the one hand essentially ancillary—relationship between the two. It may be that we can then reveal the inadequacy of the contemporary criticism of art, and even go further and indicate the possible direction of a rehabilitation of the real activity.

It will be admitted without demonstration that painting is one of several outlets for the creative impulse—that expression (in the Crocean sense) is the genus of which painting is a species. Now, unless we are to deny the existence of any absolute or utilitarian ethic, this creative impulse or expression is, like all things, subject to a scale of values. By what means, in the successive evolutions of culture, that scale has been determined, does not concern us here. We are dealing with the critical activity whose function is to place, in that predetermined scale, the particular object in scrutiny. The point we do observe is that in order to sense, as it were, the values of the scale, and the values in all their deepening shades, a certain quality of mind is needed—an intellectual probity and penetration. Exactly the same quality of mind is needed to seize on the value of the object to be criticized and to place it against a corresponding notch in the scale of values. The assessment of *all* æsthetic expression consists in nothing else.

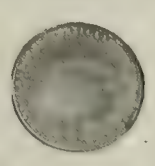
THAT is the conclusion upon which we base the justification of a lay criticism. For while it is true that only a craftsman (or one learned in technique) can judge the structural qualities of a picture, the perception of values is within the capacity of anyone possessing the requisite quality of mind. Hazlitt, the prince of lay critics, expresses the matter with his usual clarity in an essay on the "Judging of Pictures," printed in the *Literary Examiner* for August 2, 1823:

"No man can judge of poetry without possessing in some measure a poetical mind. It need not be of that degree necessary to create, but it must be equal to taste and to analyze. Now in painting there is a directly mechanical power required to render those imaginations to the judging of which the mind may be perfectly competent. . . . The higher kinds of painting need first a poet's mind to conceive. Very well, but then they need a draughtsman's hand to execute. Now he who possesses the mind alone is fully able to judge of what is produced, even though he is by no means endowed with the mechanical power of producing it himself."

Our lay criticism, then, is not to abound in technicalities. We are no longer to praise the luminous paint of this landscape, or the significant form of that still-life. We are rather to praise the luminous *insight* of one painter and the significant *ideas* of another. Neglecting, as beside the point, the objection that such criticism is literary, historical, metaphysical, anything but æsthetic (for an expression of the creative will should admit of all criticism), we may still be open to the retort: ideas significant of *what* exactly?—insight into *what* precisely? And we shall do our best to answer the query in simple terms. It is said above that *how* the scale of human values is determined is a matter that can be neglected for the purpose of this argument—it is largely a pragmatic problem. But *why* and with what object that scale has been determined is the answer to the present question. Any conception of life in its total aspect (but how limited the conception that sees the world in a palette!) enables us to perceive that the tendency of the conscious activity of man (and modern psychology would almost permit us to add the unconscious activity, too) is to seek out and develop the impulses that are positive in their effect on life, and to allow to die of inanition the impulses that are merely negative or nugatory.

WE can now be precise in the light of our definitions, and we are able to conclude that the purpose of true criticism (which we designate lay criticism to distinguish it from a false—or rather incomplete—painter's criticism) is to analyze art so as to reveal those positive qualities of imagination and intellect which, in the plain sense of the word, enrich life—praising where they are present and condemning their absence.

We may develop this definition a little more concretely; it is a characteristic of the present epoch in painting that all criticism—almost since the time of Ruskin—has tended to bear on the *physique* of art and to develop an intense virtuosity. Our painters have become strictly parallel to conjurers, merely substituting oils and canvas for the usual impedimenta of the music hall. And we have been quite explicably dazzled, deceived, and have not grudged our applause. But the ordinary receptive layman is apt to find satisfaction only where there is a certain amount of intellectual permanency. He does not find this permanency in any depiction telling him no more than that the artist can devise a "harmony of low tones"; nor in any similar æstheticism or void flare. It is rather—to seek examples in the past—the passion of El Greco, the sincerity of Constable, and the virility of Rubens that engage him, and though he would not ask a living artist to copy the manner of these masters, he expects him to emulate their intellectual scope.—*The Athenæum.*



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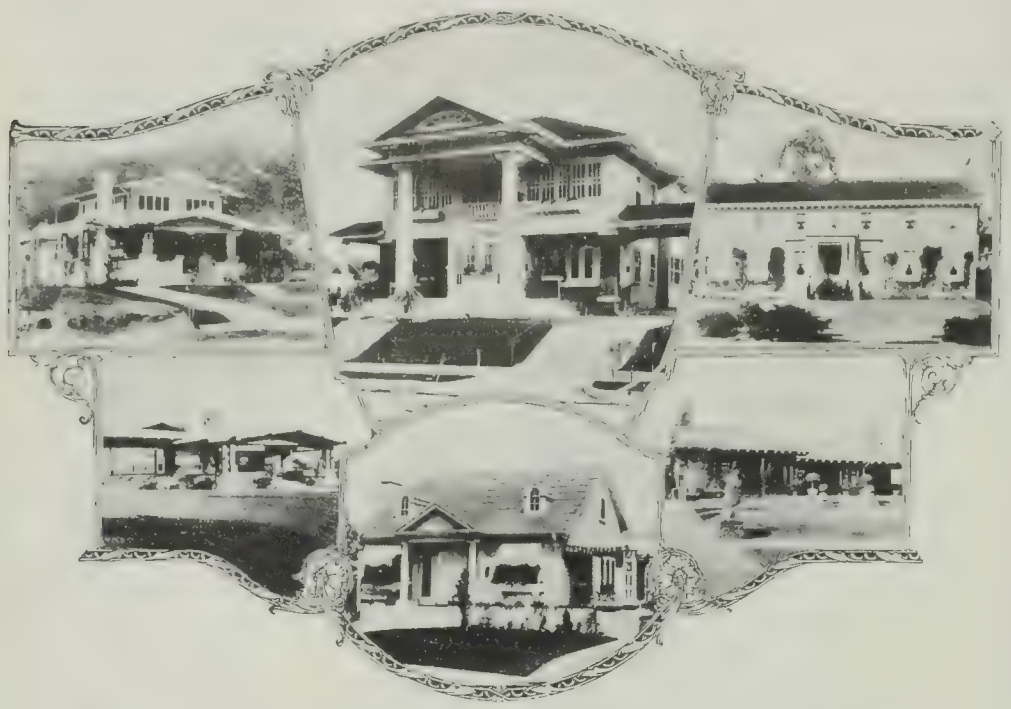

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San Francisco, Cal. Los Angeles, Cal.
The Largest Manufacturers and Distributors of California Redwood

A Declaration of Art in Advertising

(Continued from page 465)

splendid qualities of the smaller things, especially the pen drawing by such recognized masters as Franklin Booth and W. D. Teague. Guido and Lawrence Rosa and O. W. Jaquish have examples of finely studied lettering and decorative work, which constitute so great a factor in the best advertising of today.

It is impossible in the compass of so brief an article to comment upon the individual exhibits—it must suffice to say that the committee on selections did its work well, and absolute merit was very evidently the essential point in the eyes of the judges.

Upon its initial exhibition the Art Directors' Club is to be sincerely congratulated, and in conclusion it is of distinct interest to acquaint the reader with the purposes of the club, as stated in the words of its president, now retired, Mr. Richard J. Walsh:

"During the last fifteen years there has been developed the highly specialized vocation of advising commerce in the use of art and interpreting to art the requirements of commerce. Advertising agencies were among the first to encourage this specialization, but today 'art directing' is a professional and well-defined work, often entirely independent of any other.

"The Art Directors' Club was organized early in 1920 by a group of men ambitious for the progress of art in advertising and industry, who believed they could contribute to the best interests of art and advertising by collective participation in art affairs.

"The club recognizes as an art director one who counsels in the buying, selling and creation of art work and whose services have been accepted by any reputable organization.

"Membership in the club is not limited to men from a particular business, although at present the majority of the members are art directors of advertising agencies. The club depends for a great part of its strength upon active members who are employed as art directors for magazines and book publishers, trade publications, art services, lithographers, printers and engravers, or who are free-lance artists engaged in a type of commercial illustration which closely parallels the profession of art directing. It is looking forward to the time when its membership will include representative art directors from theatrical and motion picture companies, and from merchants and manufacturers of textiles, ceramics, art hardware, lighting fixtures, furniture, wall decorations and other products. Its ambition, in short, is to exert an influence for the unification of the creative workers in all the industrial arts.

"In no sense, however, is the club an organization of special interests or groups of interests. Each member is elected not as a representative of the business in which he is employed, but as an individual, and is expected to contribute to the work of the club as an individual. Art directing has become a recognized profession, and an art director should form his opinion and shape his conduct according to his professional standards, whatever the business in which he may be at the moment engaged.

"The present exhibition is but one of the activities of the Art Directors' Club.

"A special committee is studying the relations between buyers and sellers of illustration and design. It proposes to establish a code of ethics and standards of practice similar to those which obtain in other professions. In furtherance of this object it has now in circulation a questionnaire designed to obtain complete information about common problems and methods.

"The club also hopes to contribute what it may to Art Education, not only through the art schools but through the public schools, with the purpose of developing a more general art appreciation and knowledge."

This, certainly, is a program which merits the highest endorsement, and which has already received the endorsement of public interest. The attendance at the Galleries has been remarkable, and enthusiasm runs high among all the advertising artists who have seen the exhibition.

The Second Annual Exhibition will be awaited with impatience by many who would like to see such an exhibition every three months. Art in advertising has declared itself in no equivocal terms.

Anti-Billboard

MR. EDWARD T. HARTMAN suggests a new way of fighting billboards. It is "by simply refusing to buy anything so advertised and by refusing to vote for men who so advertise themselves. One year's intelligent effort would probably settle the matter." But is not this inciting to crime? It sounds a bit like proposing a boycott, conspiracy in restraint of trade, and all that sort of thing. Yet Mr. Hartman is Secretary of the Massachusetts Civic League and should know his ground. Writing in the *American Magazine of Art*, he observes: "Speaker Gillett, of the House of Representatives, pointed out as long ago as August, 1909, that an organization of one person, who would have the distinction of holding all the offices of the organization and without a cent of expense, is not illegal. Why do not the American people act on this clue?"

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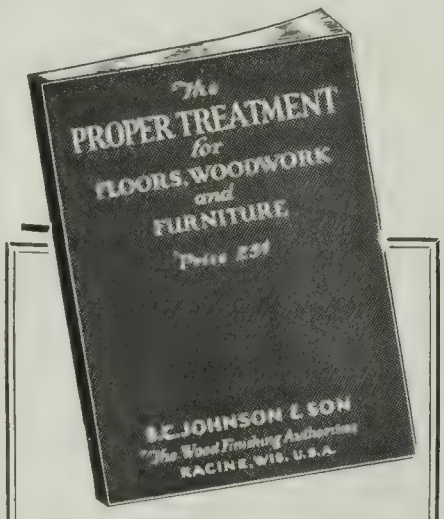

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"The Wood Finishing Authorities"
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"The Four Horsemen" Sets a New Pace

(*Continued from page* 460)

blinded husband! They had a few moments with each other, and then unsuspecting Laurier called for water, or some such trifle. Julio saw at once, what for two dissatisfied years had not dawned upon him, that if the country of this divine woman was in peril, he would fight for it.

He was killed in battle. The tread of the Four Horsemen trampled to dust and oblivion his father's treasure, the castle at Villeblanche. Karl Von Hartrott, a brother-in-law of Desnoyers, lost the three sons who had grown up as children with Julio on the dimly remembered ranch along the Rio de Janeiro, in the blood-drenched poppies of the Marne. Marguerite, in all this chaos and misery, wishing to atone for the fugacious happiness she had had in knowing Julio, dedicates the rest of her life to the service of Laurier. And what did it all come to, what? "There will always be war and devastation," said the stranger who had lived in the studio above Julio's and uncannily resembled One who had been crucified, "until love of mankind is born in the hearts of men."

This final title alone redeems the exploitation of the picture. For surely, history though the Ibanez volume reports, there is no reason now or ever for arousing blunted animosity and encouraging the establishment of that which is evil. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is as much a literary text-book of the past war as Winston Churchill's "The Crisis" is of the conflict between the North and South in 1861. The screen version of the Ibanez episode is as stirring and memorable as "The Birth of a Nation." And if people can see this film and come from it with as little hatred towards the enemy as we today come from "The Birth of a Nation" with our arms locked in those of our friends from the Carolinas, the release of this super-production will not be perilous. We, and Germany, who sent us "Passion," and unjustly will receive this in return, must take the picture then as an accurate account of what occurred in the pages of Blasco Ibanez's book, and not, as an alien in the audience happened to exclaim, propaganda. It is to be remembered that the film may have been made in Hollywood, California, but its scenario was obtained through the manuscript of a Spaniard.

June Mathis and Rex Ingram are the ones who are to be commended for their concision of drama and their elaboration of detail. Mr. Ingram will tell you that he could not have directed the film as famously as he did without the meticulous adaptation of Miss Mathis's. Miss Mathis, victor of intelligent continuities, will profess that without the able cast, the parts would not have been played as they were. Alice Terry, the immobile Marguerite; Rudolf Valentino, the Julio *distingué;* Joseph Swickard, the neurotic Desnoyers; Alan Hale, the portentous Von Hartrott; Pomeroy Cameron, the powerful and picturesque Madriago, all—all will admit that without the use of an understandingly manipulated camera they would not have been the startling life-portraits that they were. And John Seitz, who was the photographer, will refer his artistic lighting to technical assistants and to Mr. Ingram, who used to be a sculptor under the supervision of Lee Oscar Laurie and attributes his facility of direction to his former education in the study of Art. However, he will turn to his present aide-de-cinema, Miss Mathis, and credit will go around in one continuous cycle again.

This is a picture of unity, of superb cooperation. Its direction is along the Griffith lines, in that the action is unhurried and pantomimic. "The Four Horsemen" in its promising new actor, Rudolf Valentino, and its revelation of the plasticity of Miss Terry, whether a popular film or not, moves the industry of the silver sheet one pace forward.

Relics of the Lost Empire of Maximilian

(*Continued from page 465A*)

Joseph, last Emperor of Austria.

The Empress before leaving Mexico City left this fan, with other personal belongings, to her closest friends. It became the property of the wife of President Porfirio Diaz, Mrs. Carmelita Romero Rubio de Diaz, who was, and still is, considered one of the smartest society leaders of Europe. Mrs. Sofia Osio de Landa y Escandon, wife of the Governor of Mexico during the Porfirio Diaz régime, received the fan as a gift from Mrs. Rubio de Diaz, who is living at present in Paris.

Another illustration shows a personal ring of Maximilian, which is said to be one of the last pieces of jewelry worn by the unfortunate Emperor immediately before his execution. The ring is at present in Havana, in the hands of the family to whom it was originally given, and, with the other *memorabilia* of the tragically terminated Empire, gives a peculiarly personal touch to the collection of remarkable relics of which the others have found their way to the world's greatest market-place, New York.

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It was high time that somebody spoke out. "Why must a country that for a hundred years has been aglow with artistic initiative extend to its painters and its sculptors only a shabby and precarious hospitality? Munich has its modern Pinakotek, Berlin its National Museum; God knows what rubbish is there, alongside works of lasting interest. Even Cologne gives Leible (who is the tenth part of a Courbet) a spacious abode. In its Victoria and Albert Museum, London has shown us how contemporary art may gain a worthy setting. But what are we French doing for our modern masters? Before the war upset everything, they were promised an immense gallery, suited to its purpose. We are still waiting to see these promises redeemed."

Art and Ocean Liners

THE sculptured figurehead, once the glory of clipper-ships, old hookers, and those stately square-riggers that roamed the seven seas, is now practically extinct; but art—of a sort—still adorns the liner. "The liner, she's a lady by the paint upon her face," and by mural wonders embellishing her companion-way, though only of late has sea-going art acquired "standards." From California comes news of a jury appointed by the Art Association of San Francisco to select painters to produce murals for the Shipping Board's new vessels, the *Golden State* and the *Silver State*. The choices—yo-ho! and all that sort of thing—include Messrs. Armin Hansen, Gottardo Piazzonnoni, Maurice Del Mue, and Henry V. Poor.

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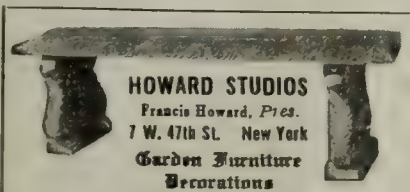

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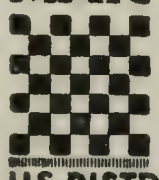

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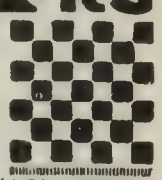

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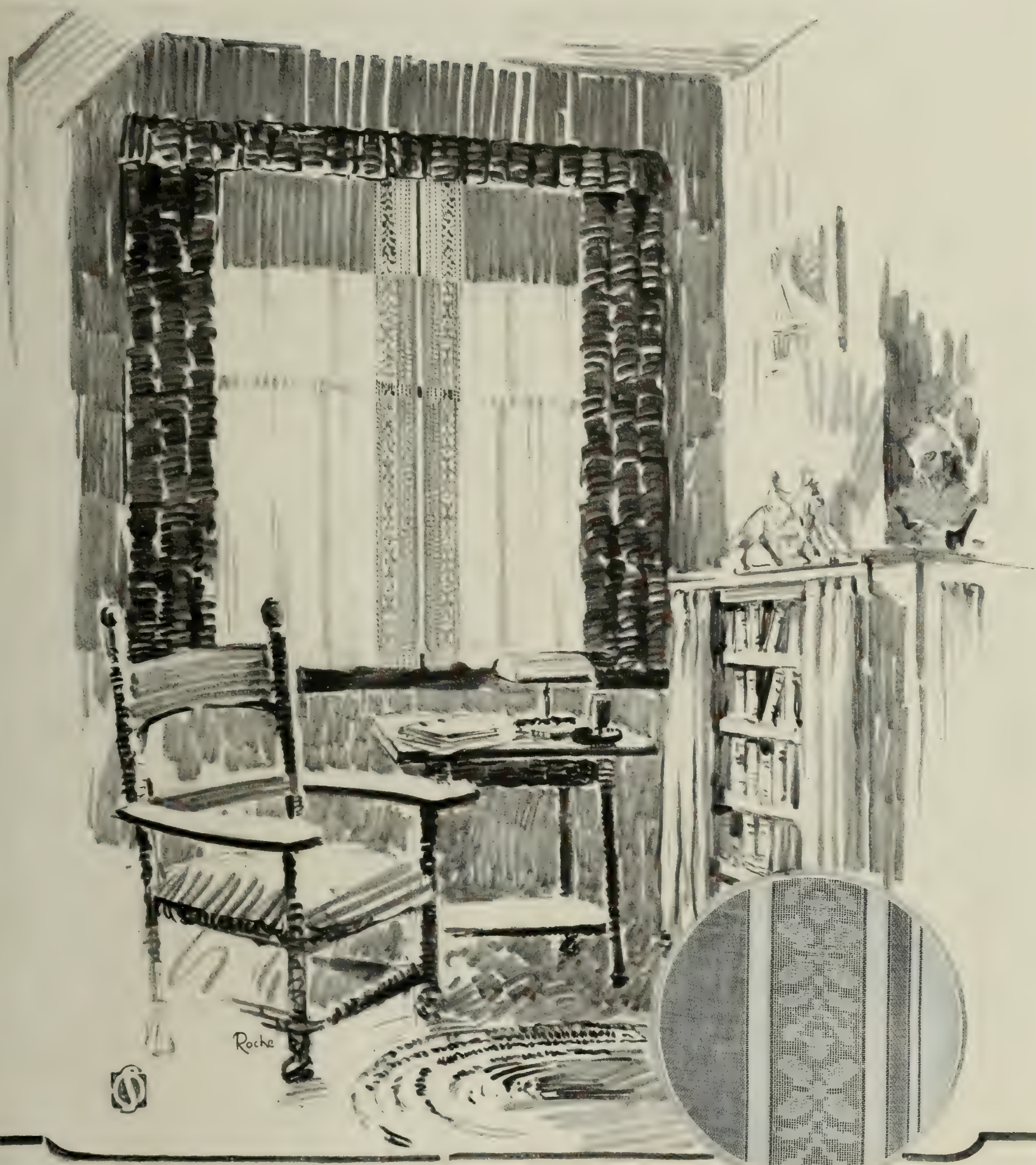

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(see page ten)

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VOLUME XV

NUMBER 1

May, 1921

The Art of Individuality

By SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Sir John Foster Fraser, traveler, lecturer, journalist and publicist, is in this country to study business problems in general and United States tariff projects in particular. Knighted in 1917 for journalistic war service, Sir John had already a background of world-wide breadth. Among his books are "Round the World on a Wheel," "Vagabond Papers," "Pictures from the Balkans," "Red Russia," "The Real Siberia," and he is a member of the Royal Geographical Society. The following commentary was specially written for ARTS AND DECORATION.

I LOVE the skyscraper — in New York. But if anybody builds one in London I shall appeal to the King to bring all his horses and men and pull it down again. For the skyscraper suits New York; it is American, big, inclined to be Puritanical in the austerity of its lines, and in its career upwards suggests the illimitable. But to pile a ninety-eight storied building in old London would not suit at all. You might just as well get the most prim and stately old lady in New York, pink her out in the pretty and gauzy scantiness of the modern corsetless and charmingly bobbed maiden of innocent eighteen and send her promenading down Fifth Avenue. Let us have fitness in things.

Nations in their architecture, like folk in their house decorations, should reveal individuality. The only traits which are good are those which are natural. Beauty is not a manufacture; it is a growth. The skyscraper in America is beautiful because nobody ever invented it; it just grew. And America is slowly evolving, developing, a type of architecture that is not Jacobean, nor Georgian, nor Moorish, nor Byzantine, nor Renaissance, nor Mogul, nor Iranian, nor Allah-knows-what, but just American. I have seen and stayed in these wonderful houses which are an expression of the American temperament.

But just because I am a Britisher I like them in the United States, and I do not want them in England. If I were an American I would glory in the commodious porch, the big rooms which open into each other without any impediment of doorways, the steam heat pipes which make the entrance to an apartment on a winter day like a friend's caress, the luxurious bathrooms and all the conveniences which are supposed to be necessary for modern civilization and I would have nothing to do with imitation dwellings, however delightful, which belong to stately England or classic Italy, or the period of the gay Louis of France.

Real, native modern American architecture, which is now in happy blossom, cannot be legitimately grafted onto the old walnut tree of European construction.

Sir John Foster Fraser, drawn for ARTS & DECORATION *by Oberhardt*

English mansions look as though they had grown on their appropriate sites—you are never quite sure whether the building fits the scenery or the scenery grew around the building—but American mansions too often look as though they had just been thrown where they are. Therefore, in modern building the style should be suitable to the locality. I have seen an imitation, timbered, Elizabethan mansion stuck on the top of a hill. All real Elizabethan mansions, however, are in dips of the land. So each country should encourage its architectural ego.

Generally speaking the best aspect of the American house is in the front. There is the porch where the family sit, quite frankly to see and to be seen. The lawn and the flowers are for the passers-by to admire. The Englishman's house, however, is like his countenance; he does not desire you to know much from the exterior look. It is often forbidding; he puts up a wall. If you do not get past the heavy gates you may never know there are the most delightful rooms inside and that the gardens beyond, to which only inmates are admitted, may be a dream of fascinating blooms. Englishmen of past generations did not build their houses because they wanted them to be stone representations of themselves. It just happened that the houses were unconscious representations of the national character. And Americans, in their modern house building, open, free, the porch, the communicating rooms, are showing their characteristics. Personally I prefer a snug room with an open fireplace on a winter night, and the privacy of the walled gardens on a summer afternoon. That is because I'm British and not American.

In conveniences the American house is superior to anything any other country can show. The real emblem of American life is not the stars and stripes; it is the bathroom. Compared with the English there is much more luxury in American homes, but not nearly so much individuality. The home of one rich man in America is very much like the home of any other rich man; the main difference is the amount of richness. I often envy the beautiful things I see in American houses. Yet I have a sort of feeling that with the necessary wealth one could secure a duplicate. The note of individuality is missing. I see taste, expensively satisfied, but it is not often I can tell, by an indefinable something about a room, what are the traits of the people who use it. Perhaps Americans themselves can do so and I suffer from a national deficiency. I may, of course, be quite wrong, but I've long had the belief that while the English house falls far behind the American in conveniences, there is a distinctive personality about the English

(*Continued on page* 51)

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By HARVEY M. WATTS

Laurie of Woodlea, by Raeburn

BY the death of John Howard McFadden, on February 17th, Philadelphia, through the princely generosity of one who was known to the business world as one of the greatest cotton brokers of his time, to his friends as a lovable personality of extreme geniality, and to the art worlds of two continents as the collector of an unsurpassed group of pictures representing the British portraitists and landscapists of the Eighteenth Century, came into the possession of a gallery of pictures of amazing beauty. Indeed, experts and connoisseurs who have within the last ten years sensed the growing importance of the McFadden collection have not restrained their transports of admiration in referring to it. For the great fact about the collection is that though it adds up to about fifty pictures in all, every one of these is a gem, each one of them admittedly representing the art of the several artists at its very happiest in the matter of school, subject, technique, color scheme and design.

Unlike most collections left by generous collectors, there is absolutely no padding in the McFadden Gallery. Just to state some of the details as to the masters represented is impressive. There are, for instance, eight magnificent Romneys, which include a ravishing study of childhood, "Little Bo-Peep," which more than disputes interest with Sir Joshua Reynolds' more universally known "Age of Innocence," and a "Lady Grantham," which is the finest example of the grand style in the English portrait school and represents that social distinction and charm of high-class womanhood that is a marked feature of the McFadden collection. But the eight Romneys only begin to tell the story, since they are in competition with eight Raeburns, which, unquestionably, give America the largest group of the "Velasquez of the North" ever seen in any gallery, and indisputably prove that he did not need to doff his bonnet to Sir Joshua or "to the best that have painted the living aspects of men." For among the Raeburns is the celebrated "Sir Alexander Shaw," from the Joseph collection, as fresh and immediate as if painted yesterday, and which, along with "Laurie of Woodlea" and the "Portrait of a Gentleman in Green Coat," represents the very acme of the bluff, thick-set, red-faced and white-haired squires of the North; men who, known or unknown, when painted by a master, not only reveal character in every touch of the brush, but have such a high decorative value as to make the fortune and reputation of any collection by themselves. But then there are the two delightful Raeburn women, "Lady Elibank," painted with strong brush strokes as if just turned out by a Sargent, and "Lady Belhaven," graciously composed and painted as smoothly as if she were an enameled miniature in the large.

The two portraits of children suggest that romance of British childhood that is told so eloquently in the idealism of the "Bo-Peep" by Romney, and in a little known but very beautiful study of a little girl holding a bunch of flowers by Hoppner, one of the most beautiful pictures in the McFadden collection.

Supremely to the fore is the world-famous study of "Master Bunbury," by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This little boy represents the kind of thing that Sir Joshua did in the "Age of Innocence" to perfection. But by possessing the "Bo-Peep," "Miss Innocence" and "Master Bunbury," the McFadden collection goes ahead of any other gallery in this country or in England. In the portraits of two boys by Raeburn, one of them, curiously enough. "Master John Campbell," quite belied his somewhat girlish make-up, as presented by the painter, since in later life he became one of the best-known sportsmen and athletes of Great Britain. "Tom Bisland" in dark blue, however, is every inch a boy, though where fantasy comes in most will turn to "Master Bunbury," the painting referred to by Horace Walpole as "charming," since the child looks straight at you from the canvas with deep and questioning eyes suffused with all the long thoughts of early boyhood, just as Romney's "Bo-Peep" has the serene and unabashed wonderment of girlish innocence ever deepened by the theatricalism of the shepherd's crook and the attending sheep. Finally, as if to gild the refined gold of these adorable pictures of engaging infantility, a special culmination in this line of art is reached in the group by George Henry Harlow entitled "Mrs. Weddell and Children." This is the masterpiece by the gifted pupil of Sir Thomas Lawrence and presents a radiant picture of a mother and children, revealing the very abandon of health and happiness in a family nursery group that sums up British life at its best, with roguishness personified in one child and devoted affection the keynote of the mother, who allows the children to romp over and about her as if there was nothing else in the world but their own little group.

Against all this competition the collection comes up strongly with two other pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a most amazing and almost brutal study of "Dr. Samuel Johnson," presented full face and revealing a strength in the art of Reynolds not always found in his canvases. This is in great contrast to the Reynolds portrait of "Edmund Burke," one of the most quiet and yet invaluable depictions of character in the collection. These works by Sir Joshua do not by any means militate against your admiration for the most significant Gainsborough owned in America, the portrait of "Henrietta, Lady Rodney," in which

the master puts all that ethereal quality for which he is famed in his studies of fine ladies. For "Lady Rodney" is the essential Gainsborough in blue and white and gold, begemmed as if for some important occasion, and she is quite a contrast to the other McFadden Gainsborough, a portrait of "Gainsborough DuPont," which is quite as quiet as Reynolds's "Edmund Burke," but equally as effective. But neither Romney's "Lady Grantham" nor Gainsborough's "Lady Rodney" can make you overlook a supreme example of Sir Thomas Lawrence entitled simply "Miss West," the title, however, concealing the fact that this exquisite portrait of the very beautiful woman reveals Harriet, known in her time as "The Rose of Kent," second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel James West.

This picture by Sir Thomas replaces the other Lawrence, "Miss Nelthrop," destroyed by fire in Mr. McFadden's residence in 1916, and represents this consummate master at his finest, since the blithe beauty of his subject, black of hair and blue of eye, is enhanced by the exquisite whiteness of her bodice, accentuated by a loose pink scarf tied around the neck and a blue sash. But one must not let the allure of the "Miss West" make you overlook the extraordinary fact that a most engaging study of the head of that lively piece of baggage, "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante"—*un variation sur un thème bien connu*—is one of the gems of the Romney group, along with some very contrasted studies of the varied elegancies of chaste femininity in his "Madame De Crespigny," "Mrs. Crouch," "Mrs. Tickell," "Miss Finch," each one characteristic of the master and making the collection notable in every detail of all those things that go to make stunning pictures of subjects beautiful in themselves.

Associated with these masters is a delightful garden-hatted study of Mrs. Hoppner by that well-known painter, John Hoppner, while Sir J. Watson Gordan's portrait of Sir Walter Scott from every point of view is *the* portrait of Scott, just as it will be admitted by all that the Romney portrait of John Wesley, another feature in the collection, *is* Wesley in all that that great Methodist meant to his time and ours. In effective contrast to the larger canvases are two family groups by Hogarth, the "Fountaine Family" and the "Assembly at Wanstead House" (family of Sir Richard Child), painted in Hogarth's steel-engraving manner, and two moral pictures of family life by George Morland, one of them entitled "The Fruits of Early Industry and Economy." The latter represents the interior of a rich merchant's residence, with the family living in opulence, and, at the other end of the social ladder, a picture of a rustic group before a cottage door entitled "The Happy Cottager," beautifully expressive of life in Georgian England in its happier days. In a way this cottage picture of Morland, which is marked by his rich golden tones, though not the most important of the canvases, modulates between the portraits and figure subjects and the landscapes, which are unquestionably the most significant and best selected landscapes of the early British school owned anywhere. "The Woody Landscape," by old Crome, for instance, is a pivotal picture of the greatest importance, since it anticipates the style of Rousseau and Diaz and makes clear how the great French School of the Paysage "intime" of the '30's was derived from the school of Constable, Crome, Bonington and Cox, all of whom are magnificently represented in the collection.

But, of course, the great thing among the landscapes is the three Constables, "The Lock, at Stour," "Hampstead Heath" and "The Dell, Helmingham Park." "The Lock" is one of the two gallery versions of the subject and is considered to be the finer of the two. As for the "Hampstead Heath," with a storm coming up, it is one of the breeziest open-air studies by Constable that can be seen. It compares more than favorably with the famous studies owned by the South Kensington Museum, and by its very freshness and vitality prepares you for "The Dell," which is Constable at his finest. This magnificent landscape is unlike any Constable owned in any American gallery. It is so intensely modern that it seems incredible that it was painted just about one hundred years ago. The picture is low in key and the gray-green paint is splashed on with a bravura that was supposedly the contribution of the later landscapists to the technique of nature transcriptions. You are looking into a rather dense copse with several strong trees in the foreground, but, most ingeniously, the way is opened out with a hint of paths, in the manner, if not in the color, of an Inness. The values are beautifully kept and the freshness, as a whole, one of the most extraordinary features of the painting, makes it rank with the famous rain-washed Constable in the Guild Hall at London. And it is this rain-washed effect, glitteringly wet and full of the glance and glimmer of sunlight against retreating gray skies, that tells you indubitably that the Constable landscape cannot be any place else but England. And then, to complete the landscape group, there is the amazing *tour de force* by Turner, a large panoramic view of the "Burning of the Houses of Parliament," which has all the fantasy of a Claude and suggests some fairyland catastrophe that is Turner at his most magnificent. In contrast the Richard Wilson, a "View of the Thames—1745," a very photographic and topographic study of old Westminster Bridge, very much after the fashion of Guardi or Canaletto, is sheer realism, and yet even in his depiction of home scenes Wilson could not but be Italianate. So this historic canvas, which shows the pearly dome of St. Paul's in the distance, has Venetian skies and clouds and color effects not unlike the style of his "Tivoli," an Italianized landscape that was one of the earlier treasures in the collection. However, interest in the Italianism of Wilson pales before the splendid classicism of the great Italianate Gainsborough landscape, "A Mountainous Scene with the River Flowing from the Distant Hills." This fine canvas was slightly smoked when the "Miss Nelthrop" was destroyed, but has been beautifully restored and gives the collection that complete and perfect round-up of a period that makes it so unusual.

Hung as the pictures are in the late residence of Mr. McFadden, amid sympathetic accessories, they form a unique and beautifully balanced group, but that they make an equally wonderful impression placed in public galleries as a whole was proved by their first exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Gallery "F" from April, 1916, to December, and in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, from April 26 to June 5, 1917, and finally in the Metropolitan Museum from June until October, 1917. Since that time they have been in the possession of the family in their residence in Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, where they will remain until certain arrangements can be effected for their exhibition to the public, to which the great collector left them.

It is not the least significant thing about the collection that it dates from 1893, when Mr. McFadden bought his first great canvas, "Henrietta, Lady Rodney," second wife of the famous admiral, the first of Lord Rodney, who was married in 1764. And with this Gainsborough as a starter, Mr. McFadden, who had a permanent residence in England, began that series of happy purchases that ended when he secured seven great masterpieces from the famous Joseph collection in September, 1916, for $300,000. These included the two Romneys, "Bo-Peep" and "Lady Grantham," "The Dell," by Constable, the "Sir Alexander Shaw," by Raeburn, the "Woody Landscape," by old Crome, the "Bridge," by Wilson, and a Hirst, primarily secured to make his home in England and his home in America livable.

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Lady Rodney, by Gainsborough

Pictures from the McFadden Collection

Master Bunbury, by Sir Joshua Reynolds

Stour Lock, by Constable

Portrait of a Gentleman in a Green Coat, by Raeburn

Portrait of Edmund Burke, by Sir Joshua Reynolds

Enriching Philadelphia's Art Museum

Little Bo-Peep, by Romney

Miss Innocence, by Hoppner

Mrs. Weddell and Children, by Harlow

Master John Campbell, by Raeburn

A New Architectural Vitality

The Thirty-Sixth Annual Architectural League Exhibit

By MATLACK PRICE

WHEN an exhibition is amazingly diverse, disclosing new and vivid points of interest at every turn, mental compass of the whole must necessarily find some one salient message, some one common trait that broadly characterizes.

In this year's Architectural League Exhibition I came away with an inspiring impression of the vitality of the works, and this impression was stronger and more abiding than the reactions to any one exhibit or any group.

In no previous exhibition of the League has its recent inclusive policy been more effectively justified. Time was when the range of exhibits consisted almost entirely of architectural drawings, plans and enlarged photographs of completed works. A few pieces of sculpture, directly architectural in their purpose, and a few studies for murals usually covered the field of the allied industrial arts.

The recent Architectural League program, however, has taken the true stand of exhibiting to the public architecture in its most inclusive sense. Architecture, in fact, is an inclusive art; it is more than planning and building, for it embraces in its scope all the things which go to make a building habitable, beautiful, interesting and significant.

In architecture, seen thus broadly and in its true light, the allied industrial arts take their place and show themselves to be inseparable adjuncts to the realization of the architect's vision.

Hardware, stained glass, wood carving, architectural ceramics, textiles, furniture—these and many other things go to make the architect's complete picture. The age of specialization in which we live is not one to accommodate the versatile architect-craftsman of Renaissance Italy, and the architect of today must call in as collaborators a host of craftsmen and artisans to execute the varied details of his work. The degree to which these collaborators are in harmony with the architect's vision, and the degree to which he is in sympathy with them —these, added together, give the measure of the success of an architectural project today.

A proposed headquarters for an ecclesiastical organization designed by Bertram G. Goodhue, drawn by Hugh Ferris

Architecture and its practitioners, as is common knowledge, went through several years of dark days during the World War, and it is because architecture and its allied arts have come through so splendidly, without any Bolshevistic setbacks, that visitors to the current League exhibition must feel that quality of vitality which is the keynote. Many things might have happened to architecture during the war, but it weathered the storm, and the sincere architects of this country, when they could leave the army or were no longer needed in Government service, set about reviving architecture, and reviving it in a sane and earnest manner. No bars were let down. No license took the place of the fine old traditions that have come to represent the best of the architecture of this country.

It is further common knowledge that even now, long after the cessation of the actual conditions of being at war, all manner of architectural projects have been either postponed or grievously embarrassed by the abnormal conditions resulting from inflated costs of labor and building materials. Even with recent reductions in these costs, the situation is far from its pre-war status, and the architect has had need to look far forward, and to let his vision be not only the vision of a noble or beautiful building, but of better times as well.

If the present exhibition of the Architectural League can be taken as anything like an architectural horoscope, the country may well take heart and look forward to a near future of fine achievements. It is true that there are few, if any, exhibits which are at all sensational or indicative of a new era of design, but this is only an evidence of that permanent and un-experimental aspect of architecture which makes it the main bulwark of the arts. Architecture of the past has recorded and preserved history and traditions and culture through the most destructive upheavals, and it continues to do so. There is no soviet of architects—no destructive radical cliques. Call them reactionaries if you will, but a name makes their place in the complex pattern of modern civilization no less significant. Their work is a true reflection not of the whims and fads and experiments, but a reflection of the serious and

A picturesque house in brick designed by Davis, McGrath and Kiesling

"Cœur de Reve"; a country house study by Aymar Embury, II, architect

Three views of the Parsons house at Lenox, Mass., Delano and Aldrich, architects

reasoned tastes of their time. Men may buy fantastic and insane paintings, but they continue to build sincere and sane banks and houses.

And the reassuring thing is that there is no stupidity or lack of imagination in this expression of architectural sanity. The general reaction from the architectural work in this exhibition is one of intense interest. Familiar things are done in new and imaginative ways. A real vitality makes itself felt in unequivocal terms.

The architects, with the "tumult and the shouting" of the war period past, seem to assemble in a united front and to declare in this showing of their work that "the command is *forward*."

The Architecture

As in Architectural League exhibitions of old, there are certain broad divisions of types, of which the public obviously finds its greatest source of interest in domestic architecture. The intimate message of the house, however, should not entirely distract from the study and appreciation of well-designed commercial and monumental buildings.

Architecture, in the form of large and imposing buildings, should mean something to every community, and an increase in the general understanding and appreciation of the larger aspects of architecture can play a telling part in the whole advance of the culture which makes for advanced civilization.

A residence at Elmsford, N.Y., designed by Buchman and Kahn

One of the most important of the large buildings shown in this exhibition is the Cunard Building, by Benjamin Wistar Morris—a solution of the problem of designing this type pronouncedly indicative of the present trend toward more imaginative vision. The colossal office building is designed less by formula today than at any other time. It seems, indeed, to be emerging from its one-time nature as a limited architectural problem into a new nature as an almost unlimited architectural opportunity.

An unexecuted *projet* drawing from a design by Bertram G. Goodhue shows a splendid flight of imagination. The drawing, by Hugh Ferris, is a picture of a vast tower, a thousand feet in height, conceived in the peculiarly rugged and organic type of Gothic which is Mr. Goodhue's finest architectural achievement. Whether or not this daring and sublime concept is ever realized, the thing substantiates the truth of Mr. Burnham's old message to young architectural designers that a noble project is a definite and inspiring contribution to architecture regardless of its consummation.

The architect, for all that he must shape his work to meet a host of material requirements and conditions, is one of the greatest of all artistic idealists. His real thought is of the *"grand projet."*

Some day the language of these larger aspects of architecture will find general public comprehension, and when that day comes it should usher in a Periclean age of achievement, the like of which the world has never seen. If the present-day mastery of vast structural and engineering problems and the present-day accumulations of capital were to be matched by a corresponding impulse to glorify our cities with noble buildings, the architectural expression of our most splendid aspirations and ideals would be realized.

It is when the architect designs a house that his lay brother almost understands his language. And here at the Architectural League exhibition are a profusion of unusually interesting versions of the modern American residence. So many, indeed, are the entries in

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Entrance at Elmsford; Buchman and Kahn, architects

Doorway at Hartsdale, N.Y.; Julius Gregory, architect

Both architects and decorators participated in the Twenty-sixth Annual Exhibition of the Architectural League, the former showing photographs of their work and the latter, in a number of interesting exhibits, actual furniture and accessories

Among the recent interiors shown by architects at the League Exhibition was the music-room in Joseph Riter's house at Palm Beach, Fla., by F. Burrall Hoffman, Jr., architect. The ceiling by Robert Winthrop Chanler

Interiors From the Architectural League

The interesting architectural feature of the Joseph Riter music-room is the arcaded loggia treatment, which gives both scale and character to the interior

At the left: Interior vista in a house by Bates & How, architects, illustrative of the newer, simpler tendencies in woodwork and plain wall surfaces

At the right: A paneled interior in a house by Rogers & Haneman, architects, in which the substantial decorative effect of Jacobean furniture is apparent

Six Contributions from the Sculptors

Seen at the 36th Annual Architectural League

Repose, by C. P. Jennewein

Diana, by Lynn Jenkins

Garden Figure, by Sherry E. Fry

The Crystal Gazer, by H. P. Erskine

Globe Sundial, by Harriet W. Frishmuth

THE ample space at the command of the Architectural League this year made it possible to isolate the many entries of sculpture in such a way that each could be seen without distraction. The work of sculptors, both new arrivals and those of long-established recognition, has always been one of the most interesting features of the League exhibitions—and this year has been no exception.

The Bather, by J. Renier

A wall decoration of plaster in low relief

Old Tradition in Craftsmanship

A Talk with "Opus Travi"

By JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD

HOUSED in a little Long Island tavern—never a "permanent lodger" but just there, year after year—is a man to whom an oil stove serves as visible symbol of warmth while he toasts himself at the flame of an inward fire; a man who goes careless in all weathers in mackinaw, a huge sweater, khaki breeches, heavy golf stockings and army shoes and forgets that mealtime is an institution. It would be hard to recognize in him, at first sight, a kinsman to the wizards of the Renaissance, the reminiscent voice of one crying the message of Middle Age art in a machine-made world.

In the gloomy basement of the inn, among a jumble of discarded furniture and other impedimenta of which he is blankly unconscious, he has modeled just now a child pouring water from a window, out of an upturned urn, the quaint and charming design for a fountain to adorn one of the great estates in the neighborhood; and by and by he will build it with his own hands—every process from the stone foundations to the final strewing of moss spores across the face of the finished marble.

In a room up under the roof there are panels of wood, laboriously wrought for process test, which for the velvet touch of them and the shrewd use of color and gold, might have come out of Sixteenth Century Italy. It is a littered room. On the little table, in the glare of an unshaded light, are dishes of dried pigment, scattered notes, scraps of old damask and divers odds and ends, a faded book bearing date of 1790, rehearsing in old-fashioned French the woes of the aristocrats in the Revolution and the cynical songs of that hideous time. On the floor are parts of a huge lock, which he has cut from heavy plates of steel and put together with cunning skill. On the wall is a drawing of the Phœnix, with metals splashed in gorgeous profusion through its fabulous plumage. In this environment the man sat smoking plebeian "Meccas" with finished grace and studying Chinese out of a mandarin's book, to make the evening pass gaily.

"Opus Travi"

Here and there on the ducal places which once were old farmsteads looking out over the bay from among their locusts and apple trees are various handiworks with which he is proving year after year, to the joy of his soul and not greatly to his material profit, the truth of his creed that the ancient craftsman, student and master of many things and in love with his labor, is the happiest idealist in history.

He is a lean man, with eyes deep set in an ascetic face that is seamed with thought and study and purpose. His hands—artist's hands—are hardened with work, in brick and wood and stone and metal; he is browned with the offshore wind and under his thinning thatch is the all but forgotten wisdom of the early workmen in sapient ways of doing many things. He is spiritual cousin of Leonardo for invention; like John of Ravenna, he is painter, sculptor, mason, carpenter, worker in silver and gold and iron. He puts the mediæval expression on the face of houses which the most pompous of architects have declared could only be amended by tearing down and rebuilding. He turns the tomb-like interiors of hard little new stone buildings into temples, with ceilings that might have come from old palaces, and gives to painful gardens an age-old touch with playful fountains made out of stuff the builders have left behind.

He spurns commercial onyx for push buttons and polishes

A corner of a room designed, carved, sculptured and painted by "Opus Travi"

An iron door latch done in the manner of the Fifteenth Century

to colorful beauty, with primitive hand tools, the pebbles of the neighboring beach. And he knows nothing of estimates and keeps no count of time. In the working of wood he has ostracized the plane and canonized the adze and the chisel; under the fourteen hand-rubbed coats of enamel on the panels of the rooms he creates, one feels, like the wave in old velvets, the irregular surface left by the ancient tools.

By "artist" we are taken to mean mostly a man who paints easel pictures, as many as time or temperament will permit. Here is one who reads in the word a far broader meaning, and an older one. He works in every medium. He has foresworn machinery and all its devices; he is the arch apostle of the skilful hand, heir of the craftsmen of past ages. He cannot write a business letter to save his soul without scratching dicky birds in it, and dollars are the one thing negligible in his theory of life. The man is a *revenant,* a survival, a transmigrated soul, an anachronism in a world of makeshift and gain.

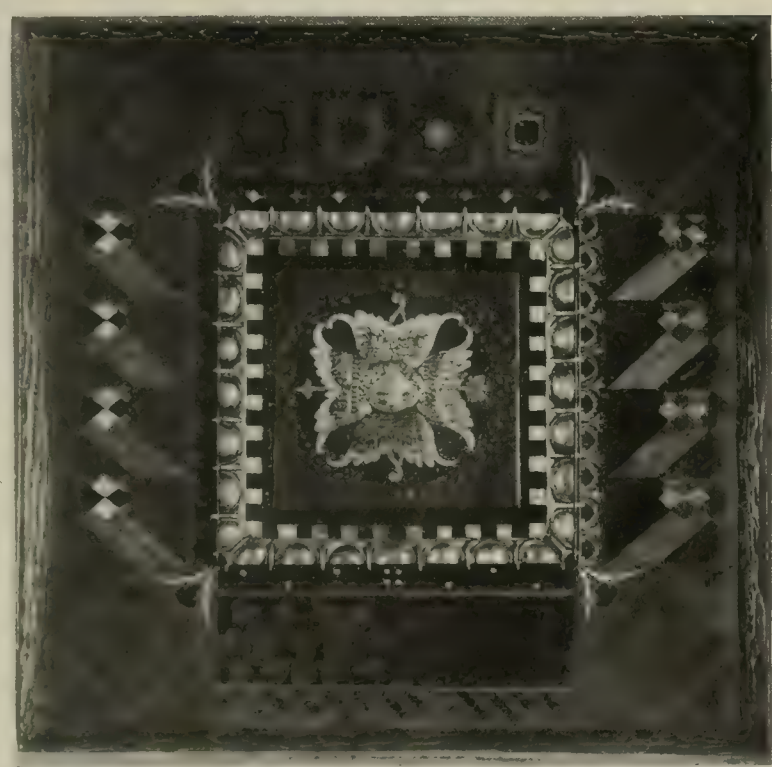
When I bumped into "Opus Travi" on a journey across Long Island I only narrowly recognized him. He had maintained a studio a dozen years before in what was then the most fashionable home for high-priced artists; I had known him groomed to the last whisper, tailored like some sort of Brummell and inhabiting a suite where the chandeliers had cost the price of a fairish cottage and where it must have taken ten dollars' worth of electric light to see the man to bed.

"But," he said, when I had found the little inn, "I was simply a *fille de joie* in those days, and I knew perfectly well that what I was turning out under the name of art was a fiction. At last I mustered courage to jettison the whole thing, and for three blissful years I dove into the study of old crafts, which had been calling to me ever since I could remember. I have been working now for seven years, here, there, wherever there was anything to do that appealed to me and that I could do my own way. Three years ago I came to this Island with a trunk, a suit case and a few books, to do a ceiling. I am still here and still busy. They have been good years. I have forgotten the spell of money and shaken off the miasma of specialization. I work. I know now what the spirit was of an age which enabled Leonardo to devise a method for making files, and a system of canal locks, and at the same time fitted him, soul, body and fingers, to paint the 'Last Supper.' "

It was interesting to encounter a man who by some strange, inherent impulse had stepped voluntarily out of the present and made a beeline for the Fifteenth Century—and stayed there; who sat in a nimbus of old inspiration, in a steam-heated hotel, measuring the art of a mechanized age with the tape-line of Michel Angelo. And, besides, it was not a pose. He was doing the thing he preached. At first one is skeptical. Who has not heard artists bemoaning the decline of art? But were they

A carved stone fireplace expressive of the sculptor's individuality

A detail from the fireplace shown above



Two panels painted in the manner of the Italian Primitives

the kind who could leave painting a Louis Quinze panel, slide into overalls and lay out the mortises in an eighteen-foot gate or chisel the heraldic ornament over a stone doorway so deftly that it was merely a weathered relic of the Cinquecento?

"The sphere of the artist," said "Opus Travi," "has shrunk till it's no bigger than Armenia. The machines have trimmed him down to fit the age, and the moralists have done the rest. Life for him, as for everybody, is a study in short cuts, to food or money or fame. What is left to him is a specialized compartment in a wallboard temple. He may say his prayers to the Past, but he lives by 'Daylight Saving' time. The school has taught him something about how to put paint on canvas, but what does he know about the paint or the canvas? The old-time artist could make them both. The painter today boasts that he doesn't know architecture. When Italian cities were besieged the great painters designed the fortifications. In crises they were called into consultation on affairs of state. Art today lacks breadth and catholicity, and it is eaten with the canker of haste. Necessarily it is insincere. It's like a Ford car, a series of units instead of a comprehended whole. One man knows one thing as the school has taught it to him, and following the fashion of the time he uses the mechanical means of doing it. But to paint flesh you must know bones. The artist, the workman and the business man, the locomotive and the steamboat are all on the same plane of sacrosanct 'efficiency.' The sole objective is to get there in the shortest possible time and at the highest price the traffic will stand."

"Just where, Opus, do you class the workman?" I asked him.

"Today? With the locomotive," he answered, "and that's the crux of the whole thing. Yesterday the skilled workman was an artist. Production today is for revenue only, so quantity is the desideratum, not ex-

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The Lure of the Little Ship

The First Annual Exhibition of the Ship Model Society

By WALTER A. DYER

THE collecting of ship models, like the collecting of old watches and rare Chinese porcelains, is not a sport for the poor man, for the values of the most desirable specimens run up into the thousands. It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that this hobby should have spread so rapidly during the past few years and that the lure of it should have gripped so many men. To be sure, one does not need to be an advanced collector to experience this fascination. A single ship model of good type has its marked decorative effect in the home or the studio. But it takes a man of rare resolution to resist the lure of the little ship when once he has opened the door to it.

The beginner, of course, is presumably ignorant. All little ships look much the same to him. But the connoisseur—and they all hasten into that class as soon as possible—demands accuracy of type and design and perfection of workmanship. And what workmanship one does find in some of these models, both old and new! It has all the fascination of a miniature painting or a bit of fine jewelry, with all the romance of the sea added thereto. What patience, what skill has gone into the fashioning of some of these little ships! Every spar and rope complete and in its proper place, and the whole an exact replica of the type it represents. Only the novice need wonder at the high values placed upon some of them.

Collections of ship models are no new thing; it is the private flair for collecting that is so very recent. Probably the largest and best collection in the world is that of the Musée de la Marine in the Louvre, Paris. There are also large collections in the South Kensington Museum and in the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam. The Massachusetts Marine Society has a good collection in the Old State House, Boston, while the best collection of models of American sailing vessels is to be found in the Marine Room of the Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass.

Today the private collector is bidding against the museums for the best specimens. The late Alexander W. Drake, art editor of *The Century,* was one of the first to take up this fascinating pursuit. His collection, gleaned from among the waterside towns of Europe, covered a wide range from the pinnaces and galleasses of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries down to American clipper ships of the 30s, and including many East Indiamen. The Drake collection is now owned by the India Club and is housed in the India House, Hanover Square, New York City.

Another early American collector was the late Stanford White. One of his acquisitions was the famous scale model of a full-rigged British man-of-war of the late Seventeenth Century, which was purchased by the late J. P. Morgan and presented to the New York Yacht Club, the present owners. It is valued at between $5,000 and $10,000, though rather more thoroughly restored than most connoisseurs like.

Other Americans followed their lead, including Mr. Carlton T. Chapman, Mr. Thomas Shields Clarke, and Mr. Irving R. Wiles, all New York artists. Mr. V. Winthrop Newman began collecting some years ago and also practiced model building as a hobby. Mr. Wiles still has the finest private collection it has been my privilege to see. Mr. Henry B. Culver, a New York lawyer, became an adept in the construction of ship models, at first for decorative purposes and later in order to reproduce accurately old types of which there are no antique models in existence. Many of his models, which have been exhibited by the Architectural League, are unquestionably works of art, and *The Sovereign of the Seas,* shown this year, is one of his finest achievements—indeed, a brave ship.

Inspired by the enthusiasm and success of these pioneers, other American collectors took up the hobby, until now there are probably several hundred of them, in different parts of the country, who have been more or less seriously affected by this delighting and insidious virus. Some fifty-two of them have formed the Ship Model Society, which has just been holding its first public exhibition of models at the Fine Arts Building, New York. The honorary president is Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the president Irving R. Wiles, the vice-president Clarkson A. Collins, Jr., and the secretary and treasurer Henry B. Culver. Most of the leading collectors of the country are members, and the list includes such well known names as H. O. Havemeyer, Arthur Curtiss James, George F. Baker, Jr., and Booth Tarkington, and such patrons of the arts as Henry W. Kent, of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and John Robinson, of the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass. Recently two important sales have been held, one at Anderson's and the other at the American Art Galleries, in which ship models of various sorts were

The ship model has become increasingly popular as an overmantel decoration

E. S. Wayland Residence *Taylor & Levi, Architects*

"The Captain," a third rate British frigate, made by Henry B. Culver for George F. Baker, Jr.

Bone model of a British frigate in the collection of Henry B. Culver

Model of a British two-decker in the collection of Irving R. Wiles

"Le Pompée," owned by Culver

"Constitution," in the Peabody Museum

sold at high prices. Men of varied interests succumb to this fascination because it has so many facets. There is mankind's perennial love for a toy, a miniature, a bijou work of craftsmanship. There is the marvel of the intricate and delicate piece of handicraft, cunningly wrought. There is the beauty of the little ship from a decorative point of view, and there is the interest of the antiquarian, the collector of antiques, and the student of things maritime.

There are, roughly speaking, three classes of model ships which appeal to these various collectors. First, there are scale models, both old and new, and both mercantile and marine, including builders' models, There are sailors' models, fashioned as a pastime or for votive offerings or for sale. And there are the modern models, like Mr. Culver's, of both ancient and modern types, representing the art of shipbuilding of all the ages.

I know collectors who care only for scale models. They are men who care more for mechanical accuracy, perhaps, than for decorative effect. The oldest scale models are chiefly of naval vessels, and were not made, apparently, as working models, but as miniature replicas after the construction of the full-sized ship, as a record or for tribute to the reigning monarch. Modern shipbuilders, however, make their models first, and they are scientifically and mechanically correct, built accurately to scale. Both of these types have a decided historic value.

The sailor's models, often made during the tedious hours on shipboard or during the winter months, are rather artistic than accurate. They are impressionistic. They are off-scale very often, but, strangely enough, they look more like real ships than do the scale models. They are often inaccurate as to the hull, for the sailor did not see his ship below the water line, but above decks spars and rigging are what he knew and saw. Only his masts are thicker than they should be, if made to scale, and other proportions are faulty when measured, though to the eye they present the appearance of greater correctness. Hence the art lover prizes these intimate handmade ships more than he does the more exact scale models.

Some of these sailor's models were undoubtedly made for the mere pleasure of the thing, or for gifts to loved ones at home, or perhaps to sell, but the majority of them were made as votive offerings. The good catholic sailor was wont to celebrate the successful end of a voyage by presenting such an example of his handiwork at the shrine of the Virgin, and many churches in Europe, particularly in Scandinavian countries, are filled with them. Some of these have in some mysterious manner found their way into the hands of collectors.

One very interesting type of sailor's model was made by naval prisoners, particularly during the Franco-British wars of 1780 to 1805. French sailors, languishing in British prisons, sought amusement in the fashioning of little ships from bone, wood, straw, and any other materials that came their way. These miniature ships were sometimes purchased by visitors at the prisons, and modern collectors whose interest is in the antique and the unusual set great store by them. Naturally they vary widely in point of design and workmanship.

"Sovereign of the Seas," owned by J. A. Howell

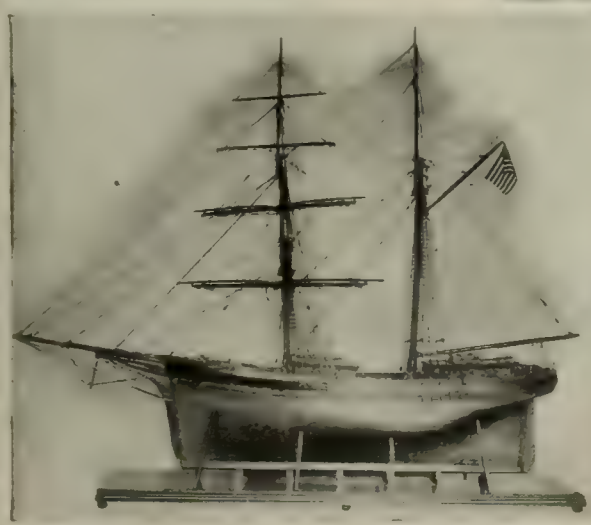
Sailing along above a mantel shelf, the ship model is as romantic as it is decorative

One of the finest models that I saw in Mr. Newman's collection was a prisoner's model of this sort. It was a full-rigged ship of the French type, made of odds and ends of wood, bone, etc., and enshrined in a cabinet decorated with straw marquetry.

Modern models include the builders' models made for navies and for shipbuilding concerns, and reproductions of old and later types by modern craftsmen who are often obliged to gather their data from old fragments and old descriptions. Mr. Culver has just finished a model of the *Sovereign of the Seas,* the pride of King James's navy, which is said to be one of the most complete and faithful models ever made.

This brief classification does but scant justice to the scope of the subject, for in all these classes there are an infinite variety of types — Spanish caravels, Viking boats, Chinese junks, old frigates, Yankee clippers, fishing smacks—every sort of craft that has ever sailed the seven seas. Mr. Wiles, for example, has in his collection a score of most interesting types: a scale model of a British ship-of-the-line of about 1740, with marvelous carving and minute details; a Seventeenth Century Dutch East Indiaman; a New York oyster schooner. He has also built a number of interesting models. Mr. Joseph C.

(*Continued on page* 44)



Hermaphrodite brig, owned by J. A. Howell

North sea ketch, owned by Irving R. Wiles

Some of Our Foremost Sculptors

James Earle Fraser is best known at present for his bust of Roosevelt, which has attracted world-wide attention. But this is by no means his only claim to glory; he has received many awards here and abroad, and his work is placed in a number of museums

Jo Davidson is one of the many American artists who spend much of their time abroad. The picture above was taken on one of his brief sojourns in this country and shows him at work on a portrait of Mrs. Paul Draper

A collection of representative American sculptors could not be complete unless Daniel Chester French were included. He has probably done more for the development of sculpture in America than any other one man. His "Alma Mater" at Columbia, and his New York Customs House group are among his best works

Victor D. Brenner is a specialist on Lincoln. He is shown here working on a portrait of "Abe" and we owe to him the design of that much despised but highly decorative coin, "the Lincoln penny." He is a native of Russia

A. Sterling Calder is one of our best known and most prolific sculptors. He has sculptured everything from fish to monumental archways, and has done them all exceedingly well

John Gregory is one of the younger sculptors who has lately come into prominence. He has just won the prize for sculpture at the Architectural League with his statue "Philomela," which he did for Mrs. Payne Whitney and which is illustrated elsewhere in the magazine

New Yorkers know Paul Bartlett's work by the six allegorical figures on the façade of the Public Library. He is also famous for the equestrian statue of Lafayette done for Paris, and he might be considered temperamentally the antithesis of Mr. French

Plays Tragic, Comic, Flippant and Prosaic

From "Mary Stuart" to Parisian "Toto"

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

JOHN DRINKWATER'S new play, his "Mary Stuart," like "Abraham Lincoln," is a dramatic chronicle. But it is more than this. A great deal more. An adventure in historical psychology. It cannot hope for the success of its forerunner, which dealt with men and things familiar to us all. In some ways, none the less, it is a better play, of finer quality, if not of nobler purpose.

The Queen whose soul and conduct it reveals is more remote from us by far than Abe. Moreover, all will not approve of Mr. Drinkwater's analysis of a woman whom we all think of as unfortunate indeed, but weak and wilful. This brave attempt of the much-talked-of English dramatist to make us pity and condone her amorous frailties goes very deep. So deep that one would need to see and read the play quite twice or thrice before judging of its value as an argument. Regarded as a literary effort, it may seem more important than the author's earlier chronicle. But it has not the wide appeal of "Abraham Lincoln" and it does not convince one as that drama did.

Clare Eames and Frank Reicher in John Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart"

The play is in one long and moving act, preceded by a somewhat far-fetched prologue. The prologue is, more properly, an epilogue. It points the moral and occurs in our own day. John Hunter, an impulsive Scottish husband, has been betrayed by his young wife. He goes for counsel to a philosophic friend, one Andrew Boyd. This Boyd does what he can to win forgiveness for the woman in the case, by telling Hunter that, although she may seem guilty, like Mary Stuart, she is one of those "great lovers" whose infidelities should not be judged too harshly. Her sins may, after all, be kin to virtues, the evidence of a big, yearning soul. "What can your Mary Stuart tell me?" asks the husband. Then Mary, or her wraith, appears and answers, "I can tell you everything."

The sequel, the real play, at once begins. It is devoted to the story of the Queen. Or, rather, to a series of dark episodes, subtly linked, and meant to demonstrate that, though she loved too often, she was denied the higher love for which she longed. The flesh and spirit, in the heroine, were unhappily and tragically foes. There was a rare heart, and there was a queenly mind, hid by the outer shell and changing moods of Mary. This is, at all events, what I infer from Mr. Drinkwater's ingenious "Mary Stuart." It will not do to toss his plea aside, with trivial sneers about "the outrageous Mrs. Darnley." The play demands — deserves — more searching treatment than it has yet received from many of the critics.

It shows us Mary, in her room at Holyrood, beset and caught up in the nets of three strange rivals. Rizzio, the perfumed pimp and song-maker. Darnley, a jealous and unstable consort. And lastly Bothwell, an uncompromising libertine. The Queen, a prey to grief and disenchantment, has turned from Darnley for a moment to the Italian, not really caring for him seriously (if Mr. Drinkwater is trustworthy), but finding comfort in his music and his wooing. She all but yields a little later to the more brutal love-making of Bothwell. Yet she resists. For neither of her suitors brings the love, the peace, the joy for which she longs.

Between burly Bothwell and the crawling Rizzio stands Darnley, frenzied and furtive, vengeful, dangerous, with murder lurking in his shifty eyes. He does not love his Queen. But he is called the King, and though he insults his consort with the bawdy songs he sings of her, he hates his rivals. Darnley is human, though he is a craven. Bothwell is human. Rizzio, too, is human. Mary herself seems more and less than woman, as Mr. Drinkwater has set her on the stage. He has invested her with almost man-like qualities. She is a diplomat, a stateswoman, a seer. But, first and foremost, she is a "great lover," athirst for passion that will give her peace. The dramatist has idealized his heroine. That was his privilege. He must not wonder if his Mary seems too courageous and too rarely fashioned. The drama leads up, gradually yet swiftly, fatefully, to Rizzio's murder. And at the close we know that Mary will avenge that crime of Darnley by making Bothwell, for a time at least, her lover.

The stage pictures and the dialogue throughout preserve the atmosphere, the styles, of a past age. If one can grant that Mary was what Mr. Drinkwater assumes her to have been, the fascination of the play—but for the prologue—would be irresistible. It is a big "if." "Mary Stuart" stands or falls by it. The average person may not care for facts. He will, however, find it rather hard to project himself into the author's mind and mood.

To interpret Mary Stuart, Mr. Drinkwater or his manager chose a young actress of unusual gifts—Clare Eames. She is the niece of Emma Eames, the famous singer. Miss Eames (who was first seen here at the Greenwich Village Theatre) built up her character with true and restful art. She never strained, and yet she scored her points. Her attitudes were always queenly. She had style, repose and sometimes also charm, a charm not due to physical attractions, but to the beauty of her intellectual qualities. She seemed to think before she spoke her lines. She was not aided much by temperamental accidents, though in one episode her acting was impassioned. We who can hark back thirty years or so could find analogies between her looks and tones and those of the late Agnes Booth. For one so young Miss Eames accomplished wonders. She seemed, beyond question, a bright hope, a promise, of even finer things than she achieved.

She was supported in three parts by able actors, Charles Waldron (who was excellent as Darnley), Thurston Hall (a bluff and satisfying Bothwell), and Frank Reicher (Rizzio). The room in Holyrood, designed by Livingston Platt, was, if my memory does not play me tricks, a careful copy of the Scotch original. The costumes of all characters were rich and accurate. That worn by Mary was particularly beautiful.

As "Mary Stuart" takes but little time to act, it is preceded at the Ritz, our newest theatre, by a diverting pantomime. "A Man About Town," as this work is called, sets forth in dumb show, to the music of a piano playing scraps of operas, the daily doings of one of our gilded youths; his morning toilet, his amusements and distractions, between dawn and night. The leading part is mimed, amusingly enough, by Austin Strong, who is assisted, most effectively, by Ernest Hunter, Henry C. Smith and George Mitchell.

In "The Hero," lately at the Longacre and seen at a few matinées, Emery Pottle (alias Gilbert Emery), an author who appears to have a future, has turned out a strong realistic play. Not faultless, to be sure, and rather sordid; but honest, daring, frank and well conceived. It errs in places through a certain want of taste, a tendency—on the pretext of truthfulness—to offend one with objectionable dialogue. It gives, because it is the author's wish, what might be called the Main Street view of human life. But as a study and analysis of character, it interests.

There are no heroes in the play, despite the name. For there is nothing that seems properly heroic in the soldier, Oswald Lane, who went to war, or in his stay-at-home, but decent brother, Andrew, who had not joined up. Before he won his medals over-seas by capturing guns and fighting in the trenches, the soldier had been something of a blackguard.

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Two views of the bedroom occupied by Bonaparte in the Tuileries and now restored at La Malmaison

La Malmaison

The Consular Abode of Napoleon and Empress Josephine

By LEO RANDOLE

LA MALMAISON does not pretend to rival the magnificent chateaux of Compiègne, Saint Cloud, or Fontainebleau. It is not a palace nor will it ever become a museum. This intimate consular abode in which Napoleon and Josephine lived the happiest and most tragic hours of their lives has become, and no doubt is predestined to remain, the temple of Napoleonic cult — not of the Cæsar of glorious conquests and of a celebrated Empress, nor even of the national hero and *"La patronne des franc-maçons,"* as Josephine was popularly called, but of the humanly fascinating Bonaparte, the lover and the devoted husband of a most exquisite heroine of romance.

The castle of La Malmaison as it appeared during the Consulate painted by Petit

red granite erected by Josephine in memory of the battle of Marengo. La Malmaison has undergone much during the century that elapsed between the two purchases.

Except for the two small structures that were added to the wings of the chateau, Josephine did not make any other external changes. When there was not enough room, tents were put up in the garden, and for the supper Josephine gave to celebrate the battle of Marengo, a tent fifty feet wide was raised on the lawn. Millions were spent for the interior embellishments, the gardens, and the park. Josephine could have had a castle grandiose and magnificent, but the architect's projects, imposing with rich

Malmaison as it is now

Great charm and melancholy pervades at the Malmaison. It casts a spell upon all those that become interested in it. It is certainly through sentiment and not adherence to any Bonapartist party that its "conservateurs," first Mr. Ajalbert, and now Mr. Bourgingnon, and its generous donors, Mr. Daniel Osiris and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tuck, have become greatly attached to it and have taken so much to heart the task of its reconstruction. This reconstruction is in itself a romantic adventure, as to fill the empty palace and rebuild the neglected gardens, a past of sublime beauty must be continually stirred.

Josephine bought La Malmaison in 1799 while Bonaparte was at the campaign of Italy. He thought the property too expensive, but enamored of the chateau since the promenades she took in Rueil with Barras, and always very thoughtless about expenses, Josephine paid 37,516 francs for it in advance, while the remaining 100,000 or 150,000 francs (historians are not quite agreed on the sum) was not paid by Napoleon until his return from the Egyptian campaign. When Mr. Daniel Osiris bought it in 1896 to present it to the Government he paid only 152,000 francs for it, plus 12,000 francs for the two pyramids of

Bronze bust of Napoleon by Bartolini

Two panels of rare printed paper celebrating the Napoleonic campaigns and a Pompeian dancer by Lafitte

splendor, were rejected and La Malmaison only reflects the exquisite taste of a woman whose gems overfilled the Marie Antoinette cabinet (now in Versailles) and who seldom wore a jewel. Malmaison will indeed be so much the reflection of Josephine's grace that Napoleon submitted to it completely, disregarded his own taste for pompous magnificence and paid the ever-increasing bills.

In Malmaison Josephine gave full sway to her caprices and exoticism, her subtle taste lent distinction and charm to everything she imagined. To her park, that she cut into many alleys with a diminutive artificial lake and cascatelles, was attached an English gardener, and a Swiss family dressed in Swiss costumes kept a chalet for cows. Of more extraordinary species than cows and merino sheep were gazelles, an orang-outang wearing a redingote, black swans dispersed in the park. But stranger still were the flowers and plants of the gardens and the hot-house filled with the rarest specimens. Her passion for flowers was universally known. A great number came from her own Martinique; and from all parts of the world were sent to her seeds, roots and shrubs. Even an enemy prince, the Regent of England, gave orders to the officers of his cruisers to make special gatherings for her in foreign lands. In the middle of the hot-house she had built a salon "à l'antique," separated from the hot-house only by an open portico supported by two columns of marble with gilded base and top.

Portrait of the Empress Josephine, by Pierre Prudhon

The interior of the chateau was decorated in the Empire style at its best, with no compromise and no false pretense. Here the decorative art of the period was expressed with great finesse and serenity. From the campaigns of Italy and Egypt, Malmaison was greatly enriched by objects of art, paintings and later by the excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Although Napoleon greatly protested that these belonged to the nation and should stay in museums, Josephine, nevertheless, kept most of them to gratify her love for art. They did render her substantial service when in 1814 she sold a part of them for the sum of 800,000 francs to the Czar Alexander! In the Malmaison gallery there were paintings by Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Paul Veronese, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Rubens, Murillo, Nattier, Poussin. Josephine greatly encouraged the artists of her time, ordering with prodigality.

Josephine left Malmaison to her son, and in 1824, for the benefit of Prince Eugene's heirs, the chateau with its land and appurtenances were sold at auction. It was bought by a Swedish banker and in 1842 sold by him to Queen Marie Christine of Spain, who lived there with her morganatic husband, Fernando Munos, until 1861, when Napoleon III became its owner for the handsome sum of a million francs.

It is to the late Empress Eugenie that the glory of starting the artistic and sentimental restoration of Malmaison belongs—a restoration so ably carried out within the last few years.

A wall-paper design

Printed paper of the Napoleonic period

Three pictures of scenes from a Japanese play which show very plainly many of the characteristics of Japanese prints

Happy Stage Anachronisms in Japan

How the New Theatre Holds to Certain Old Traditions

By HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

IF you are a Japanese, you are already at the heart of all Asiatic mysteries and joys, and added to that you have spread before you the wares of the European civilization, to take or reject at will. There is immense interest to us, "the white people," to observe what, among our wares, this privileged Asiatic considers desirable to adopt, to graft onto his aged civilization, or to take as substitute for some of his time-honored methods and conventions.

The theatre, the Imperial Theatre at Japan's capital, Tokio, shows the interplay of the two civilizations, European and Asiatic, in a sort of unexpected drama, a play outside that which is advertised on the billboards. In this theatre is shown the extreme of Asiatic convention and the fullest expression of European modernity, both equally a vivid part of present-day Japanese thought.

The theatre building itself is, as far as possible, removed from the low Japanese buildings of infinite picturesqueness which make of Japan a land of sheer delight to the eye. It is a generous pile of four stories with curved mansard roof, modern French in design.

Sawamura spying on the enemy

It is with mixed feelings that one looks on such a building in Tokio. It stands on a wide avenue, and has a large garden at its side, all making for beauty—but across the street, older times made greater beauty, for there is the wide, wide moat, a stretch of sloping park, and, up the hill, the walls and roofs of the Imperial palace where the sick Emperor constitutes a problem for his ministers. The moat is walled with gray stone walls which, along the avenue, merely confine the water and support the little trees of the roadway, but across the water they raise their sloping heights like an ancient fortress, and hold high banks on which are built tiled houses which may have been there centuries; and over these high moat walls are draped the magnificent compliant pines of Japan, those pines which spread drooping skirts, like a languid lady in silk attire.

Dreams of old Japan bewitch the mind, with a glance at that bewildering loveliness, glassy water, sloping gray walls, seen through green hazy pine branches which tumble down from the top in rugged angles.

But on the other hand—turn the head and there is the box office, and streams of people all firmly approaching it—and all seats sold out except for a *strapotin* in the aisle. This is in the morning at about ten, and one thinks of the play as coming after dinner. But no, the notice on the board says the plays will be five in number and the curtain will rise at four in the afternoon. A distinct shock. A French theatre building, an American box-office and way of advertising, then this Asiatic custom of a seemingly endless performance. But, after all, is it so unlike the "continuous performance" of the movie theatre? Only this is the theatre of His Imperial Majesty, where things are taken *au grand serieux*.

It is six o'clock when we go to the theatre, six of a warm October evening, when dark sets in early. The softly padding rickshaw boy and the wire wheels, all rubber-shod, make no noise over the dirt road of the theatre's side garden. We are ignoring the front entrance with its crowds, its motor cars, and over-much lighting, and we are slipping under the shelter of a vine-draped arbor by the wide steps of the side

(*Continued on page* 66)

Pose in an ancient costume

A dramatic moment

The Hope of the World in Art

Conventions of the Eastern Arts and College Art Associations

By FLORENCE N. LEVY

"GIRLS and boys of America, you are the hope of the world!" wrote Herman Hagedorn. "Europe will call for new poets, new tellers of tales, new scientists, new inventors, new merchants, new physicians, new preachers . . . and no one will answer. That French boy, or that English or German or Russian boy, is gone, dead at nineteen! Young America, you are his heir!"

And what about designers and craftsmen? Hagedorn did not mention them, yet without these two the inventor's idea could not become a reality and the merchant would have nothing to sell. There is a large group of earnest men and women who are devoting all their time and thought and energy to discovering the talented among our American boys and girls and aiding them to secure adequate training in order that the products of this country may be attractive and in demand. To the vast majority of the rising generation they are giving that appreciation of beauty in every-day things, that love of harmony and well-balanced line, form and color that will bring happiness into their lives.

These teachers of art in the public schools, to the number of about three hundred and fifty, held their annual convention of the Eastern Arts Association at Baltimore, Maryland, March 24, 25 and 26, with sessions at the Maryland Institute, one of the most beautiful art schools in the country. Edward C. Emerson, of Boston, was President of the Association during the past year, and has just been re-elected to the office.

Sectional meetings were devoted to the discussion of such subjects as elementary industrial arts, the Junior and Senior High School course in industrial arts, household arts, and part-time education. The principal speaker on the last topic was Lewis A. Wilson, Director of Vocational and Extension Education of the State of New York.

Continuation Schools

THE law creating Continuation Schools in New York State was passed in 1919, and provides that all boys and girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age who are in industry shall have a minimum instruction of four hours a week. Germany, Sweden and other European countries have had similar obligatory continuation schools for many years, and during the darkest days of the war England passed laws in order that her young men and women might reach greater efficiency.

"If we can develop trade schools equal to those of Germany before the war," said Mr. Wilson, "plus the training for citizenship which Germany failed to give, we shall accomplish the desired result. But if the program for industrial education is left entirely to the public schools it will fail; unless there is co-operation from manufacturers the Continuation Schools program will fail, and fail miserably."

The development of citizenship through industrial arts education in the Junior High School was outlined by William T. Bawden, Assistant Federal Commissioner of Education, as: 1. Obedience to laws and customs of society; teamwork. 2. Development and preservation of a sound body; work and health. 3. Successful production of that which is needed by society. 4. Loyalty to the welfare of country and to ideals. 5. Appreciation of others; tolerance. 6. Appreciation of the franchise and effective use of it. 7. Ability to hold office if called upon; developing leaders.

Industrial Art

THE general sessions centered around two topics—art in industry and appreciation by the large mass of the people. Richard F. Bach, Associate in Industrial Arts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, said in part: "The present machines are the great-grandchildren of the simple tools of the past, they are still the slaves of the designer. We have accumulated knowledge of the machine but in the progress have lost the realization that final success is due to the designer —an individual whose identity is hidden in the name of a company; thus a goblet which was designed and executed in the Fifteenth Century by Cellini and his assistants is attributed entirely to him, but a similar work, made today, would be known as the product of the National Bronze Company, or by some general firm name.

"The power of the machine must be understood and used to the best advantage by the designer who has been properly taught that art and industry are twin brothers. Only adequate teaching can bring about results. Do teachers really know what is done with a paper design? Do they know the craftsmanship necessary to translate the paper design into a real product? There must be a business of art, and this does not mean commercializing art. Perhaps in time art schools will be really super-trade schools, they will recognize the demands of industry and give them the best designs and those most practical for their specific purposes."

Alvin E. Dodd, Secretary of the National Chamber of Commerce, at Washington, D.C., who had been a teacher of manual training and at one time President of the Eastern Arts Association, speaking of "The Arts—Lessons and Impressions from Big Business," mentioned that during the past year two hundred and ten million dollars' worth of goods had been sold by eighteen affiliated dry goods stores. "When I taught manual training we used to talk of getting art into overalls," said Mr. Dodd. "Since I have been in touch with big business I find that there is a great deal more art than we ever thought of connecting with merchandise.

"Art is one of the chief vehicles of competition in business—the auto with the best lines, the advertisement with the best lay-out, windows with the best display, draw the most business. A study of the blouse department in the various stores showed the need for better display, and when I asked the head of one firm if he thought that the study was worth while, and how much it was worth, he answered promptly, 'It was worth $40,000 to us because, following your suggestions, the sales in our blouse department increased that amount last year.' The use of art to increase sales is a direct appeal to the appreciation of art by the business man. We all desire what we think is beautiful, the establishment of standards is therefore of great importance.

"Great business makes its factories more attractive and more sanitary, inside and out, as an appeal to the art instincts of the people, although the manager may not recognize it as such; nor do the workers to whom the artistic surroundings are a greater attraction than higher wages. Fundamentally, the art teachers are doing more for the development of this art sense than they realize; they are too close to their work. Keep in touch with big business that you may know how to train your students to meet the increasing demand for art in industry."

A demonstration of the methods employed to help the buyer and salesman of the large shops to use the art museums to gain a practical knowledge of art was given by Grace Cornell, Assistant Professor at Teachers' College, Columbia University. Drapery silks, housegowns, underskirts and even a gingham apron were displayed to demonstrate that an appreciation of Rembrandt's use of light and dark could make these every-day objects attractive and more saleable, and that the same fundamental principles of design, rhythm, spacing, texture, light and shade and color combinations underlie all art appreciation.

Miss Cornell conducts the classes for salespeople at the Metropolitan Museum of Art that have been developed by its Secretary, Henry W. Kent, as the result of a request from an employe of one of the large dry goods shops for help to study the Museum's collections. Beginning four years ago with an attendance of only three, there were ninety-six at the last session. "The modern shop," said Miss Cornell, "is a vast and complicated place and a museum is also a vast and complicated place, with its objects coming not only from every part of the world but also representing the activities of many periods, from pre-historic times down to the present. Without some help busy people could not use it to advantage and art would not be so easily absorbed."

Appreciation of Art

"THE Reasonable Point of View in Matters of Art" was discussed by Huger Elliott, Principal of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Arts; "Art Appreciation in the South," by Alon Bement, Director of the Maryland Institute of Baltimore; and "The Human Factor in Education," by James P. Munroe, of the Federal Board for Vocational Education. "The importance of the arts in commercial development," said Mr. Munroe, "was realized first in this country at the time of the Centennial Exposition in 1876. Extensive—and expensive —knowledge on this subject has been gained recently through the war, but we have still much to learn and far to go before the business man realizes the full importance of æsthetics.

"Attempts have been made during the past hundred years to bring all men to an equal level. Universities have drilled and trained to dull mediocrity as the goal for a democracy. The individual has been sternly repressed and suppressed. He who ventures to think or act differently from the Main Street or the Fifth Avenue crowd finds himself always in a struggle.

"One of the distinguishing marks of an artist is that he does not conform to the average. The arts form the best means of developing individuality — all can cultivate a love for and understanding of balance and

(*Continued on page* 68)

Draughtsmanship and Racial Types

Mexican Character Studies by Winold Reiss

By M. D. C. CRAWFORD

Photographs by Nickolas Murray

IN his Mexican portraits Winold Reiss goes beyond superb draughtsmanship, deeper than facile technique. He has caught the fine shades of character in each of his interesting subjects. For almost a generation he has studied the aboriginal arts of America and perfected his draughtsmanship with the single purpose of one day becoming the artistic interpreter of North American types. This preparation made productive his recent brief stay in Mexico, even though this visit was further shortened by a severe attack of the country fever.

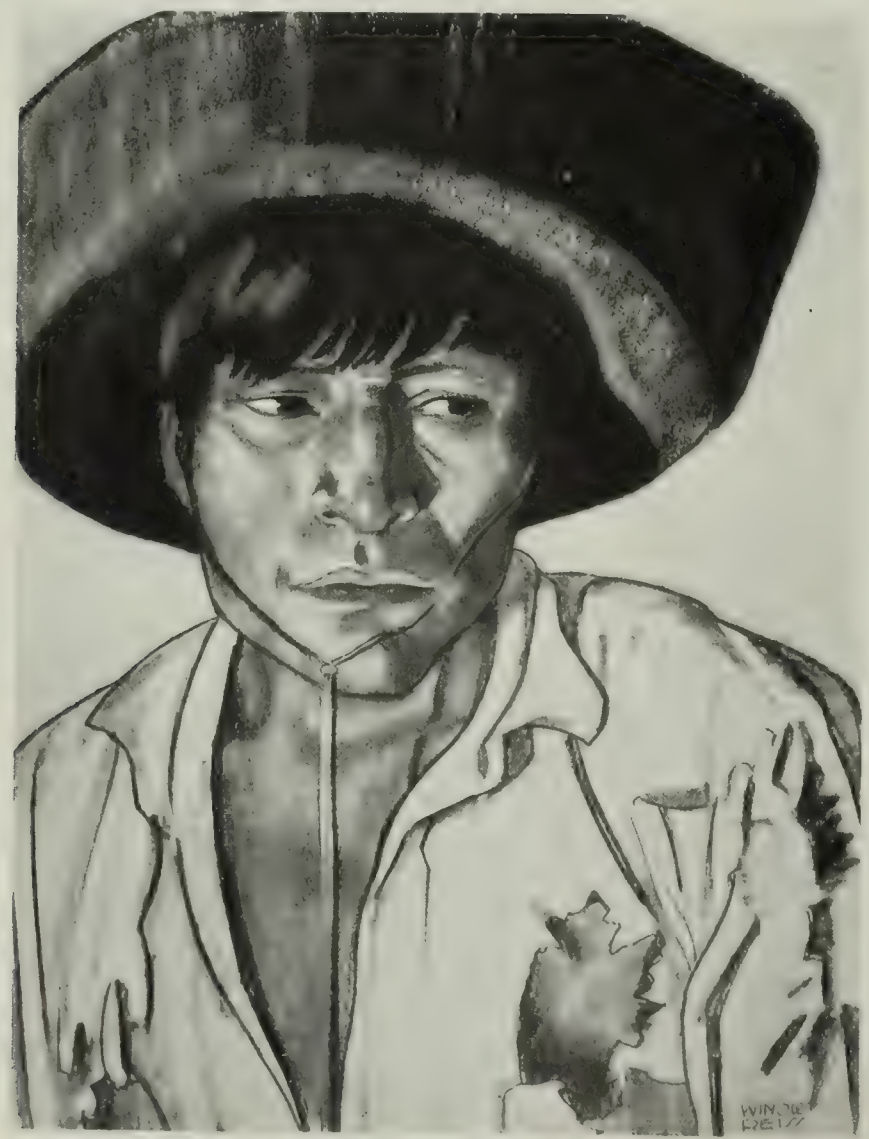
Reiss first came to America a decade ago with the intention of using American Indians as models. At that time he assumed the Indians lived on farms between our great cities in much the same way that the peasants lived in Europe. It is needless to say that he was disillusioned, but not discouraged, and awaited with patience for opportunity to fulfill his ambitions.

Catlin, the classic painter of early Indian scenes, knew the customs and the habits of our Indians more thoroughly than Reiss. But his observation was confined to an ethnically speaking small group consisting of the plains' tribes and the Indians of the Mississippi valleys. His draughtsmanship and technique are only relieved from mediocrity by the vigor of his undertaking. The record he left is historic rather than artistic.

A little Mexican town with a fine old Spanish church in the background

Gauguin, the great Frenchman, sought relief from the complexities of modern life in the South Sea Islands, and conveyed in his canvas rather an interpretation of what he felt life should be than an actual record of fact. His work, magnificent, colorful, decorative, imaginative, lacks the faithful accuracy of Reiss's portraits. It is as though we compared a historic drama to history itself. Reiss is always the draughtsman, seeing clearly, weighing accurately, sympathetic in his treatment, but always faithful to his subject. His record will grow more interesting as the years bring us a fuller knowledge of the peoples he has studied.

His recent visit included Mexico City, the pyramids of the Moon and the Sun, the headquarters of Zapata, old Spanish church, convents and museums; Xoximillio, the flower garden of Mexico, unchanged in custom and people since the days of Montezuma, and stretched as far south as the ancient Maya City of Mitla. He passed through districts devastated by the revolutions and lived among men crazed with fear. And the only credentials that he carried was a genial frankness, and the only weapons—bright colored Mexican candies and cigarettes.



A Mayan mountaineer from Mitla, the ancient city that flourished in Mexico centuries before the conquest

An Aztec girl from Tepozotlan. The high cheek bones and slanted eyes suggest a northern origin

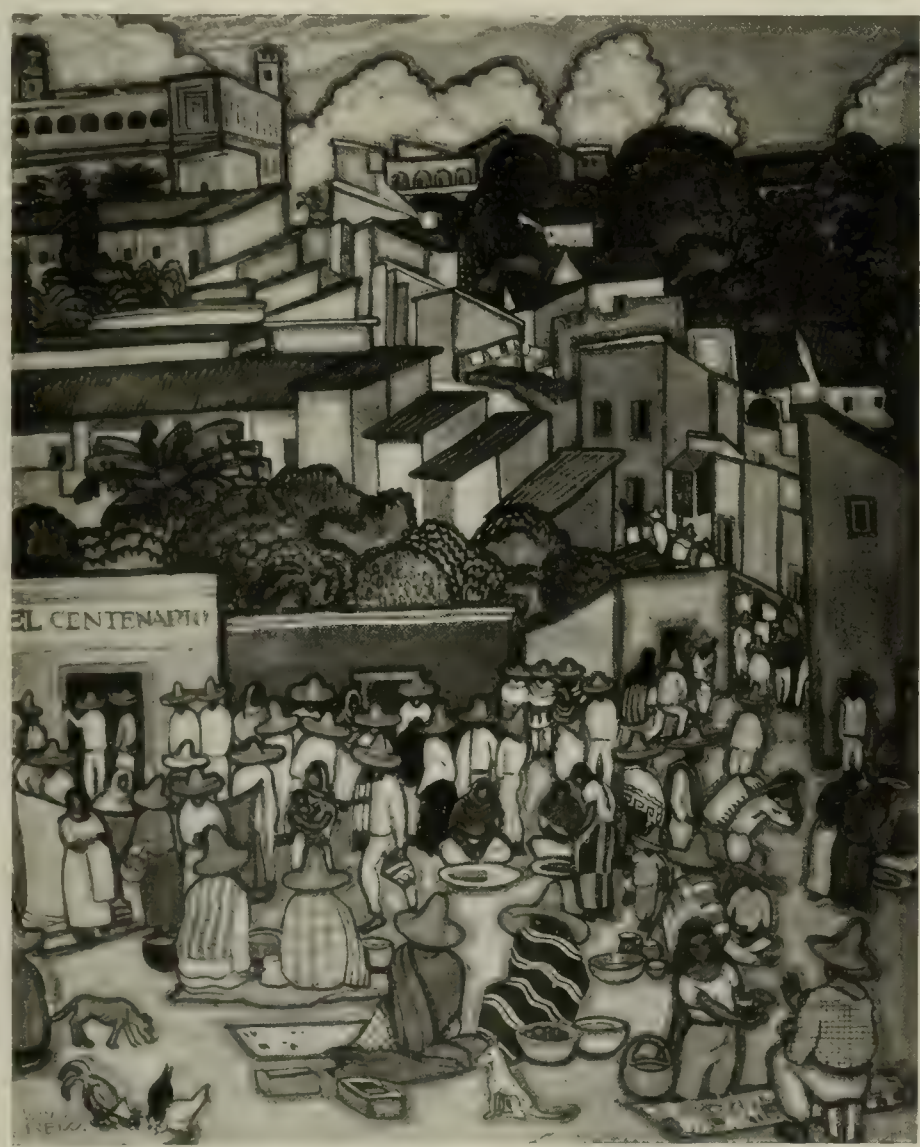
A Black Foot Indian Girl

portunity came. When most of us were content to sit in a cozy room amid the comforts of civilization, Reiss was on snow shoes in a Montana blizzard, painting by candlelight and bleak daylight the Black Foot braves and maidens who, hearing the fame of a master painter, willingly posed for his facile brush. These sketches created a sensation in New York at a time when most artistic things were at low ebb of public interest. Two of these portraits, one of a man and one of a woman are published here to show the fidelity of his draughtsmanship and the contrast of types he studied.

On his way back from Browning, Montana, he stopped for a brief, brilliant day at Taos, a Pueblo in the Southwest made famous by an interesting group of modern painters. This fleeting vista of the higher culture of the southern Indian affected Reiss like a powerful narcotic. He determined as never before to carry out his early ambition, but to concentrate it on the culture of our Southwest and Mexico.

An Aztec from Tepozotlan

I first met Reiss in connection with some research work in the American Museum of Natural History. He applied to me for the use of certain Indian costumes. For he had discovered his first Indian in an elevated train on Manhattan Island. Yellow Elk—such was the worthy's name—a Black Foot brave recently discharged for good and sufficient reasons from a circus, was not a prepossessing spectacle. He had slept many nights in his clothes; had eaten in a rather haphazard manner. The Burden of the white man's civilization was heavy upon him. But he was tall and slender, with a fine aquiline nose, piercing black eyes, and a color of a rusty pot. To Reiss he came as a fulfillment of a prophecy. We dressed him in the war bonnet, the beaded shirt of Flaming Cloud, the not unworthy lieutenant of the great Sitting Bull, once the terror of the plains. The change was instantaneous. Gone was the slouching gait, the hangdog look, the dumb suffering; Yellow Elk, the discharged circus rider, familiar of the grog shop and the gutter, vanished. In his place there strode a man and a warrior, resplendent in color, filling the dim halls of the museum with dignity and poise. Hour after hour, day after day Reiss drew from this model. The industry of the artist and the patience and satisfaction of the model were alike incredible. But good food, unlimited cigarettes and steady pay aroused in Yellow Elk contending emotions. And just as the work came to that critical place where a sketch becomes a picture, the old wanderlust seized upon the son of the plains, and the servant of John Barleycorn. And Yellow Elk deserted the artistic life of New York for atmosphere more congenial.



A Mexican market town with the old palace of Cortez in the upper left-hand corner

In the winter of 1919 Reiss's first real op-

Reiss was trained in Munich, under Franz von Tuck, and by his father, Fritz Reiss, the well-known landscape painter. All his youth was spent among the South German peasants in the Black Forests and in northern Italy. Again and again his mind had turned to the little clustered villages in the forest with the gray evening smoke curling about the overhanging eaves, and the gaily dressed peasants gathered about the village square. He knew that his career, his friends, his ambitions were here, and yet the home feeling was strong. But when he returned from Taos he said: "This is the lesser feeling; the sentiment of home; the lure of youth. This other is the work of a man, the ambition of his life, the broadening of visions; the fulfillment of prophecy."

Mexico is almost 90% pure Indian, and yet is composed of many types so distinct as to practically form different races. In the north there is the vigorous Aztec type, closely related to the warlike Sioux and the Navajo. Reiss's portrait of an Aztec man from Tepozotlan shows the fine virile character of this people in their highest expression. His model might have posed for Montezuma, and the difference between the elongated face, the delicately penciled eyebrows, the high forehead, and the squat stocky type of the Mite Indian marked the two extremes of physical characteristics of Mexico. The portrait of the Black Foot woman from Browning, Montana, and the Aztec girl from Tepozotlan indicate the blood relation between these now widely separated people. His cartoons of Cortez dramatic and filled with force. His mental picture of the Indians of Mexico will perhaps not stand the cold analysis of historic fact. But yet in his enthusiasm for a great art now rapidly disappearing, in his interest in types that must one day so completely merge as to leave little trace—not alone the public, but the scholar may find much that is interesting and much that is suggestive. And it surely is a commentary on American lack of appreciation of things American that we should have waited for a foreign artist to show us our own artistic wealth.

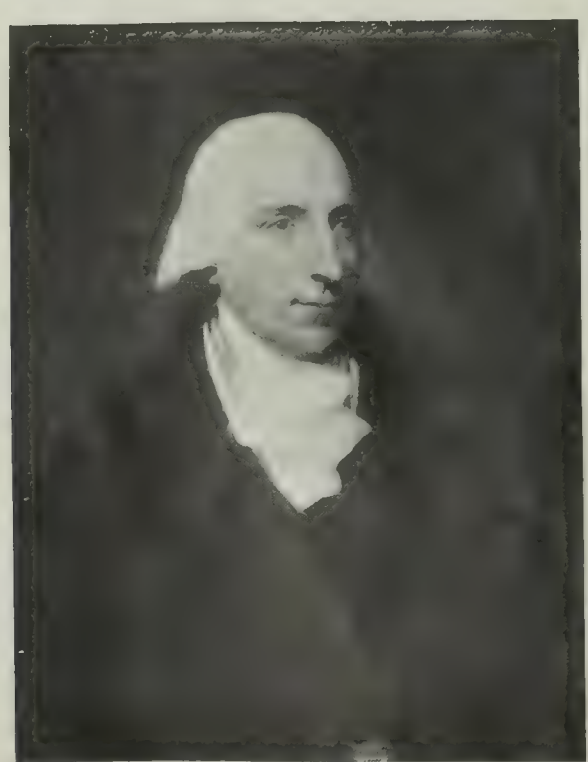
An Important Group of 18th Century Portraiture

The Stodart Children, by John Hoppner

A selection from the Ackermann Galleries

On the right, the Persian Ambassador, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, painted for Sir Gore Ouseley, British Ambassador to Persia

On the left, Lady Naesmyth of Posso, by Sir Henry Raeburn



Mr. Osgood Gee, by Benjamin West

Thomas Conolly, by John Singleton Copley

The Alhambra Palace, superbly situated at the foot of the snow-covered Sierra Nevadas, overlooking Granada

Max Kuehne

An American Painter Visits Spain

By A. E. GALLATIN

MIGRATING from Greece in the Sixteenth Century, Domenikos Theotokopuli betook himself to Toledo, where he proceeded to paint pictures which are, if anything, even more Spanish in feeling than those of Velasquez. This great accomplishment of the astigmatic master, who fortunately enough is more generally known simply as El Greco,—and who is now enthroned on high owing to the kinship of his art with that of Cézanne, he thus becoming the grandfather of modern art,—tempers at least to a certain extent our astonishment at seeing to what an amazing degree Max Kuehne, an American, has interpreted the spirit of Spain.

When a group of Mr. Kuehne's pictures painted in Spain during last summer and last autumn are put on view during this May at the Kraushaar Galleries, it will be quite apparent how successfully the artist has suggested the grimness and the grandeur of the Spanish landscape. Those who have visited Spain will also be quick to realize how well Mr. Kuehne has succeeded in enveloping his landscapes in the curious effects of sunlight which are so peculiar to that country.

These realistic impressions of Spain make it evident that their author is possessed of a sound technique; his pictures are well composed and abound in passages of sensitive and alluring color. The street scenes, with their rows of old plaster houses, tinted yellow and blue and various other colors, and often seen baking in an unmerciful summer sun, are vivid souvenirs of the ancient towns of Spain; the landscapes, with their rugged mountains and their general austerity, are also extremely well painted.

Mr. Kuehne is no stranger to Spain, having lived their from 1914 to 1917, and his impressions are consequently in no sense superficial; this protracted sojourn enabled him to absorb the atmosphere of Spain. His paintings of this period are also full of charm. The summer of 1919, it is interesting to note, Mr. Kuehne passed at Rockport, Maine, making several visits to Bar Harbor, in both of which places he painted a number of excellent marines, several of which rank with his most accomplished works.

Curiously enough, but very few artists re-

(*Continued on page* 52)

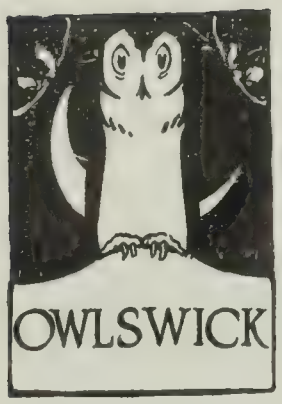
Situated on a barren plateau in the northern part of Spain, the town of Sepulveda takes one right back to the Middle Ages

In the Gypsy quarter of Granada, after the heat of mid-day, the inhabitants come out of their vari-colored houses and hovels to gossip

Four sketches which show ideas for displaying village signs. The possibilities of the village sign, in this age of universal motor travel, have hardly been touched in this country

The Designing of Artistic Local Signs

By EAMES MAC VEAGH



Pictorial symbolism in a village sign

An inspiring new phase and application of art has suddenly arisen, promising immense possibilities in the support and development of Schools of Art and Design as an art selling idea, and in the picturesque adornment and historical enrichment of our rural communities, countrysides, and even of our national scenery. It consists in the new creation of artistic local and village signs and guideposts. If not entirely new, this use of art is so old and obsolete as to be a renaissance, and a revival, and a complete innovation in the United States in all but the early Colonial commonwealths.

The modern development of local sign designing originated in the devices which it is said the King of England caused to be set upon and around his Norfolk estates—landmarks not only in the countryside, but also in the growth of this significant movement. Later, H.R.H., the Duke of York, speaking at the Royal Academy, pleaded for the revival of village signs. Sir Aston Webb, president of the Royal Academy, Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., and other distinguished artists, welcomed this opportunity for the expression of local and artistic ideals; and the *London Daily Mail* gave the movement substance by offering thousands of pounds for the best designs. It is estimated that as much as $15,000 in prizes has been given throughout the United Kingdom. In England it is felt that a new world for art has thus been conquered.

For most of the illustrations to this article acknowledgment is made to the Practical Correspondence College, Ltd., 231 Strand, London, W.C. 2, England, where Mr. Charles E. Dawson, the gifted teacher, conducts a special course. It will be seen that many of the designs have a heraldic quality adapted to our modern requirements of brevity and appeal. In an essay on Heraldry and Flag Designing, Mr. Wallace Rice of Chicago defines heraldry as "the art of conspicuous design in a limited space."

In the teaching of sign designing, the important subjects dealt with are: How to get local data; how to trace old nomenclature derivations; how to evolve the subject-working formulæ; how to select the site; how to raise the money; how to plan, design, and where to use heraldic devices; how to design lettering—most important; how to put a "punch" in the picture; how to prime the board; how to paint, gild and varnish; how to estimate the cost; how to design supports in wood, reinforced concrete and metal; how to get designs accepted; how to win competitions; how to make designs for local enterprises—*and sell them.*

When we realize what the advent of motor cars has done for the betterment of our roads, it is reasonable to believe that it will create a demand for the beautifying of these highways. With the great and rapid strides which we are making in this country in all matters of taste and sentiment, decorative local and village signs for country roads, paths and trails will sooner or later be sold to hundreds of country clubs and preserves, private estates, hotels and inns, to the State governments, and to the Departments of the Interior and of Agriculture in their control of the national parks and forests.

A more than typical rural community of unusual scenery is the region about Dublin, N.H., consisting of many large private estates. With neighborly co-operation these have been linked together by some sixty miles of bridle paths. Here there is a colony of painters, several of whom have long been of national standing, and an eager and progressive art school. By offering prizes to this school for signs pointing out the views, historical and legendary features, and the way through a maze of eight miles of bridle paths on one of these estates, I hope to make a small beginning in this country.

The five drawings for village signs, excellent in their poster-like simplicity and directness, offer a suggestion of the quaint pictorial symbolism and picturization of names in this new artistic opportunity

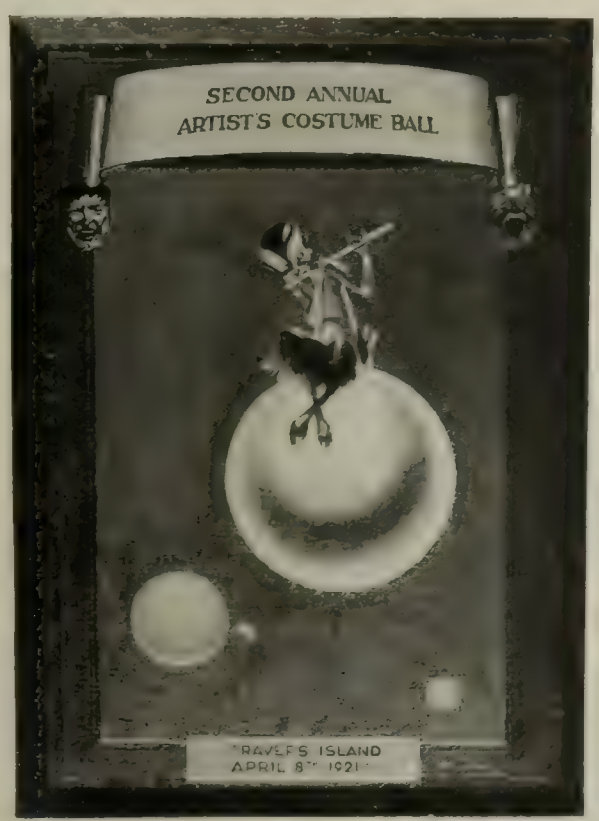
Artists at Play with Costume Dance Posters

Each year the group of artists who live in and about New Rochelle, New York, hold a gay costume ball, and part of the fun of it is the making of equally gay posters. Each is an "original," never reproduced, and the paintings are afterward auctioned off to help defray something or other. This year the proceeds will go to New Rochelle's war memorial, the sculptural part of which is being done by Edmond T. Quinn. Even artists need not be serious all the time—so why not play at making posters whenever there is an excuse?

In C. H. Wright's poster, the night is illumined by human sky-rockets of gay spirits—an arresting poster idea. But the lettering is a little timid, Mr. Wright

Gaiety and the dance, and "balloons and things" gave Leon A. Shafer all the motives he needed for his poster, which is alive with light and airy action

Orson Lowell links art and drama by a personification of gaiety recalling to the poster collector the lightness and spontaneity of the great Chéret. Stars and confetti streamers add further decorative symbolism and action



H. E. Dey's poster, to the right, seems to predict that anything like Blue Law enthusiasts would have a hard time of it at the ball. It could have better lettering

Whether or not Frederick Stanley's idea, to the left, was of one solitary gay spirit left piping alone in a blue universe, his poster is a jolly and whimsical conceit

A Glimpse of Philadelphia Architecture

From the Annual T Square Club Exhibition

Drawing for a country house at Easton, Pa., for Mr. R. S. Knapp, a characteristic localized version of the English type. Thomas, Martin & Kirkpatrick, architects

A view of the A. Thornton Baker, Jr., house near Reading, Pa., excellently illustrative of the colloquial charm which a certain group of Philadelphia architects imparts to new and remodeled country houses. R. Brognard Okie, architect

A corner of the garden for Mr. Charles Biddle at Torresdale, Pa. The architects, Mellor, Meigs & Howe, have developed a most interesting, picturesque style, owing allegiance to no "period," as evidenced in the house of Mr. Howe, published last month in this magazine

Addition to the house of Mr. E. Stanley Bright, near Reading, Pa., by R. Brognard Okie, architect

Two interiors in a "cabin addition" for Commander A. B. Cook, at Cynwyd, Pa., full of charming suggestion of the possibilities of simple, straightforward detail, highly suitable for the unelaborate country dwelling. R. Brognard Okie, architect

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The Art Director Is Accredited

The Vision That Makes "Dream Street" Come True

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

AT the Central Theatre in New York, after the applause and cries for "Griffith!" had concluded the première of "Dream Street," the producer stepped upon the stage and said: "Bless you—every one of you, for the manner in which you have greeted this effort, but really the director is a very little part of a picture. There are all those many others who have combined their enthusiasm and energy in making it. There are my technicians. There is my camera-man, Mr. Sartov. There is Mr. Graves. (Applause.) There is Miss Dempster. (Another wave of applause.) My dear boy, Charlie Mack. (A voluminous wave of applause.) And——" But Mr. Griffith broke down. Tears clouded his voice. He had more people to talk of, but two things to say: that he was grateful. And that, again, "a director is a very little part of a picture."

Had he been less sensitive to the acknowledgment of the occasion, had he been of sterner stuff—the stuff which is attributed to other motion picture directors, and rightly so, had there been a soupçon of vainglory in his calibre, or any of the trait of vaunting that would have accredited the achievement of a personal triumph to himself, he would not have had to leave the stage as abruptly as he did, because the noble weakness of a man's hysteria had overcome him. Tears for gratitude! And tears for the recognition of a company that surrounded him with "faith, hope and love—but the greatest of these is love." He would have spoken endlessly of the capabilities of the rest of his staff, and not far down the list mention would have come of William Macalear Kirk, his art director.

It may have been designated at the head of the list when he was saying "there are my technicians." He may have been thinking of the young man, then, who in his obediently studious way of working is akin to technicality. For to those who presume that when a street is flashed upon the screen, it had been necessary to do no more than place cameras and players in a street for which they had casually looked, a radical illusion must be readjusted. Let it be said right here that not only were the streets of Soho that were displayed in the latest Griffith presentation constructed in the studio at Mamaroneck, but before bricks and plaster and wood and hammer and nails and saws were employed in the creating of a set, safety-pins and putty and cardboard and a tiny facile paintbrush, and even some hairpins, were rallied to the occupation of modeling a dummy from which the set was designed. And before the little dummy, about two feet long, built on the three-quarter inch scale, was evolved and put together, a sketch had been made, on illustrators' board, or sometimes just on plain paper, from which Mr. Griffith would perceive the idea of the original plan.

Mr. Kirk said they worked this way: Mr. Griffith would read him the story, give him the manuscript, or suggest the synopsis of a scene, tell him what furniture was demanded, about what type of settings (as, for instance, the action made it compulsory for Gypsy's house to be around the corner of Sang Wang's; her window opposite his), and Mr. Kirk would draft what he understood the requirements to be. He would then take his sketch to Mr. Griffith for approval, and on looking it over, Mr. Griffith would see if he believed the houses to be far enough apart, or intricately enough situated, or if the thoroughfare had sufficient breadth, or if the dock was representative of Limehouse. "All right," would be his comment, if circumstances provoked it to be that, and it wasn't often that it was otherwise, "go ahead with the model."

A corner of London's Limehouse, constructed to film "Dream Street," with the literary background of Thomas Burke and the cinematography of D. W. Griffith

When the model was built, Mr. Griffith would again cast his discerning eye on the craftsmanship of Mr. Kirk and if there were no changes to be made, if the scenario had remained intact since the last rehearsal, as in easing the action of his photoplays Mr. Griffith adapts and re-adapts direction as he progresses in the process—Mr. Kirk is advised to busy himself in immediate consultation with Mr. Sartov, the camera-man, and Mr. Wortman, the technical director. The three of them, or usually the quartette, since Mr. Griffith endeavors to make this his place and interest also, scrutinize the model, issue mental and verbal notes as to where they will place the lights and out of what material they will build it.

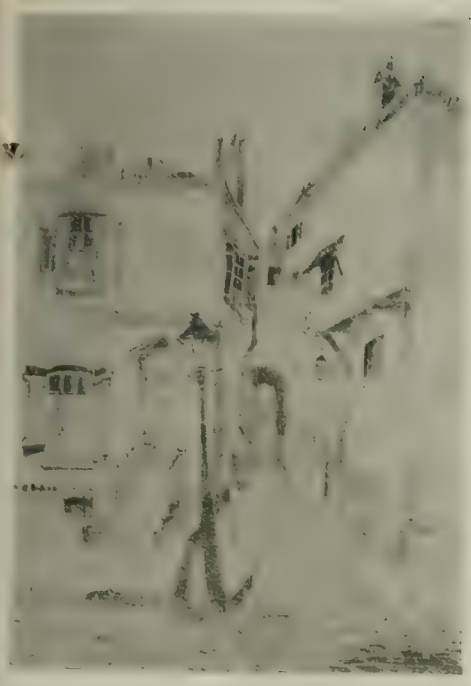
Lights play an enormous part in motion pictures, since lights constitute the composition of cinematography and cinematography is the scientific name applied to *pictures* in motion. So that when an art director takes possession of his position at the head of the architectural department of a studio, the first duty that is accorded him, a most essential adequacy in which he must qualify, is that he become punctiliously acquainted with the play of lights on texture, position, movement.

"Color," Mr. Kirk will tell you, "is vastly important to pictures, although you only see black and white. But there are nuances that are brought about in different ways and which it is a necessity to have." Therefore, if Miss Dempster is to be revealed in a vivid close-up of a dramatic scene, it is the art director's business to find out what color gown she has been assigned to wear (unless he has suggested it), so that he can make his background accordingly in contrast. This did happen. Mr. Kirk was told Miss Dempster's costume was of dark blue velvet. The scene was to be a ball room. Since there would be diverse distraction in the surrounding players, he made the walls light—comparatively lighter than he would have had Miss Dempster had the opportunity to stand out alone. And he had to know of exactly what shade her blue was, and of exactly what kind of velvet, since kleig lights, sun-light arcs and Cooper-Hewitts play variantly on the slightest difference of color-tone and texture.

Mr. Kirk told, for example, that a throne-chair covered in blue velvet that was used, photographed as though it were made of two materials, because the light, having hit it only on one side, brought out the sheen in direct opposition to the side that was left in shadow. "One has to be careful about blues," he says. "Take the shade of Copenhagen. In chiffon, it's pale gray; in wool and jersey, it's dark gray; in satin, if the light catches the gloss, it's white; if it doesn't, it's a beautiful soft gray; and in feathers and straw, it's white; in velvet, you heard what emanated."

Orange must be treated carefully, and purple, too, since dark violet can be photographed white or black, according to the illumination

Given the well-studied "set," carefully planned and constructed—the lighting and the actors complete the picture



An interesting sequence which shows the vision as well as the careful study which create the motion picture art of to-day. To reproduce this picturesque bit of Limehouse for "Dream Street" there is first the art director's sketch, then the scale model, then, for comparison, the finished "set," ready for the actors

that is thrown upon it, and of what substance its cloth or silk is.

It was noticed in the reviews that appeared in the dailies commenting upon "Dream Street,"—although controversial in the opin-

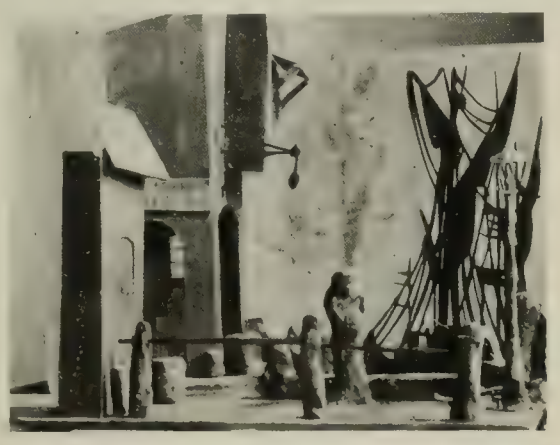
The art director's sketch for a bit of Limehouse, with old shipping by the wharf

ions of the characterizations of the players and the precision of the continuity-writer, the few capable and discerning critics who did see fit to devote space and attention to the interiography, unanimously agreed that the settings were in good taste. Indeed, they were;

One of the art director's sketches for a picturesque "Dream Street" setting—a glimpse through an archway in old Limehouse

faultlessly restrained. Mr. Kirk has the knack of knowing that obviously decorated sets are stunning, but those inobviously decorated are more insidious.

In the scene of the Chinaman's den, any youthful neophyte who had had at his disposal access to the most lavish and exclusive Oriental shops in the bazaar of the city, who knew that he could have advised elaborate expenditure and that what was called for was exotic effect, could hardly have been expected, no less depended upon, not to go the limit—financially, imaginatively, officially. What was the result? What had been awaited as a natural, zestful outcome? The scene that was thrown upon the screen revealed an Occidental's refuge that showed more discrimination than many



The art director's scale model of the "picture" seen in the sketch at the left. Lighting effects are studied on the model before the "set" itself is made

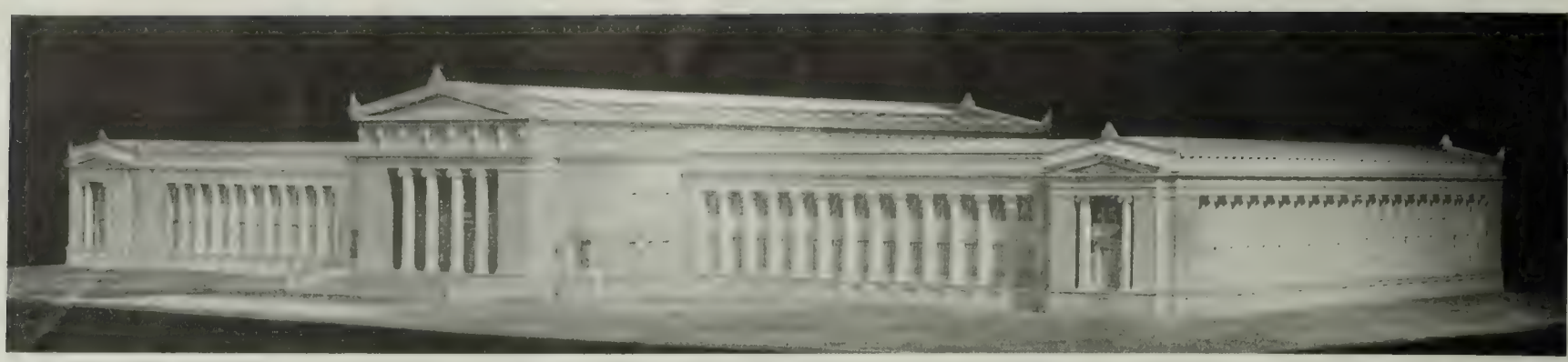
of the best prize corners of some of our fashionable and professionally upholstered residences. Elimination had been used here. There wasn't much space, and what little was filled, had been supervised with cultured artistry. No zig-zags, no dazzle, no distraction, no distortion. The action in this room was intently carried on before a quiet background. Consider the other films. In how many productions were you not repeatedly reminded that you were seeing a stupendous spectacular phenomena by its conglomeration of polygenous detail? In how many scenes were your eyes relieved by reticence in decoration? Not many, unless it was a barn or a boat-house; surely never a bathroom conceived by Cecil de Mille.

So Mr. Kirk, who graduated from the Pittsburgh Carnegie Institute of Technology, who was apprenticed to the Hayden Company of New York, who went to the war, and after the armistice studied at Montpelier on the Mediterranean, found when he took up his job as Director to the Griffith Studio that three things which he had never done before he would have to start practicing at once: he must design costumes and architectonics to meet, in harmonious concordance, the requirements of the action; he must become familiar with the effects of lights on textiles for the camera; he must make models of the sets he designed, anyhow, out of anything, so long as he did it, as it would save expenditure of time, workmanship, and money, in the end. This, it is simple to understand. Were a set to be built extemporaneously without consideration of where lights could be placed or how action was to be directed in it, nine chances out of ten there would be no suitable place for lights, and the action would be incongruous with the environment. One other thing, too, he learned, and that is to work quickly. Not that he isn't given sufficient time or notice in which to prepare his research study and his drafts, but that there

The finished "set" worked out through the two stages seen at the left

are emergency calls in the best of regulated cinematic companies.

If Mr. Griffith attributes credit to his art director, Mr. Kirk is insistent on attributing credit to Mr. Griffith. "The first time I met him, he made me feel at my ease at once. He gave the impression that he wouldn't be difficult to please, and that he placed his faith in me to do my best. In working for Mr. Griffith there is no handicap of any kind. Certainly not in encouragement and independence; assuredly not in finance. He must have the best of everything, and often as it is the simplest, it is the most expensive." If a director does nothing else than inspire his co-ordinates, he is more than "a very little part of a picture."



Plaster model of the new Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago

The Field Museum of Natural History

The Opening of Chicago's Newest Edifice

By NORMA K. STAHLE

THE noteworthy event in art matters in Chicago for May will be the opening of the new Field Museum of Natural History. On the second day of the month one of the greatest architectural glories of the country will throw open its doors to scientists, great men of letters, institutional heads, donors and benefactors of research work from all over the country, and the next day and thereafter to you and to me.

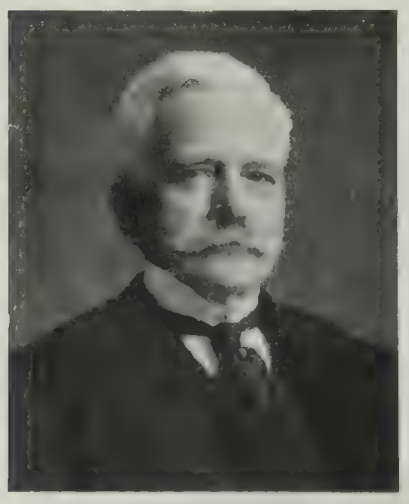
This majestic building was designed and executed by the Architects, Graham, Anderson, Probst & White, and in a long line of splendid buildings designed by the same architects this edifice seems to stand as their architectural apex, the acme of beauty, dignity and fitness. Technically it could be extolled to the skies; nothing presenting so satisfying a whole can be without its myriad of perfect details, but since it is without the province of a lay observer to discuss the science of architecture, we praise, as the ancients knowing nothing of astronomy worshipped the sun, moon and stars. The traveler, the citizen, and the merely appreciative of the beautiful will see the building bounding the south end of Grand Park, the Lake to the East, with a stretch of several acres of open land which is now in disorder but will shortly be terraced to the north and west, an unrivaled site, as a dignified and appropriate setting. The building is three hundred and fifty feet wide by seven hundred and fifty feet long by eighty feet in height, and with the exterior outer line will occupy about eleven acres of ground. Of Georgia white marble it is treated with a monumental order of the Greek Ionic architecture, the principal fronts being divided into a large pedimental central pavilion and two long wings terminated by smaller pavilions at each end. From the Erectheum on the Acropolis of Athens came the inspiration; this fine old example of the Ionic order served as the model in every detail and was accepted quite frankly as the prototype to govern the design.

Stanley Field

The late Frederick J. V. Skiff

Some of the tradition and history of the Field Museum might be recounted. Those of you who attended the World's Columbian Exposition in 1892 and visited the Fine Arts Building, visited what at the close of the Exposition became the home of the Field Museum. The Museum was made possible by a gift of one million dollars by Marshall Field, whose name the institution bears, and who on his death January 6, 1906, bequeathed the institution a further eight million dollars. One million five hundred thousand has been contributed since by other individuals, aside from an annual income from other sources than endowment of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. So much material was available at the close of the Exposition that through purchases and gifts the nucleus of the exhibition material was gathered. Most of this material, however, has since been rearranged, readapted or discarded. Several departments created at the organization have been abandoned, until after a lapse of twenty-seven years, the Museum is now divided into five departments, Anthropology, Zoology, Botany, Geology, and the N.W. Harris Public School Extension Department. The first home of the Field Museum, designed by Wallace W. Atwood, still considered a masterpiece of architecture, was built more substantially than most of the buldings of the Exposition in accordance with a demand from foreign governments sending over their art treasures, together with the ultimatum of the insurance companies. But time and the elements had their effect on a building which at best was only erected temporarily and after a desperate effort to save the structure, after years of struggle to keep in repair eight acres of glass and crumbling composition, it was considered unsafe to continue

(*Continued on page* 44)



The late Marshall Field

Martin A. Ryerson

D. C. Davies

Marshall Field, III

The Cry of the New-born

IN the great City of New York with its wonderful hospitals, and where millions are spent each year to fight death and safeguard life, there is only one institution organized to save the new-born infants, irrespective of race, color or creed, whose parents are unable to care for them. This is THE INFANTORIUM.

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THE cry of the new-born babe is a cry of the helpless for the right to live, the first demand of human life upon the social organization that is responsible for it.

It is a faint ribbon of quavering sound. If it is your own child, your ears are strained to catch the first note. Every safeguard that science, that loving care can give is summoned to protect the young life.

But what of those who can command neither science nor care? Perhaps even love is denied them by death. Have they any less right to live than your own baby?

Is there any justice in giving one child everything and denying another even the privilege of struggling for existence?

You cannot hear the cry of the new-born whom we are trying to save, unless there is sympathy and understanding in your own heart.

The cry is weak, for life hangs by a gossamer thread.

Are you going to let that thread break, let the babe open its eyes only long enough to discover this is a world of self-centered selfishness, and then sink into nothingness?

Yes, you can deaden your ears now, drive the cry from your thoughts, but maybe, in the dead of night, when you are battling for the life of your own child, you may hear that cry of the helpless babe denied even a chance to live.

No one knows what is in your mind and heart but yourself; no one but yourself knows how much you shall give. The measure isn't money, but human life, the life of a helpless babe, pleading to you.

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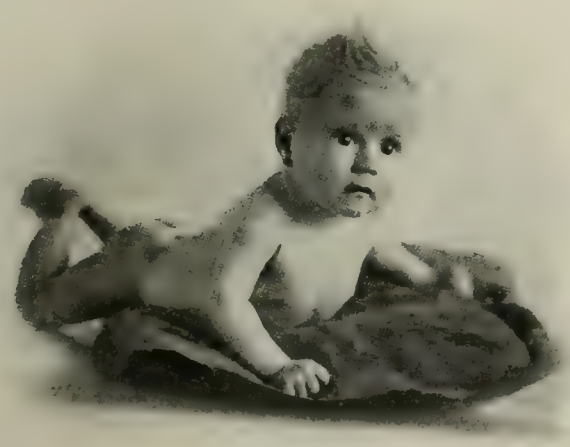

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Topics of the World in Art

The Architectural League in New York and Various Activities in Philadelphia

Philomela, by John Gregory

Architectural League Awards

THE thirty-sixth annual exhibition of the Architectural League has been the most important in recent years. During the war the League's exhibitions dropped off considerably, but this year it seems to have entirely recovered from the effects of the war and the exhibition was one of the largest and most interesting ever held.

Two of the prize-winning works are shown on this page. The prize for sculpture went to John Gregory for his "Philomela," which was designed as a garden ornament for Mrs. Payne Whitney. The prize for architecture was awarded to the firm of Day and Klauder. The Princeton dining-hall is probably the best thing they have done, and in every way it is an admirable piece of work. In fact, it ranks with the very best work done in the architectural field in this country. The prize for decorative painting fell to Eugene F. Savage, who exhibited four very interesting paintings —"Arbor Day," "Bacchanal," "Pastoral" and "Stabat Mater." In addition to these there was the prize for landscape architecture to James Greenleaf and the Avery prize to Leo Lentilli.

The Eastern Terra Cotta Association awarded three prizes in the field of materials and appliances: first prize, Sterner and Grillo; second prize, Rickard and Moscowitz; third prize, Francis J. Creamer.

The Cover Design

THE cover design of this issue of ARTS & DECORATION is "A Canal in Venice," by Martin Rico, now in the Art Institute of Chicago. Martin Rico was born in Madrid, Spain, about 1850, and died in 1908. He was a pupil of Federico de Madrazo in Madrid, where he was awarded a scholarship. This enabled him to go to Paris, where he studied, and later he took up his studies in Rome. He was considerably influenced by the style of Fortuny. Rico's paintings are pleasing examples of brilliant coloring, and they are further enhanced in their appeal to the critical eye by their correct architectural backgrounds. He was awarded a medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889 and the Legion of Honor in 1898. Two of his representative works are owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York: "The Grand Canal, Venice," and "An Italian Garden."

"A Canal in Venice," the subject of this reproduction, shows his fine drawing of architectural lines and the pleasing quality of his color. The brilliant blue of an Italian sky lends a fitting background to an animated scene on one of the canals of the famous Venetian city. The painting was presented to the Art Institute, as a part of the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel N. Nickerson, in 1900.

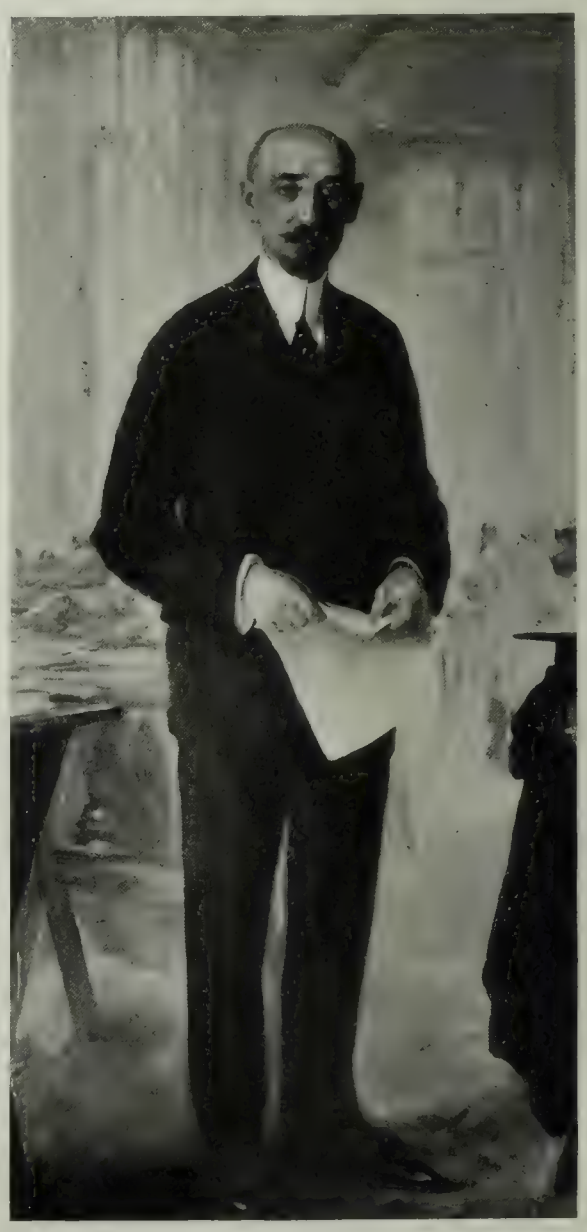
A Joyful School of Fine Arts

IF there is anything in students and professors taking enjoyment in their work, as was asserted to be the case with all the blessed Italians of the Renaissance, then the Department of Architecture of the University of Pennsylvania and its new School of the Fine Arts takes lead the country over and sets a

The Princeton dining hall, Day and Klauder architects

delightful lesson that all may well heed. For the new School of Fine Arts, which is just one year old, held on April 4th a sort of all-day High Jinks in commemoration of the thirtieth anniversary of the Department of Architecture in connection with its own formal dedication, which quite eclipsed anything ever held in this country. The new School includes the Department of Architecture and the Department of Music, which, by the way, most people do not know is the oldest Department of Music in any University in America, and, singularly enough, such are the pleasant academic ways of Philadelphia, is still carried on by its first Dean, Dr. Hugh E. Clarke, a Nestor among musicians and composers, and its dedication was along rather unusual lines. To begin with, the Department of Architecture itself came to its own through the first award to an institution of the gold medal of the American Group represented in the "Societé Des Architectes Diplomés Par Le Gouvernement Francais," which was presented by John V. VanPelt and represented a more than willing tribute of Americans who had studied in France and been honored there to an institution which, as they well know, with Dean Warren Powers Laird, has done more than any other institution in the country to bring about that real rennaissance in architecture in the way of the application of good taste, impeccable technique and sound tradition to the problems of American life public and private. Then his associates of American Institute of Architects in Philadelphia presented the new school with a life-size, life-like and dramatic portrait of Dr. Laird by Wayman Adams which gives a fac-simile of the Dean to the school for all time that helps to make artistic history in the best sense of the word. Naturally, there was considerable speechmaking, and Boston, in the shape of Mr. C. Howard Walker, came to the fore in his address, "The Significance of the Fine Arts," which also made for history and in which the speaker accentuated the joy that all peoples should take in art in its appreciation and, particularly, in its production. He set out his main thought as follows:

"Man's environment, as well as his intimates, help to make his character, and it therefore becomes an obligation, a duty, that he should be taught to choose well, and the teaching of Art becomes at once 'essential to life' and 'forms an integral part of the heritage of culture,' as has been stated in the Report of your Trustees upon the founding of the School of Fine Arts. What is that heritage? Without the record of Art in the past, the chronicles of man grow pale and lack testimony. The great crown of witnesses of the Empires of Egypt, of Assyria, of Rome, of the marbles



Prof. William Powers Laird of the University of Pennsylvania Fine Arts Department, from a portrait by Wayman Adams

Topics of the World in Art

of the Acropolis, of mediæval cathedrals and shrines, and of all the daily pageantry of many epochs, are those of architecture, painting, sculpture, tangible and conspicuous, speaking 'as with tongues.' The vistas of the past become the byways of the present, and the centuries live again in our midst. Upon wall and pediment, in tracery and gleaming in windows, with painting and sculpture, with gold and silver and precious stones, framing portals, lifted above the altars and soaring to the sky in pinnacles and domes, the work of the artists makes glorious the story of the past, while, though evanescent, the echoes of music fill the corridors of time. And the intimate objects related to daily life clearly indicate the loving care given to the minor arts which showed the humor of the time, the sarcasms and ironies which went far to pierce dogma, and to the objects which accompanied man to the grave in a pathetic attempt to forge a link between the worldly life and the life hereafter."

Of course it is to be remembered that the School of Architecture was medalled in a competition which took cognizance of twenty-one institutions, and when it is remembered that John Mead Howells, son of the late W. D. Howells, is president of the American Group of Diploméd Architects, an idea of the kind of committee that has laureated the University school is made clear. And, of course, everybody knows that the students of the school, under the stimulus of Professor Laird and through the able assistance of Paul P. Cret, Professor of Design, have carried off so many of the competitions of the Beaux Arts, the Stewardson scholarships, the intercollegiate competitions, the American Academy in Rome, etc., during the past ten years and more, as to be an object of good-natured envy the country over. But as to enjoyment! Well, with all this academic background and record of results and hard work, the school has always had a perfectly "corking" time of it among its own and has set a pace for colorful pageantry that seems wholly out of the picture of scholarly life in Quaker Philadelphia, since it seems to belong to the most lively period of Florence under the Medicis. With no competition elsewhere, each year has seen the students aim at surpassing their own best efforts. Before the war the famous Byzantine Pageant was the standard. Then, last year, came the Greek pageant, which supposedly for beauty and color and form quite ran ahead of anything ever seen in the city, by the way, where all the art schools go in for revels and pageantry along original lines. This year it was a Florentine spectacle that transformed the ateliers of the school into a sumptuous hint of the city by the Arno under Cosimo de Medici. In decoration, in color scheme, in magnificence of costumes, this dedication of the new School of the Fine Arts, which many consider was the real dedication, quite outdistanced anything ever attempted before, and when it is remembered that the designs for the general decoration, the costuming, the scenario are entirely in the hands of the students, who carry on their own competitions and enjoy themselves from the moment they plan it until the wee small hours when the last dance has been danced, a faint idea of the way art is applied to life at the University of Pennsylvania is given. The famous Bohemian Club High Jinks and Low Jinks of San Francisco, held in the Redwood forest, may mean much or little to the art life of the country, but no one can question that this thirtieth year anniversary of the University's department is a date full of happy auguries, and it cannot be gainsaid that the way the Philadelphia architectural students apply art to life and practice it, is a real preliminary test which means much for their future as craftsmen and for the country in which they are citizens.

Godspeed for the New League

ONE would not recall, except somewhat humorously, the long and futile efforts of various organizations that have vainly essayed for years "to put God into the constitution," as they phrase it, as an ominous precedent against the League of New York Artists, organized on April 4th, which among its fourteen points would amend the constitution of the United States and insert the word "Fine Arts" after the phrase, "Scientific and Useful Arts," since the program of the League is admirable in every way and will have the sympathetic support and co-operation of this magazine in realizing its country-wide aims. The committee that drew up the statement of principles, in which one sees the fine hand of Robert Vonnoh, Vice-Chairman of the Executive and Advisory Board and Chairman of the Art Committee, as well as the up-to-date ideas of the officers, Howard Giles, president, Joseph Isidor, treasurer, Leo Melziner, secretary, and Julian Bowes, managing secretary, has hit the art problem in America on the head in a way that should react the country over. Indeed, the significant thing about this new League is that it is possessed with a kind of missionary spirit, and, aside from what it intends to do by promoting the interests of contemporary artists in New York "by creating a closer co-operation between artist, patron and public," specifically intends "to arouse other cities throughout the United States to organize similar leagues." Moreover, if it cannot put the "fine arts" into the constitution,

(*Continued on second page following*)

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Topics of the World in Art

(Continued from second page preceding)

it does intend to make "the National Government realize the needs of a Ministry of Fine Arts, with a place in the Cabinet," and it does this because it believes the Fine Arts in America have reached an epoch-making situation. For, as the Preamble phrases it, these associated artists believe that "at no period in the development of our country are these needs and aspirations more timely. Dependent in the past to a great extent upon foreign education and inspiration, American artists have come more and more to reflect their native environment, and to react to the manifestations of our National life.

"Moreover, the distress that prevails abroad precludes that quiet shelter for study which was so welcome in the past; and we can no longer look for leadership to those countries whose artistic activities have suffered with the general social unrest.

"Imbued with the consciousness of the great National spirit revealed in our people during the late war, American art must carry on independently of European traditions and environment.

"No art has ever thrived apart from the people to whom it is addressed. The League has therefore created a lay membership to be known as an Associate Membership."

Along with these ideals go some very practical suggestions relating to an interchange of city exhibitions by means of a general and country-wide movement. And to show that they have no narrow outlook, the artists propose to seek the co-operation of "all Art Museums, Patrons, Art Lovers, Art Dealers, Architects, Interior Decorators and Artists" so as to establish a center of exhibition sale, a "national clearing-house" of far-reaching art influences. As they work it out, the League may realize that the quickest way to get a "Ministry of the Fine Arts" will be through the establishment of a Department of Education, with a secretary in the Cabinet, which is a feasible thing, and recommended by educators generally, and, indeed, approved by leading members of Congress in both Houses, and in which department a Bureau of Fine Arts could be made an integral and vital part, functioning through the schools, colleges and universities, as well as along broader and special lines, through art organizations. At all events, the new League of New York Artists, which seems eminently practical, has "hitched its wagon to a star" and ought to get somewhere, if sane intention and sound policy count.

A Pioneer in Stained Glass

THERE was a very poignant coincidence in that the death of William Willet, one of the pioneer craftsmen in stained-glass work in this country, should occur in Philadelphia early in April just after the enormous artistic and monetary success of the Lawrence sale of Gothic objects of art and Thirteenth Century stained glass in New York at the American Art Galleries had justified his belief in this kind of craftsmanship as applied to modern glass work and within a few days in advance of the great honor that came to his early discoverer, Theophilus Parsons Chandler, the well known Philadelphia architect, who was made Doctor of Fine Arts by the new School of Fine Arts of the New School of Pennsylvania on April 4. It is less than twenty years ago that, under the direction of Mr. Chandler, Mr. Willet, then just beginning to be known, designed and set up certain very fine stained glass windows in Pittsburgh in a style which repeated all the glory of the best periods of French art with accommodations to modern conditions which called for a new technique. From that time on the work of Mr. Willet as a master-artificer grew in excellence by leaps and bounds, and if he was, indeed, cut off in his prime, what he did will ever be a monument to American methods inspired by the best traditions of the past. No one can view the superb windows in the Chapel at West Point, or see the great window that fills in the western wall in Proctor Hall, the refectory of the Graduate School at Princeton, especially at sunset time in the latter case, without being filled with a profound respect for the achievements of the Willet atelier. That he was ably assisted by his wife and son and that his method has set up a certain kind of family guildship in American art life is not the least significant thing about his work. Curiously enough, it was a man of affairs, General Charles H. Sherrill, of New York, who in his pilgrimages to the famous shrines of stained glass blazed the way for American appreciation and forecast that interest of the pocketbook as well as of the eye in Gothic art that surprised so many people "not in the know" when a very small section of an ancient window brought $70,000, the panel being carried off triumphantly to Philadelphia by Robert Pitcairn, in which city Mr. Willet has been a prophet as well as a practitioner, but not without wide honor and recognition. For a Willet window has a meaning that is recognized as something that not even Europe has to be called in to explain as a factor in American craftsmanship.

Of course any mention of American stained glass immediately suggests John La Farge. Most New Yorkers know the beauty of his windows in the Church of the Ascension on lower Fifth Avenue. Willett's addition to the art of stained glass was nearly as great as La Farge's.

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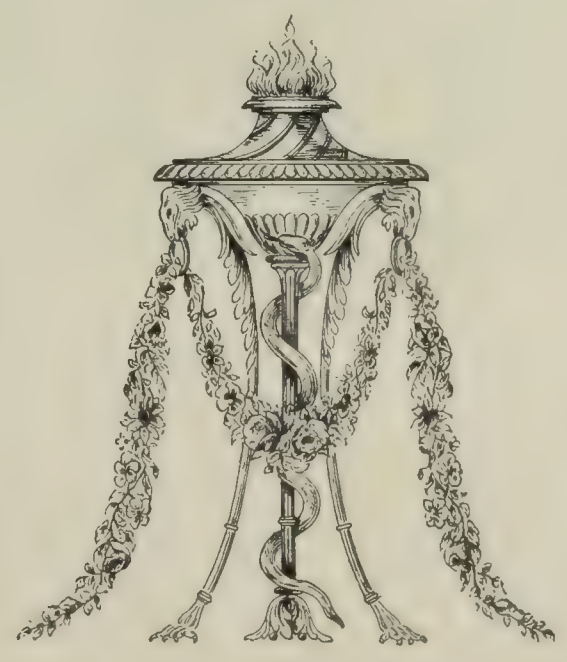

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The Lure of the Little Ship

(*Continued from page* 21)

Lincoln, the popular Cape Cod author, has in his collection a correct model of his father's last ship.

The question of values is always interesting, but must be approached with care. There is no standard and many considerations enter in. I have seen what seemed to me very good models on sale for $25 to $50, but I presume the connoisseur would scorn them. When Mr. Drake began his collecting he picked up models for as little as $2, but the game was young then. Certainly Mr. Drake's collection possessed a high market value as well as a peculiar intrinsic value when the late Willard D. Straight presented it to India House. It is safe to say that low prices, as a rule, mean inferior workmanship or a lack of authenticity. If a model is priced as low as $10, it is well to look for forgery or some feature sure to render the model worthless to a connoisseur. Really worth-while models run up into the hundreds, even the thousands. The records of important sales are the best guide. It is the demand that creates the value, and it is only the rare model that creates the extreme demand.

The beginner is more likely to be persuaded into purchasing something common or poorly done than a deliberate fraud. Fakes are not common in the upper grades. It would be too costly to make a perfect counterfeit of a $1,000 model; there would be no profit in it. Cheap fakes, on the other hand, are less uncommon.

The increased demand for ship models has brought on the market a number of cheaply made and showy Fifteenth Century ships which have none of the charm of the genuine. Fine craftsmanship is something that cannot be faked. Only a study of the subject and a familiarity with the best models can insure the collector against such imposition. Let him acquire this familiarity, however, and he is reasonably safe. First-class modern models, on the other hand, are made and sold as such, and with no intent to deceive.

It has been my intention to give a brief survey of this fascinating field, for there are always those who want to know. I have not intended to try to make converts, for the hobby of ship model collecting is a bit expensive, and those who can afford it need no encouragement from me. Many a man can afford to acquire a single ship model, however, or two, and that is not to be scorned. For the perfect model, old or new, hung in library, or living-room, or studio, offers a point of interest in the decorative scheme which is striking and unusual. A perfect ship model is as much a work of art as a painting and may well be treated as such. And when you are getting one, why not get a good one —one that even your connoisseur friend will admire and approve of? Hence the desirability of knowing something about ship models, even for the man who is not going to be an extensive collector.

Field Museum of Natural History

(*Continued from page* 38)

and plans were laid for the new building. After five years, when all was in readiness the great exodus took place and twenty-seven thousand one hundred and thirty-four hours and one hundred and ten men were given over solely to the business of moving the thousands of invaluable exhibits from Jackson Park to the new and permanent home in Grant Park.

With the brilliance of the opening of the Museum there is a sadness felt by all in the recent death of two of its greatest friends, Drs. Frederick J. V. Skiff, Director and Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, a member of the Board of Trustees, and donor of several important exhibits.

Dr. Skiff was for thirty years the Director of the Museum, shaping its policy and carrying the institution to its present importance throughout the country. Extreme efforts were made to complete the Museum before Dr. Skiff's anticipated death but two months before this could be accomplished the Director died of heart failure. Dr. Skiff came to Chicago during preparations for the World's Fair in 1891, and was director of the Colorado mines exhibit. At the Chicago Exposition he was awarded a bronze medal from France and a gold medal from Germany. He was made commander of the Legion of Honor of France in 1904. Dr. Skiff was a member of many learned societies of national and international importance and in all expositions since the Chicago World's Fair has taken a prominent part, having been director in chief of foreign participation at the Panama-Pacific exposition; in charge of the American exhibits at the Paris Exposition; director of exhibits at the St. Louis exposition.

The Field Museum has a newly appointed Director in David Charles Davies, successor to the late Frederick J. V. Skiff. The Board of Directors comprises the following: Edward E. Ayer, Watson F. Blair, John Borden, William J. Chalmers, Richard T. Crane, Jr., Marshall Field, Stanley Field, Albert W. Harris, Arthur B. Jones, Chauncey Keep, George Manierre, Cyrus H. McCormick, Martin A. Ryerson, James Simpson, Solomon A. Smith, Albert A. Sprague and William Wrigley, Jr.

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A New Architectural Vitality

(*Continued from page* 15)

this class that individual mention is impossible.

If anything like a tendency can be discerned, it is of real importance to define it as nearly as possible. Residential architecture has always involved the sincere effort of the architect to please his client without too serious a compromise of fundamental architectural convictions. For many years this country was defaced by vulgar, ostentatious houses because people wanted that kind of houses and because there was a lamentable dearth of architectural convictions. The architect, too, could not speak with the voice of authority which is his today.

With an increase of vision and æsthetic morals on the part of the architect came a gradual but ever increasing swing of the clients' appreciation toward better houses. But for years these were built from any one of a set of fixed formulas, and the critic, if charitably inclined, could find some of them not quite so bad as others.

Most of the present work seems to show a distinct break from the "inevitable" kind of houses which have persisted up to within a very few years. There is far more informality, far more of the expression of the spirit of styles without copybook rendition of forms. There is a decided freshness and architectural ingenuity without eccentricity. There is, in many instances, a reflection of simpler ways of living. The simplicity is often enough of an expensive sort, but there is a new spirit to reckon with. The picturesque is attained without affectation, and the greater number of the houses shown quite refreshingly express that inspiriting quality of vitality. And the best part of it is that this quality, from its very nature, is basic, not superficial.

Landscape Design

The garden, if one is to judge from an entire gallery of photographs, is coming into its own in the scheme of the American country dwelling.

The gardens of Italy and France and England have provided perfect settings for their houses; in this country our houses have too often been left to a distressing conflict with their surroundings. There is ample demonstration here that the garden can be made as much an adjunct of the small or moderate sized house as of the great estate, and that if you do not have a gate-lodge, you may at least have a charming gate.

Certain names are becoming identified with beautiful landscape and garden work, which is as it should be. Anonymous art never flourishes very happily, and I am continually hoping that we are on the threshold of an era of greater general interest in the personality and identity of every kind of artist and designer. Let professional jealousy die the death it should, and mutual recognition by collaborators will result in work so fine as to hold ample credit for all, and a bit left over for good measure.

Murals and Sculpture

In the field of mural painting the exhibition showed little of new or revolutionary trend, but a great number of entries of tried and proven merit. Great architectural wall surfaces hardly seem a wise field for experimentation or the exploiting of untried fads. Good taste and appropriateness, judging from the murals shown at the League, will continue until further notice to be the *desiderata* in mural painting—and if, to these, the painters will bring a fresh and vigorous vision, this art, which is so closely allied to architecture, will escape for a little while yet the vagaries of ultra-modernism.

One of the most interesting of the mural works is seen in the great ship drawings by Ezra Winter for the new Cunard Building. These combine vigorous draughtsmanship and highly decorative quality to the degree that makes for the finest kind of mural.

Among the sculpture several names are missing, and the works associated with those names are a tangible loss. A few new names appear and the greater number of the things shown leave no unanswered query as to the competence of the jury.

The much-discussed nude by C. C. Rumsey got the attention which goes with sensationalism, and is, perhaps, the most "modern" in feeling of any of the sculpture shown. It purports to embody the unintellectual woman, the woman who, said a newspaper commentator, would be the likely product of a Bolshevist world. If it is indeed such an embodiment, one feels impelled to embrace (not necessarily literally) the almost too conventional "Philomela" of Gregory or the well-bred, decorative "Garden Figure" of Fry. And the "Diana" of Jenkins, charming in its pose, is not so ultra-modern as to fail to suggest a girl of today (even to bobbed hair), playing, for the moment, at classic mythology.

The Rumsey person is undeniably one of those tremendously significant expressions of a dynamic idea, but if it is indeed prophetic, it is genuinely alarming. That kind of a woman would quite fail to appreciate any of the things shown in the rest of the exhibition, and the interior decoration in the gallery she graces would not even exist in her world. Art is at its best when it is vigorous, but everything that is vigorous is not *ipso facto* art.

Industrial Arts and Interior Decoration

If people are not grateful to the League, they should be, if for no

(*Continued on third page following*)

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A New Architectural Vitality

(Continued from third page preceding)

other reason than its linking of the art of architecture to everyday life by including in the exhibition many finely designed and made examples of more or less intimate things.

Beautiful fabrics, intricately wrought hardware, decorative pottery, and a variety of the best of American-made furniture, including examples from the Somma Shops, Kensington, and Orsenigo—these things are a part of the complete finished aspect of architecture. Architecture has too long been thought of as comprised in a roll of blueprints and a sheaf of specifications. In the gallery devoted to decorative and industrial arts there are even some fine book bindings, and, by no means inconspicuous, Mr. Culver's superbly decorative and marvelously fashioned ship model, *The Sovereign of the Seas.*

Colors rich and rare abound in the great decorative batiks that are hung about this gallery, recording a continuous advance in this recently acquired exotic art-craft.

In another gallery the real meaning of tapestries is brought home by the Edgewater Tapestry Looms, two actual looms in operation—one, under the hands of a skillful weaver, making a warp-and-woof tapestry, the other a piece of needlework, or "petit-point" tapestry, greatly used for furniture covering.

Along this gallery are compartments filled with furniture which was selected as being most truly representative of the best cabinet-work of this country, and in others the interior decorator displays his abilities in arrangements of form and color.

One side of another gallery gleams with the glowing colors of stained glass windows, representing the work of the country's best glass designers.

Supplementing the showing of interior decoration the League has made the interesting addition of original and imaginative stage settings. Truly, the scope of the designer is without limit and his works are legion.

The limits of space necessarily curtail the adequacy of an account of this great exhibition which fills the South Wing of the Metropolitan Museum. This year the League would have overflowed the galleries on Fifty-seventh Street. Compliments should be extended upon the interesting and excellently uncrowded arrangement of the vast quantity of material which was to be shown. Its classification aided comprehension of its scope and enabled the visitor to find continuous enjoyment without distraction or confusion.

To begin with, I said that my chief impression of the exhibition is of the vitality of architecture and its allied arts. I think that impression is warranted by the facts—and more. The visitor, even he of unimpressionable pose, must come away with a very real sense of inspiration, with the feeling that the hand of the designer and the craftsman is abroad in the land, beautifying all that it touches. And there is the assurance, too (a revelation to many), that fine and beautiful things are being made in this country by many people. We are not a nation of tinkers. There are artists and architects, designers and craftsmen—artists all, whose works give evidence that is vital indeed, and vital in the sense that it proclaims art as a sentient part of life itself, and not a thing of "little groups" and cults, as it might otherwise be.

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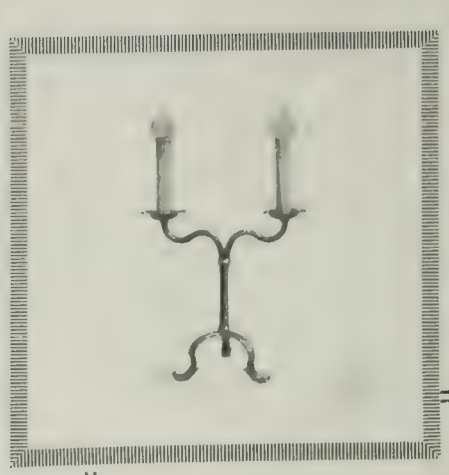

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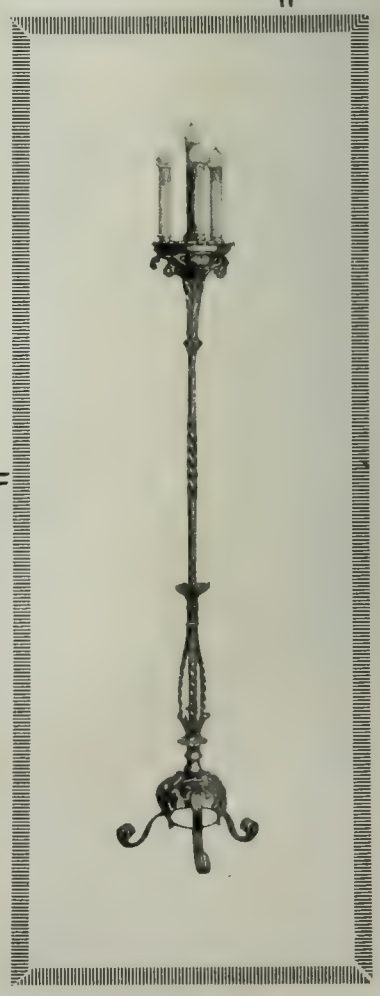

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The Art of Individuality

(*Continued from page* 9)

home, as though the family had put its imprint upon it, something that is not at all tangible and yet produces an impression that the rooms are not merely sitting or eating or sleeping places, but are a reflex of the people themselves.

Possibly it is the national restlessness, but it strikes me that many of the magnificent residences of America are built not as family houses but as family decorations. How many of the energetic men who have been making the United States what it is have been able to say at the height of their success, as they have watched a palatial house erected, "Here I make the house of my family and two hundred years hence my descendants, those of my own blood, will be here and I will be remembered as the founder"?

Why, within a dozen years the place may have changed hands because Crœsus thinks it is a bit old style and he wants something more magnificent. We are living in a feverish age, with little stability or permanency. Yet the highest expression of national life is in its art, and the noblest of arts is architecture. So I discern in my easy, dilettante rambles about the United States a splendid striving after the beautiful. The hand is not always steady, but the vision is sure. There must be more permanency, for with that will come the proclamation of individuality, not of the trained artist, but of the family.

ALL true art is peaceful. Yet while we are seeking the ideal we do so through a labyrinth of rococo vulgarities. Somebody said that architecture was frozen music. Many modern buildings in their embellishments suggest thawed jazz. Just as the master artist can be told by his work, without seeking for the signature, so I believe that in the heyday of American architecture that not only will there be as firm a national type as ever Greece produced, but owing to the increase of culture, houses will not be mere living places, but will be distinctive of the people who have built them.

Never mind who contradicts me; I have conviction, having been in fifty-seven countries—an easily remembered number—that there is more comfort about the English home than is to be found in any other country. The rocking chair is comparatively unknown in England, because it is completely alien to the English character. The cozy corner and the big easy chair are, however, typical of English life. I fear me that what has helped toward the development of English home life has been the uncertainty of our weather. Gloom and watery skies have thrown us back upon the home. Easiness is not found, because it is not wanted, in lands of such sunshine as America.

IT is not within the range of circumstance for everybody to be the author or the inheritor of his own house. But it is within easy scope for everyone, even those who have an apartment in a huge block, to seek and to find the individual note. For the moment I am not thinking of those who purchase the advice of specialists so that the room may be ornamented in a particular style and the furniture be of a particular period—not always with happy mating. I am thinking of those who are not voluminously wealthy, but who want to break the shackles of conventionality, the curse of the bourgeoisie, and to find originality in decoration not eccentric, but in the play of individuality.

A dining room is often spoiled by garish taste. The note should be soft. There is no need to have any pictures at all. For at the dinner table, conversation, which should be sauce to the comestibles, ought not to be checked by distraction from those who are assembled around the board. Very few people know how to arrange a drawing room. The furniture is either arranged as though it were in a showroom or were modeled on the pattern of a hotel sitting room—the scene of frigid imaginativeness—or there is a jumbled crush which makes the place look overdressed. A drawing room is not a museum; it is a place for cultured repose. A scheme of color is essential.

Many people think it is necessary to cover their walls with expensive pictures. Not at all. Expense should play a small part in house decoration. I have a friend who has the most delightful collection of paintings. He has been collecting for over thirty years and has never paid more than twenty-five dollars for any canvas. He cares nothing for names, but having an assured judgment, is ever on the lookout for good work—and there are many exquisite pieces of art done by completely unknown men whose names, naturally, rarely appear in a dealer's catalogue. The man who makes it his hobby to look for the beautiful, without considering cost, as he would not consider the cost of finding trailing honeysuckle on a wild rose hedge in an English lane, has a precious joy. I have another friend who has a unique hobby. Years ago in a second-hand shop he bought a couple of china plates upon which were emblazoned the coat of arms of a distinguished but extinct family. He took to collecting plates with family crests upon them. Now he has a room with a double ring of such plates circling the walls. They are good ware; the designs are beautiful and my friend, having learned the stories of the families and quarterings—the names and the armorial bearings, things of the past—is able to tell the most charming of

(*Continued on following page*)

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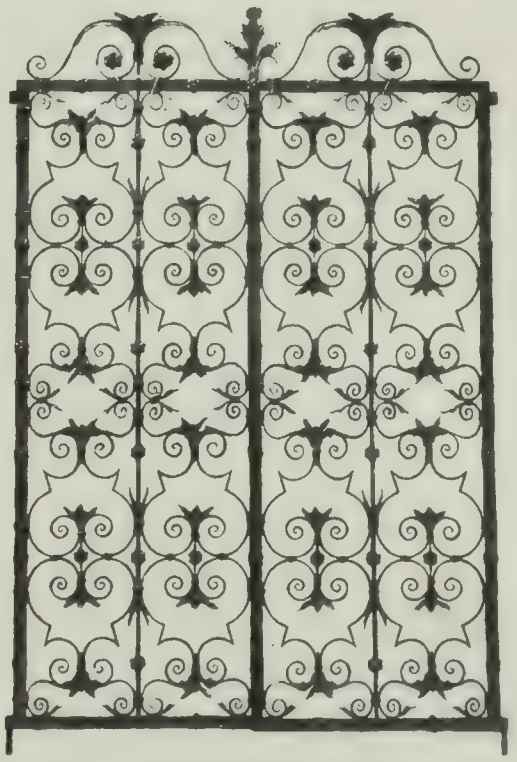

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The Art of Individuality

(*Continued from preceding page*)

stories. It is like turning the pages of a book of memories, frequently of long ago. But the point I make is that he found a scheme of delightful decoration. His individuality was the consequence of his taste.

ALL travelers, especially in the East, must have been inflicted with the pains of incongruity. An English house, designed obviously by a conventional cockney architect dumped in an Oriental city, is enough to make Allah weep. Yet folks who scorn such vandalism frequently think they are displaying their own artistic sense by erecting a Japanese gate to a Dutch garden, have Moorish fittings in an Adam room, or stick a half-timbered fake manor house amid a row of summer seaside bungalows. What every town needs is a committee of architecture which, if it cannot cause art to flourish, may wield the hatchet for the destruction of structural monstrosities. In London we are rebuilding the famous Regent Street which has been there for a century, but all the new buildings have to be in accord with a design to maintain a sense of uniformity and dignity.

One of these days every city will have a Committee of Public Taste—not to stereotype, but to nurture. Till that time comes we can do a great deal in architecture to develop nationality. Those who proclaim that the canons of art have been defined for all time, betray a lack of imagination. There is only one canon in art and that is beauty. And in our houses we can cultivate the spirit of individuality—seeking the personal touch in decoration and getting away from the stilted gaudiness which is characteristic of so many drawing rooms. These are hugger-mugger times when utility plays juggernaut with refinement. I would rather have a tasteful vase in every room than a telephone.

A Legacy of Portraiture

(*Continued from page* 11)

Mr. McFadden aimed at reflecting in his pictures that period of England which he loved, at its mellowest, the England of the open spaces, of the rural cottage and of the cotter's simple life, along with the elegancies of what has been called "polite society" and the circle of those, noble or otherwise, who ruled the country and made England great. He stuck to this purpose so consistently that he even eliminated a Velasquez that he bought on a venture, very soon after he started to collect, on the ground that it "did not harmonize with his scheme of things." And yet, like his British canvases, the Velasquez increased in value by leaps and bounds, selling not many years later for an amazing figure, but without any regret on the part of the man who had turned it down in favor of those things that were ever a source of joy to him and have been likewise to the public that has already seen them.

Above all, the great and stimulating fact about the future of the collection is that the three trustees who have been left in charge of the collection, Chief Justice Robert Von Moschzisker, George Wharton Pepper, and Jasper T. Brinton, in full and sympathetic co-operation with the architects of the new Art Museum on the Acropolis at Fairmount, have worked out a plan of presentation which will surround the pictures with all those homelike accessories that will accentuate their charm. Instead of being hung in some dull neutral-tinted barren room, the McFadden Gallery in the new Art Museum will be made up to a series of rooms comparable in size to those in which they have been housed in the two residences of Mr. McFadden, and, what with proper hangings and beautiful period furniture, "seeing the McFadden Pictures" will be a pleasure and not the penalty that too often attaches to doing the average gallery, even if it contains masterpieces.

Max Kuehne

(*Continued from page* 31)

alize how a painting can be made or marred by the way it is framed. Whistler of course did, and he always properly considered the frame to be an integral part of the picture, but usually the painter is content with some stock moulding, using the same design on pictures of a totally different character. Mr. Kuehne always gives a great deal of thought to the framing of his paintings; the frames for his pictures he not only designs, but carves and gilds himself. Mr. Kuehne, like Mr. Charles Prendergast, has not only produced frames which are true works of art, but he has also executed some very beautiful panels, carved and then colored and gilded. A very handsome *armoire,* one of his creations, was shown at the annual exhibition of the Architectural League, held in April of this year at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A large group of Mr. Kuehne's paintings, illustrating the various periods of his work, is in Mr. Gallatin's collection; others of his paintings are owned by Dr. Albert C. Barnes and Mr. John Quinn.—Editor.

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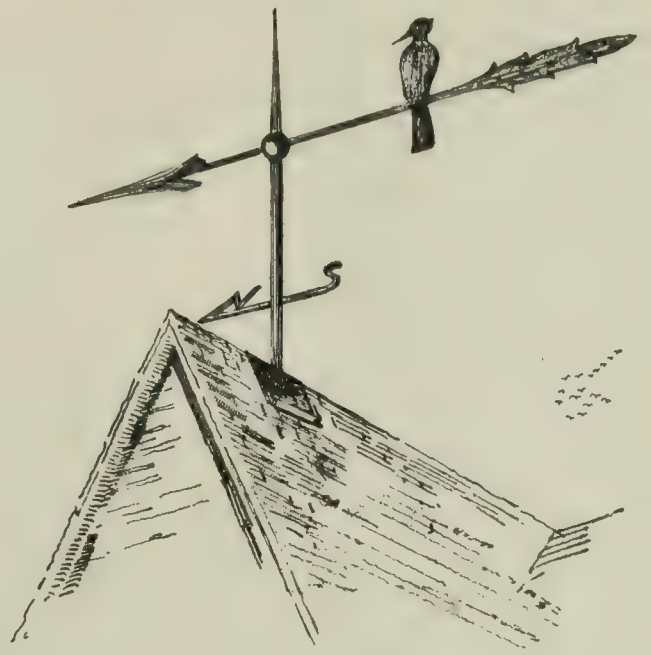

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What's On in the Book World

GIOVANNI DELLA ROBBIA. By ALLAN MARQUAND. Princeton University Press.

IN the admirable series of Princeton monographs, Professor Marquand is steadily working through his formidable task of compiling an illustrated and documented catalogue of the entire production of the workshop founded by Luca della Robbia, and carried on for about a century under the guidance of his nephew Andrea and Andrea's son Giovanni. The initial volume, dealing with the work of Luca himself, was universally recognized as a model of what such a book should be when it was published in 1914. The second dealt, not—as might perhaps have been expected—with Andrea, but with the mass of heraldic work produced by the factory (for it was no less) during its whole period of activity; a classification which, of course, involves a considerable amount of overlapping when it touches the heraldic element in works directly ascribed to one or other of the artists of the family. And now the third is devoted to Giovanni, the work of Andrea being still left over, owing (as Professor Marquand admits) to the extreme complexity of the problems involved in the consideration of his fertile skill.

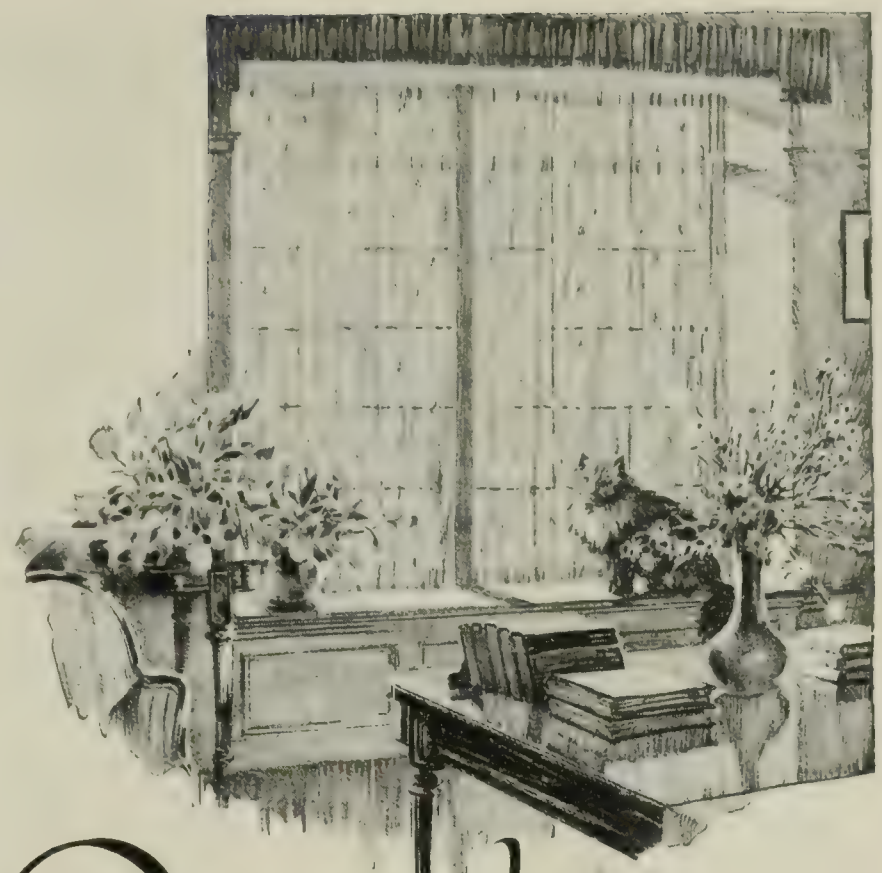
Giovanni della Robbia has, as a rule, been rather hardly dealt with by critics. The convenient but by no means universally justified theory of progressive decadence has been invoked to justify a simple scheme of proportion in which Andrea was as superior to his son Giovanni as he was inferior to his uncle Luca. Certainly Giovanni was responsible for a great deal of very coarse and vulgar work. But the best of the polychrome sculpture ascribed to him has a force and, in spite of his obvious eclecticism, an inventive power which is very seldom to be found in Andrea's elegant and charming altarpieces. It was an English critic, Miss Maud Cruttwell, who first had the courage to point this out in her remarkable volume on Luca and Andrea della Robbia and their successors. And an unbiased view of what is generally accepted as his work may well concede him an even higher place than Miss Cruttwell may have admitted.

BUT Professor Marquand has dealt Giovanni's reputation a rude blow by depriving him of the very considerable credit which is due for the strange but most successful decoration of the Ospedale del Ceppo at Pistoia. No one who has looked at the vast colored reliefs of the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy that form the frieze of the Hospital can readily forget them (there are colored casts of one or two sections in the Victoria and Albert Museum). And quite apart from the historical interest afforded by the realistic treatment of the prison scene, and still more of the hospital with its neatly numbered beds and busy medical students, the finer parts of the composition are of very high artistic merit. There can be little doubt that more than one hand had a share in the work; parts of it show very clearly the influence of Filippino Lippi, and Miss Cruttwell tentatively suggested that these might be the work of Santi Buglioni, who is known to have been employed at the Ceppo at various times. But now Professor Marquand proposes, as far as can be judged from the present volume, to give the whole frieze to Santi Buglioni and to leave Giovanni della Robbia himself (who was undoubtedly the leading spirit in the workshop at that time, just after the death of his father Andrea in extreme old age) no more than the miserably feeble and conventional medallions in the spandrels below it. A forthcoming volume on the work of the Buglioni family may perhaps bring convincing arguments in favor of this view, but without such corroboration it does not seem in itself very probable.

However, the exact differentiation on stylistic or even on documentary grounds of the enormous output of the Della Robbia workshop after Luca's death in 1480, appears to be an almost hopeless task. It may even legitimately be doubted whether a series of separate monographs devoted to the various artists concerned is the most practical method of dealing with it. A few years hence even the writer might hesitate to say in which volume some particular rather nondescript work had been included.

To take a concrete example, there is in the Berlin Museum a somewhat insignificant enamelled terra-cotta statuette of David, given by Dr. Frida Schottmüller in the latest edition of the Catalogue to the Robbia Workshop in the first half of the sixteenth century. This statuette appears in Professor Marquand's book (No. 214) as the work of Giovanni. Yet it is not merely a sheer imitation of Verrocchio's lovely figure, such as might have been produced by any fairly capable worker, but actually one of a whole series of such David statuettes, lacking only the enamelled surface, of which there are specimens in the Dreyfus collection in Paris, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and elsewhere. If one of these is by Giovanni, the rest can hardly fail to be by him too. But it is surely far more probable to suppose that the whole series are by some industrious minor artist outside the Robbia workshop, and that one particular example was brought in to be enamelled there, as we have good grounds for believing that similar small terra-cotta figures were occasionally brought in which had been modelled by sculptors like the anonymous "Master of the Unruly

(*Continued on following page*)



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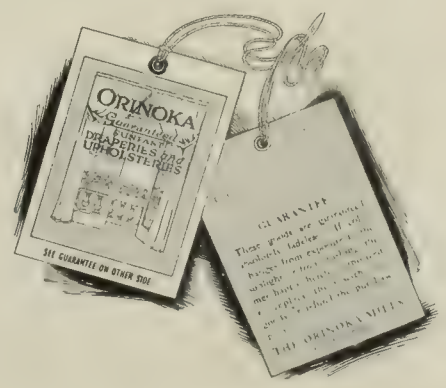

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What's On in the Book World

(Continued from preceding page)

Children" and the "Master of the Figures of St. John."

ANOTHER very hazardous attribution is that of an unglazed terra-cotta bust of Christ in the Victoria and Albert Museum (6862-1860), there ascribed to Verrocchio's pupil, Agnolo di Polo, which figures as No. 232 in the addenda to Professor Marquand's book. Here, however, the number is quoted as 476-1864, which is in fact the Museum number of a totally different bust of Christ, partly enamelled, and not improbably by Giovanni, to whom Miss Cruttwell definitely assigned it. In this instance it seems not impossible that a confusion between the two numbers has at one time taken place; but the photograph here published is certainly that of the first of these two busts, and the argument in the text clearly refers to it.

It would have been interesting if more space could have been spared for the discussion of the several influences which may be readily perceived in Giovanni's work. Probably Verrocchio and Filippino Lippi played the largest part in his development, but there are others; the really beautiful Annunciation illustrated on page 122 is directly imitated from the fresco by Domenico Ghirlandaio in S. Maria Novella, from which the figure of the kneeling angel is copied with the least possible alteration, and the subject of such imitations has an important bearing on any attributions that may be put forward as to the individual authorship of Della Robbia reliefs.

But such criticisms ought not to be taken as detracting from the proper appreciation of this admirably produced volume and its invaluable predecessors. It would be still easier to point out trifling inconsistencies; the same saint ought not to be alluded to on the same page (81) as "La Maddalena" and "S. Maria Maddalena," and it may even be suggested that "St. Mary Magdalene" is a better title in a book otherwise written in English. Professor Marquand's work remains none the less an honor to himself and to his country, and proves that an American professor is capable of such industry, thoroughness and discernment in the sphere of art history as has sometimes been credited to the German alone. And everyone interested in Italian Renaissance sculpture will await with impatience the further volumes which he has promised to produce for us.

E. M.—*The Athenæum.*

MASTERS OF THE CHILD by L. LAMPHREY. New York. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

With a background of the days of Henry Plantagenet, when tournaments, troubadours, tapestry making, illuminating of parchments in the "scriptorium," falcons, and other interesting things of ancient history, L. Lamphrey sets his story or "stories" in "Masters of the Guild," as he groups his tales about the life of Lady Philippa, a French lady married to an Englishman; they live in a castle in Ireland. Old legends, old cutsoms, and in a somewhat fragmentary fashion, even European conspiracies of the period creep into the tales; but chiefly they are about the making of things. The characters are slightly drawn, but this does not seem to disturb the writer or reader, for "atmosphere" is created.

Taken all in all, it is a very readable book and one decidedly worth reading.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING by O. C. SIMONDS. New York. The Macmillian Company.

While landscape gardening is more nearly allied to painting than to any other fine art, it is often classed as "architecture," and the landscape gardener called a "landscape architect," says O. C. Simonds in his book, "Landscape Gardening." It is as a painter with a vision—a composition—that the landscaper plans his undertaking. He must be a dreamer, says Mr. Simonds, and one with patience to wait for the growing of his materials into the perfect picture which he has conceived, as created out of rocks, soil, and trees.

The scope of the work includes public parks, school grounds, golf grounds, railway station properties, farms, cemeteries, as well as private grounds. Technical details, naturally, make up a large part of the book.

Mr. Simonds quotes Bernard Palissy's plea for conservation in the year 1563: "When I consider the value of the least clump of trees, or even of thorns, I much marvel at the great ignorance of men, who, as it seemeth, do nowadays study to break down, fell and waste the fair forests which their forefathers did guard so choicely. I would think no evil of them for cutting down the woods, did they but replant again some part of them, but they care naught for the time to come, neither reck they of the great damage they do to their children which shall come after them."

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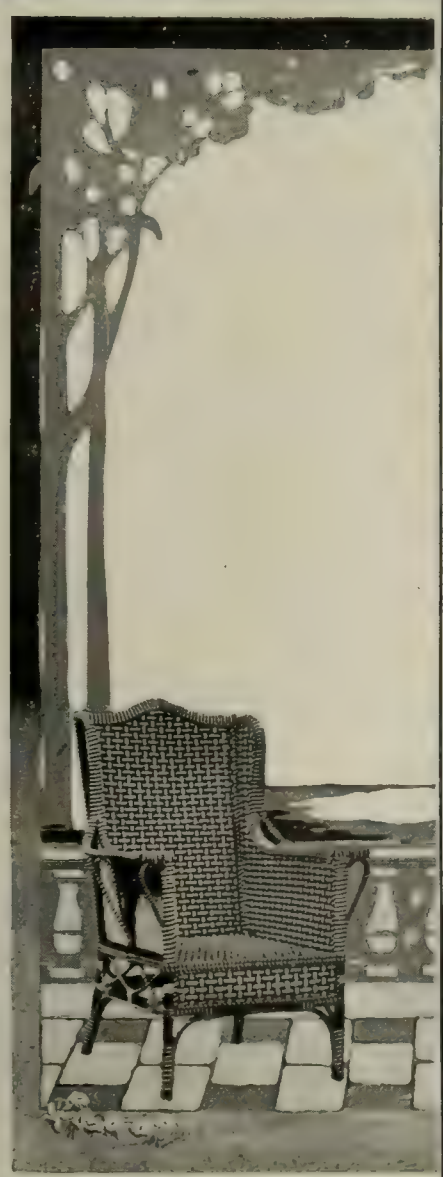

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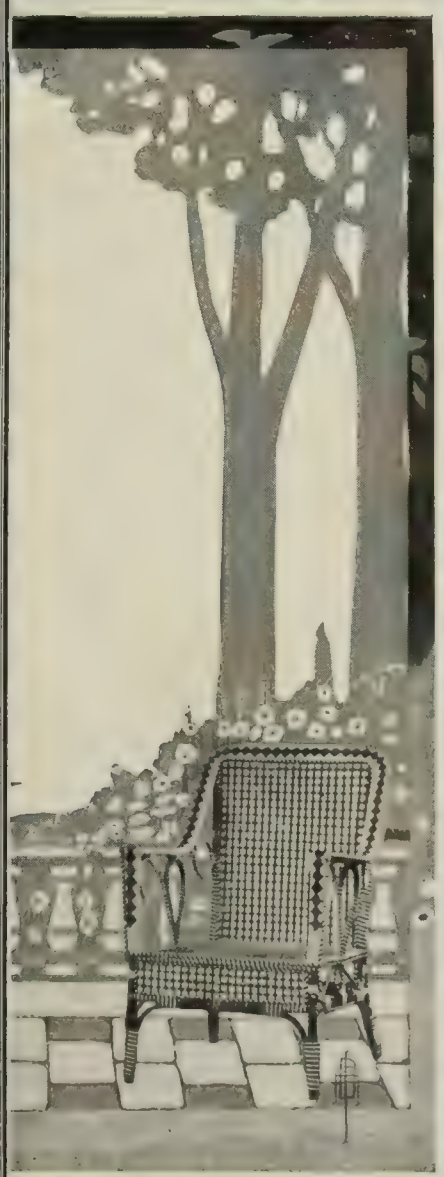

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Plays Tragic, Comic, Flippant and Prosaic

(Continued from page 23)

He had ruined girls and forged, and lied and tricked, and been a burden to, in some ways, his long-suffering relatives. Yet, in the war, he had not shirked the Huns. He had revealed himself as physically brave. These inconsistencies are true enough, no doubt, though seldom shown us on the New York stage.

Meanwhile his brother has been carrying on at home, content to pay his bills and live a stupid life with his young wife and child. He has been gentle to his drab and dreary mother, a type of everything that makes one hate one's duty. He is of the commuting class of men, with no ideals and no dreams of fame. A kindly bore, who cuts depressing jokes, the essence of quotidian commonplace.

When Oswald comes back, limping, from the front, he is regarded as a *bona fide* hero. But war has left him what he always was—a cad, a scalawag. He settles down with Andrew for a time, and some how manages to win the silly heart, first of a little Belgian protégée named Martha Roche (whom he seduces) and next of Andrew's wife. Then, after robbing Andrew of some money, he tries to make his getaway to France. But as he rushes off to catch a train he sees a house on fire, and, after rescuing his nephew, is crushed underneath a mass of flaming beams.

Each of the characters in this sad play is firmly drawn. Each lives, each has a real identity. The spurious hero, Oswald, stands out, above all, as a quite usual though a complex sort of man. The other persons in the plot are far more usual. The mother is, indeed, much too conventional. Her weary chatter about duty wears one out. And many things she says are much too crude.

I take it that the inventor of "The Hero" did not intend to sneer at our war boys. His object was, presumably, to show that men and women are not wholly good or bad. If I am right, he has succeeded well enough to raise high hopes of better plays from his new pen. "The Hero" is not dead, as some suppose. It is too good an effort to be thrown away.

The respect with which "The Hero" was reviewed was of good omen for young playwrights.

There is a tendency in certain daily newspapers to slight the work of our own struggling playwrights. And, on the other hand, some critics sneer "on principle" at foreign works. That admirable artist, Yvette Guilbert, a short time ago—at a club meeting—spoke out plainly of the inattention paid to "Guibour," when that impressive little mediæval play was given here by her young, and in some cases, gifted pupils. She contrasted the indifference of our critics with the warm interest shown in signs of budding talent by their Paris confrères. The author of "The Hero" has no cause for grumbling. If he will weed out a few vulgar bits of dialogue, his play may be revived and prosper, later on.

It is of vastly more importance, on the whole, than "Toto," a four-act play, adapted—rather clumsily—by Achmed Abdullah from the French of Hennequin and Duquesnel, and presented at the Bijou with that popular actor, Leo Ditrichstein, as the protagonist.

An adapter's task is always very difficult. It is not easy to decide how much to save, how much to change, how much to cut out of a foreign play. There is a danger in excessive literalism. There is another in excessive want of literalism. The terms of Broadway seldom harmonize with those used on the Paris Boulevards. Thoughts, situations, views of life and characters which may suit French environments may rasp Americans. Some plays, however brilliant they may seem abroad, grow flat or gross when translated or adapted into English.

And one of these, I think, we have in "Toto." It cannot, even on the Paris stage, have been a masterpiece. Here, done into the language of this country, it seems quite cheap.

The central figure, Antoine de Tillois ("Toto," for short), is a familiar type in France. A polished, good-for-nothing witty rake. Well on in years, but so impenitently wicked that he has won an evil fame in his own world, the naughty world *ou l'on s'amuse*. He has been parted from his wife, a fervent Catholic, and lives, surrounded by a court which calls him "King," a virtual bachelor. His daughter, Loulou, spends four months each year in his Parisian home. She spends the rest of every year with her good mother. One has to swallow this, to me, outrageous premise if one is willing to admit what shortly follows. One is expected to believe that a pure girl would be allowed by any father to mix day after day, night after night, with shameless ballet girls and rakes and his own mistresses. And lastly, we are asked to think it possible that she would not be smirched by even such experiences and would cling firmly to her cherished dream of re-uniting her ill-mated parents.

This, on the face of it, is so absurd that, of itself, it robs the play of any claim to sense or plausibility. Yet, at the end of the first foolish act, Loulou is still unsoiled. She has won the heart of an ingenuous diplomat and, thanks to him, her father has gone back with her, to his wife's country home, to arrange her marriage. For, though

(Continued on following page)

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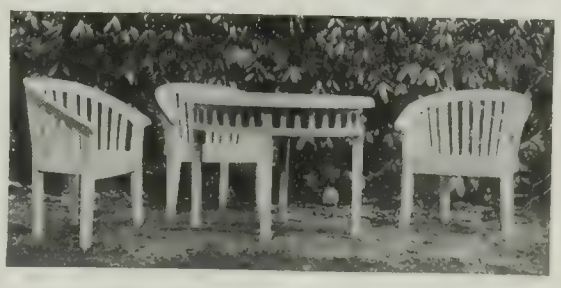

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Plays Tragic, Comic, Flippant and Prosaic

(*Continued from preceding page*)

he hates the country, "Toto" loves his child; and if, as he reminds himself, Paris, to Henri of Navarre, seemed "worth a mass," the happiness of Loulou might be cheaply bought by his assuming for a time the tedious part of a repentant prodigal.

So in the second and least futile act, we find Monsieur, Madame and Loulou in a saintly home. "Toto" is bored to death by his surroundings. But he consoles himself by writing to his mistress. He does not know then, as he does ere long, that she has left him in the lurch with a new lover. When, in the third act, Loulou has been married, the trickery of "Toto" is at last exposed. And Mme. de Tillois appeals to Rome to quash what she thinks an unholy union. According to the Church, it may be quashed if—*matrimonium non est consummatum.*

From that point on we can forecast the plot. The marriage will, of course, be *consummatum.* At "Toto's" prompting, nature takes its course. The bridegroom claims his rights that very night. And when the morning comes — but why say more?

A rather nasty play, in many ways, with a distinctly coarse and vulgar ending. Played with the light touch of the Paris stage, the comedy might be endurable. But it is not played lightly at the Bijou Theatre, except to some extent by Leo Ditrichstein. Most of the women in the cast are very awkward. Most of the men, again, are dull and labored. The English spoken in the play is strange. One actor talks about the "Vati-Kan." Another ventures on a glib remark concerning Francis, or St. Francis, of "A-sissy." The airs and graces of the ballet girls in the first act are not Parisian. Nor are the gay blades who surround them natural.

Even Ditrichstein himself at times seems ill at ease, though as a rule he carries off his part in the old way, combining swagger of a polished kind with what is often maybe not so polished. His technical equipment helps him much to skim over thin ice and cross frail bridges. He dresses smartly and he speaks effectively. But, as the years run on, his idiosyncrasies are getting to seem merely *clichés.* And he depends too much upon his gloves and cane. That cane! Without it he would have been lost indeed. He leaned on it, he toyed with it, at every turn. He waved it in the air and fenced with it. He all but poked it into Madame's angry eyes. Withal, if you like Leo Ditrichstein, he may amuse you in part of "Toto." Few actors whom I know could have done half as well with the sad rogue.

Within the past few weeks we have had other plays. "The Survival of the Fittest," at the Greenwish Village, and "The Ghost Between," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. Weird works, both of them. But not important, though they should be true.

An Apartment House of One Thousand Rooms

UNDER the above caption, *The Boston Evening Transcript* gives a full-page review, with reproductions of seven illustrations of the Chaco Canyon Double Number of *Art and Archæology.*

The writer of the review, Theodore G. Joslin, summarizes the account of the excavation of Chettro Kettle by Dr. Hewett, in the opening paragraph as follows:

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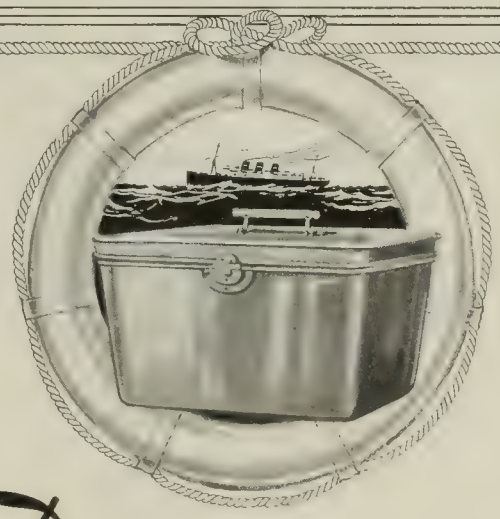

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Old Tradition in Craftsmanship

(*Continued from page* 19)

cellence. George Perkins might have been pronouncing the doom of art when he said that 'individualism was dead as a doornail.' For quantitative production the machine was the only answer. The inevitable sequel was standardization, but in standardizing the product they have standardized the man. Uniformity and speed are the objectives. The workman's ambition is no longer to create something superlatively fine; it's to cash his way to foremanship and superintendency and become an officer in the 'company,' with a roll-top desk and a limousine.

"You may think I'm too sweeping, but"—he transfixed me with a long and accusative forefinger—"isn't it the same with rugs, with all the old arts of the East? Hasn't the Juggernaut of commercial production crushed the personality out of all of them?"

It was necessary to admit that the so-called "factory weaving" had put an end to individual conceit and to all the modulations of color which gave to the old fabrics their vivacity and wonderful radiation of light.

"That's it," he cried; "they were punished for the least trace of thought or human feeling, until they gave up trying and went with the crowd, cheapened the designs and scamped the workmanship to get something to market quick."

"But, Opus," I said, "they are trying to restore those old barrings of color now, even in the machine-made carpets. Isn't that a sign of regeneration?"

"Regeneration? No. It's a sign they've discovered it was worth money. Business has lost a lot of dollars trying to standardize the human soul and nothing is appreciated till it's dead. The old-time artist-workman was human and individual. Inspiration is a queer plant. It won't thrive in the shadow of a time clock or a 'cost system.' And that is why wealth is ransacking the world for old things."

"But cheer up, Opus; they're pretty nearly all gobbled up—the real ones, at least, and machinery has just begun. It is doing more wonderful things every day."

"True; machinery has everything except humanity, imagination and humor. It has technique, but no soul. That is why it has killed the workman's pride in his work, and therefore his ambition. He is no longer a man; he's a number. The worst feature of this is that it has destroyed his skill. Where are the old-time workmen in this country who knew their trade from the bottom up? They are simply running machines. What do you do when you want a real job done, in almost any line? Get an Italian or a German or a Swiss or a Belgian. Europe hasn't surrendered entirely to the machine."

"Then you think individual ability in industry is dead?"

"No, dying. It dies hard, but it will die. To thrive it needs a congenial atmosphere, and a little encouragement. A few years ago I had a chimney to build, over in Connecticut. After the mason had got started at it I borrowed his plumb-line and level, on some pretext or other, and then told him to go on and build the chimney without them. He said it was impossible and threatened to quit. I asked him if he was ready to admit his hand and eye were no good, and if so why he was any better stone mason than I or any other man. Between shame and pique he tackled the job. For two hours he was surly and unhappy, then I heard him whistling. He had simply found the joy of using his own talents. He told me afterwards he hadn't had so much fun in ten years. And it was a fine chimney. The Sunday after it was finished he brought his wife and children and a lot of his neighbors over to see the chimney that he had 'built without a plumb-line or a level, all by himself.' In one piece of individual accomplishment he had learned the joy of individual creation, and gained confidence and self-reliance and ambition worth a lot more than his wages.

"There's a tremendous moral strength growing out of the honest work of the hands. And while the machine creates dividends it takes away the workman's interest and pride in his work and in the end it robs him of the skill to do the mastery which is the real joy of production. Multiply, man. See what it means in a whole industrial population. When love went out of labor it was then that the workman ceased to be an artist. There is no more tradition. The present-day workman sticks on glumly through a mechanical week, solely because he and his children must eat. But the furniture, or silver, or something else that his great grandfather made is in the Museum. What is happening isn't the workman's fault at all. It's an ever-growing ignorance and the glorification of volume, without any reverence for the art of the machine copy. If a bricklayer would go to the Public Library in his spare time and take up the study of bricklaying where the old fellows left off, if he'd read half the stuff that's to be found there about bricklaying, he'd not only have the time of his life, but he'd get a new understanding of the dignity of his job and he wouldn't have to point to the tumble-down ruins of Fourteenth Century Persia as the unapproachable marvels of brick construction.

"My experience with the stone mason was proof enough that it was the old-time system of work that gave virility and lasting quality to the old-time arts. It opened my eyes, too, to the vast sum of potential artistic ability that is lying dormant in the world. If

(*Continued on second page following*)

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Old Tradition in Craftsmanship

(Continued from second page preceding)

only men and women would realize that art is something else besides putting paint on canvas. In almost every person is the love of tools, a hankering to make something. I believe almost every man is a sleeping craftsman in some line or other. How many men I have known who spent the day in finance or business, but who had a shop fixed up in the attic or the cellar where they could fashion things out of wood in the evening to take the tension off their nerves. With some it is wood, with others color or clay. The medium doesn't matter so long as the impulse is there. Technique is overestimated altogether. It comes with production and the love of production. Many a man is in a business he loathes, who would be a first-class artisan if he could get over the necessity of keeping up with the Joneses and stop fearing the bugaboo of technical knowledge.

"When I want workmen I don't send out a cry for ready-made journeymen. I advertise for men over fifty, intelligent and fond of tools. They can't all paint Italian ceilings or chisel the Laocoon, but they can do more things than you would imagine, and they grow in ability at a marvelous rate. It's their chance to 'make things.' Out of such I have developed workmen who it seems to me would have passed muster in any age.

"The popular art of today, the most spiritless and the most bloodless in history, is so largely because it caters to the machine. And with machine production, bulk supply in materials becomes a necessity. The result is prodigious waste. Almost every material is beautiful, for one use or another, but it takes mercantile quantity to feed machines. The Pisani took the stones that were scattered over the countryside for some of their most memorable work. We walk over treasures of material, but they are useless in a world that shrieks for quantity. We have come to what I call periodolatry. In most cases we have taken period from the palatial relics of various ages, but the truest period stuff is found in the country homes and cottages, whether in England, Italy or France. Good Lord, the people who lived in a 'Period' weren't aware of it. 'Period' was a state of mind. They just made things, and used what appealed to them. There were hands enough to supply the need, and craftsmanship was honorable. The more of soul and knowledge and skill there was in it the greater the craftsman. When Duncan Phyffe was traveling back and forth between Albany and New York, penniless, but with magic in his hands and an idea in his head, he didn't imagine that museums would ever be gunning for his harp tables. And that wasn't so very long ago. Period has come latterly to be a fetich, to which, on advice of an architect or in surrender to momentary impulse, costly piles are erected whose only achievement is to mar a God-made landscape. The true house is born out of the ground like the trees that grow about it. Art is continuous and composite. It is people. To a great extent it is fitting over the past to the needs of our own natures. China had its waves of influence, which are easily discernible, but whether from India or Persia, the lattices and flowers passed through the alembic of Chinese sense and feeling and came forth as variants, but nevertheless and none the less Chinese. From the same standpoint I doubt the permanence in our artistic life of forms that are borrowed whole from sources racially foreign. In a neighborhood of great homes there will be impressive houses of a dozen different periods. The one whose beauty will remain is that most nearly expressive of the dominant element in our blood, but that which will gain most on us and stand the test of passing time the best is that which harks back for its keynote to the best craftsmanship of all times, and still voices the spirit of ourselves. We can better inspire the old things with an individual feeling than to copy them whole for the adornment of our earthly tabernacle. They will blend into our lives.

"But period or invention—so long as it isn't 'originality,' which is merely the vanity of ordinary minds, whether we copy or adapt or create out of our own impulse, one thing is certain, we shall leave no footprint of artistic character for the future, unless we get some reverence into our souls—reverence for artistic labor, but primarily reverence for something higher than ourselves. Art is born out of religion and always has been. It is an appeal to the senses and not to the intellect or the purse. Religion itself is sensuous. The music, the stained glass, the painting—all the accumulation that reverence has brought to beautify the temples from the beginning of time, to make the ceremonial of worship imposing, even the temples themselves tell the same story. But we are not near enough to the human side of all this. It has ceased to permeate our lives. If we go into a place of worship at all, it is with bated breath, not in the passion of devotion and self-surrender. Until we feel a warm humanity in it all, until we begin again to draw the higher inspiration into our living and our thought, there can never be high tide in our souls. Until the workman is set free to express the feeling that is in him, and to know again the dignity of his calling, production will continue to follow the easiest road."

Thus, until three in the morning, discoursed Opus Travi. And I believed him.

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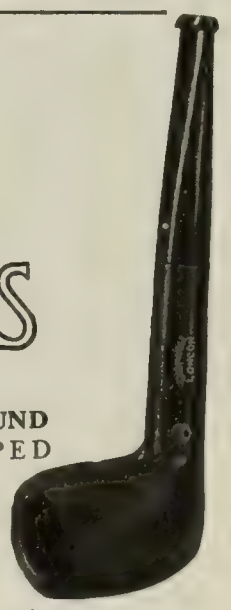

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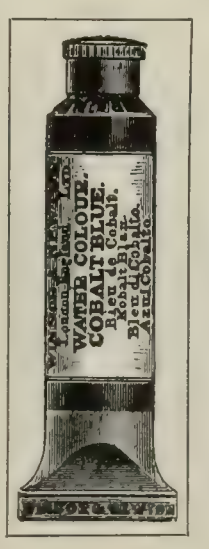

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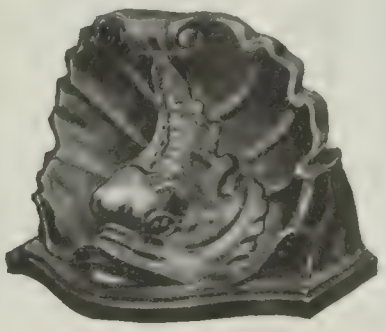

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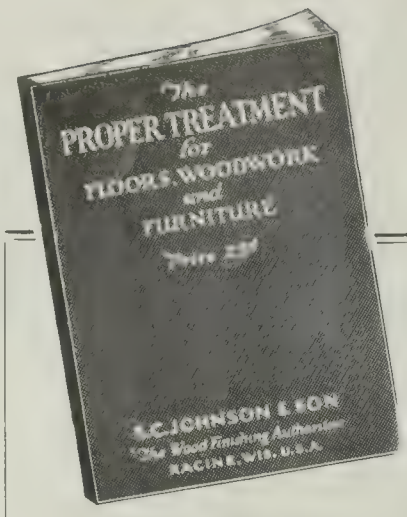

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Happy Stage Anachronisms in Japan

(*Continued from page 26*)

door. If at the street entrance all is an intelligent hustling modernity, then here is displayed the dainty beauty which the centuries have held and developed in Japan.

Here is foliage, here are soft lights caged in lanterns, here are waiting rickshaw coolies in fascinating runner's dress—and here are the flowers of Japan, the silken ladies of sleek-coiffed heads, fine skins, lithe bodies and nimble, white-clad feet. No amount of grooming, of beauty specialist's work, gives to the lady of Europe that effect of exquisite neatness which belongs to the lady of Japan. Perhaps it is the clean line of the hair on the brow, perhaps it is the absence of ornament where the smooth column of the throat rises from fold on fold of softest silks; or perhaps it is our own trick of imagination which is fond of vesting with special virtues the modest and—to us—almost inarticulate lady of Japan.

She comes to this modern theatre in all the grace of other days, and like a lady stepped out from a classic picture, seats herself in a red plush orchestra chair, but does it astonishingly like one who is accustomed to modern things.

The play is the thing, the play on the stage, so the eye goes to that. The scene is set by the ancient shrine of Hachimen; the time is given as "the olden time," and the brief one-act play is described on the program as a dance. Its actors are few, a high-born lady and her maid and a monkey-leader with his performing monkey, who earn their living together and return affection for affection.

The plot was appealingly simple. The lady's idle eye was caught one day by the beauty of the monkey's skin and instantly desired it, to make therewith a quiver for her arrows in her game of archery. It was her high-born pleasure and privilege to command the monkey-leader to kill and flay the friend of his difficult life, to satisfy her whim. Made keen by the quick necessity, he besought of the lady the privilege of her attention for the final dance of the little monkey before he should kill it and take the lady the skin. The monkey, impersonated by the little actress, Hiroko Fujima, dances with such exquisite charm that the lady's heart is softened, and in the end she begs Kindayu to keep the little creature.

Criticism is impossible. The play is a gem, one that could be reproduced in Paris, London or New York without a change, and it would be appreciated. Its costumes and its *mise en scène* are as true to history, and as careful in detail, as would meet the approval of Belasco.

When the curtain rose again it was on a play that could be given only in Japan, and therefore roused more feelings of comparison, if not of criticism. It was a play of political intrigue and of fighting, after the manner of the most usual drama in Japan, a historic tale of the Royalists, shortly after the arrival of Commodore Perry in Japan. The characters were all men save one, a geisha named Kimija, who later meets violent death. Plays of war-like combat, set in the Far East, are all too popular for our taste, but give opportunity for dramatic movement and for the display of historic costumes whose vogue has passed.

Even for one who speaks no Japanese the plays given at the Imperial are perfectly intelligible; more than that, they furnish thrills that political tragedies rarely excite. The acting is of the sincerest. No one actor is exalted, no actor shows the slightest conceit or over-appreciation of self, but the performance is evenly cast—in great contrast to some of our own stars' companies.

The stage setting has, naturally, a simplicity which is the keynote of our own modern scene-setters. The interiors of Japanese houses are the extreme of restraint, with their slight construction, paper walls and lattice windows, besides the lack of furniture. The stage but follows this unadorned reality.

Odd things—odd to us—come about from the habit of sitting on the floor instead of on chairs. In a large restaurant scene of many people, where the geisha Kimija plays a large part, all are seated *à la Japonnaise*. This makes necessary the raising of the scene above the footlights, just as the floors of little shops are raised above the level of the entrance promenade where the visitor leaves his shoes, or rather the patterns which go over his soft foot-coverings.

Men coming into a vacant scene at the beginning of an act reach the stage after the (to us) ancient and abandoned fashion of using a runway from the orchestra to the stage.

Another queer anachronism which tickles the Thespian palate—two rooms in a house are constructed back to back, the whole on a pivot, and the scene swung around before the eyes of the audience while the actors are walking through the garden gate beside the revolving rooms, a ruse which is naive but yet practical, and has much to recommend it.

So we leave this scene of old plays, this highly modern auditorium of French decoration and red velvet seats, its hand-clappings and its vendors of sweets. Out in the lobby men and maids—whole families, too—are eating light Japanese food in lieu of dinner, to stay them until late evening, and out of the side door dainty silken ladies, delicately rouged, are still arriving and still descending from silver-mounted rickshaws, lantern hung, under the shade of the flowered vines of the trellis.

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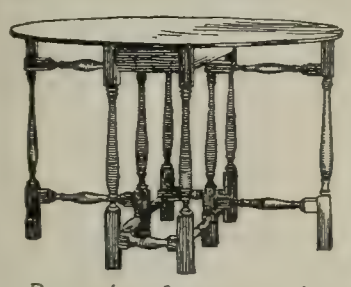

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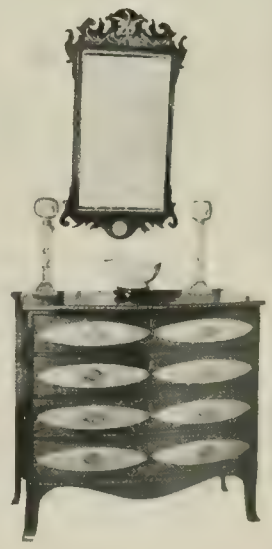

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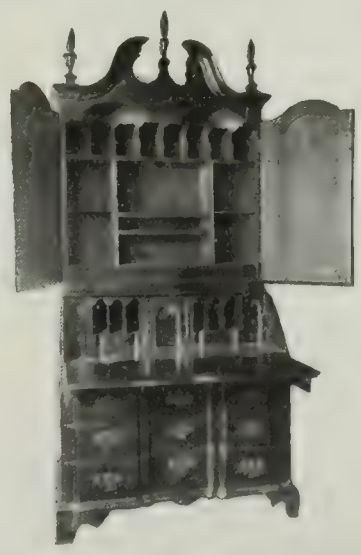

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The Hope of the World in Art

(*Continued from page 27*)

harmony. The hope of civilization is to induce large numbers to foster and develop individuality, but to do this new methods of teaching must be devised. Most children are over-stimulated and under-trained. Art, like trees, must grow from seed planted in ground that has been ploughed and fertilized, and the seed must be watered and stimulated. Music, dancing, line, color, all help to make the individual a factor in the community. The arts cannot be standardized, there is no foot-rule to indicate progress; the accomplishment of each must be weighed as an individual. For this reason the arts can save democracy from being swallowed up in the commonplace.

"The spirit of industry is one of the greatest needs today. The boy who struggles at his books and becomes most enthusiastic when given a real piece of work to do will bring out his individuality and energy. To follow any of the arts is to expand one's self. Vocational education is showing the way out of the morass of mass education into which we were sinking; it has proved the need for developing free self-expression, free and therefore happy citizens."

Dr. David Snedden, Professor of Vocational Education at Columbia University, advocated the indirect method of "Teaching Art Appreciation in Respect to the Utilities of Life," suggesting, as an example, that if "spoons might be handled, sorting the good from the bad both in design and execution," it would be much more useful than laying down principles and analyzing details. Similarly, that an excursion to see the buildings in the city would be the best way to study architectural styles.

Selling Art Education

C. VALENTINE KIRBY, State Director of Art Education for Pennsylvania, gave valuable hints regarding points in the work of the art teachers that should be brought more fully to the attention of the public. He said, in part: "The art teacher's efforts should be translated into terms of human understanding and thus secure recognition and appreciation. In other words, the art teacher of today is manufacturing worthy and needful goods but has not created an increasing consciousness of the need for these goods. We must get out, advertise and sell our products. To do this effectively we must know our goods, believe in our goods and create a consciousness of need for them; display them in such an inviting and effective manner that they will attract attention, excite interest and make friends.

"Art is the expression of man's most beautiful thoughts and deepest feelings—not on canvas alone but in every material and in every age and clime. Thus it is that when all else has passed away the *art* of a people survives.

"There is a fourfold need for art in a community: 1. Æsthetic influence working for a fine public taste in the people at large; 2. Institutions for the training of creative artists in all lines of expression; 3. Provisions for the training of teachers of the arts; 4. Opportunities for workmen to become more efficient. Art is something more than a luxury; it is rather an aristocracy of spirit. It must take its place as a real necessity in individual and community life.

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"Every community is proud of its industrial and commercial leaders. No less important is the discovery and conservation of those exceptionally gifted along art lines. Every community must be made to see the need of saving and developing those of exceptional talent who hold the promise for the future of our American art. No more need we fear to encourage a pupil to follow an art career. The opportunities are so many today that the real danger is in the opportunity—some opportunity coming before the preparation is sound and complete. It is not the function of the public schools to turn out finished artists or craftsmen, but rather to lay a foundation of interest and thoroughness that will provide our future architects, sculptors, painters, industrial and commercial designers and general craftsmen.

"Let us not forget that we are dealing with a product that yields not alone the material returns of trade and commerce, but yields those more noble and glorious ones that we may define as spiritual. Above all things should we 'put over' this spirit of beautiful and sincere performance in every phase of our art and industrial education that our boys and girls grow up to a possession, through appreciation, a desire to excel by means of conscientious performance, and a belief that it is not enough to make a living, but to acquire these higher values that work for sweet and wholesome living."

(*Continued on second page following*)

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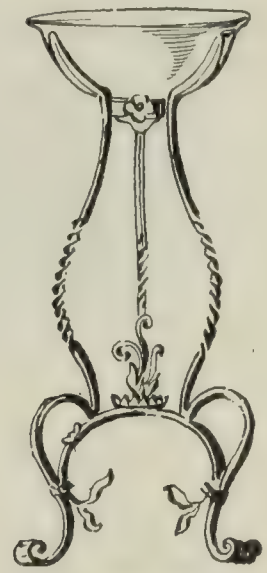

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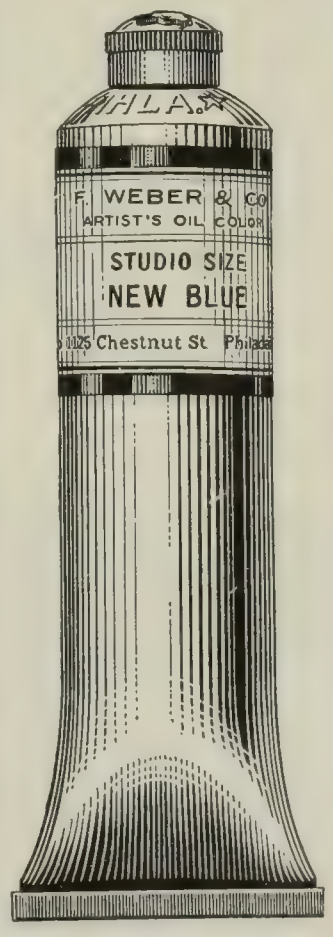

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Hope of the World

(*Cont. from second page preceding*)

College Art Association

SOME thirty college teachers of the history of art and of studio practice gathered in Washington the same days, March 24, 25 and 26, for the annual meeting of the College Art Association. The sessions were held at the Corcoran Gallery. The principal addresses were "The Fine Arts in the Education of the People," by P. P. Claxton, Federal Commissioner of Education; "That Which is Significant in Post-Impressionism," by A. V. Churchill, of Smith College; "The Standardization of Art Courses," by Ellsworth Woodward, of Newcomb College, New Orleans; and "Free-Lance Work of the Cincinnati Museum," by Elizabeth Kellogg, Librarian of the Cincinnati Museum of Art.

The "Round Table" discussion on "Arts and Crafts, a Subject for a College Course in the History of Art," was introduced by George B. Zug, of Dartmouth, and the principal address at the dinner held Friday evening at the Arts Club was by Albert Kelsey, the Philadelphia architect, on "That Spiritual Craving Which so Few of Our Colleges Even Try to Satisfy."

The work of the Association is carried on by committees, and the report of these activities was presented as follows: "Books for the College Art Library," by Arthur Pope, of Harvard; "Reproductions for the College Museum and Art Gallery," by David M. Robinson; "Investigation of Art Education in American Colleges and Universities," by Holmes Smith, of Washington University, St. Louis; "Research Work and Graduate Teaching in Art," by A. V. Churchill, of Smith; "Co-operation with Other Organizations," by Walter Sargent, of the University of Chicago. A report of the accomplishments of the American Academy in Rome during the season of 1919-1920 was presented by G. H. Edgell, of Harvard, and the work of the Committee on Education of the American Institute of Architects was described by C. C. Zantzinger, of Philadelphia; Leila Mechlin, secretary of The American Federation of Arts, told how that organization can be of service to the college art student.

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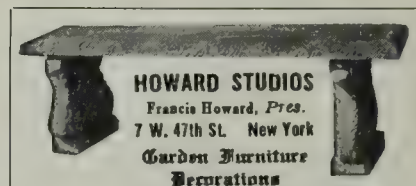

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AMONG the varied influences affecting American decorative art it seems strange indeed to find included those of the early buccaneers and pirates. Yet so it is; and accordingly it is interesting to turn a glance in their direction.

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Taking advantage of the unsettled conditions created by the privateers' activities, the buccaneers followed; the possible origin of whose name ("bucan," or "boucan," to salt, to smoke) calls up pictures of long voyages, and the hard, dried sea-fare consequent. The greatest of these was the famous Captain Henry Morgan who plundered Panama to the tune of 260,000 pieces of eight and who destroyed 2000 cedar houses "of magnificent building" for which he was actually created Sir Henry Morgan.

Beside this personage, Blackbeard and Captain Kidd appear tawdry enough; yet it is to such as these that America is indebted for the first beauty of her interior settings. Through them the island of Madagascar, mart and pleasure-ground of the sea plunderers became stocked with pirate-treasure; and thence the shrewd merchants of New Amsterdam quested, exchanging their cargoes for those of the pirates. Thus were the quiet houses of New Amsterdam bedecked with carpets, carved furniture and ivory, rare fabrics of silk and cotton, jewels and gems of the costliest workmanship.

In this way even the old marauders are responsible for bringing to our land influences of beauty which have helped form the foundation of our heightened standards of taste today, and so doubtless, in a due degree, have proved a far off influence in the appreciation given to the fidelity and beauty of design found in the Decorative and Upholstery Silks produced by Cheney Brothers.

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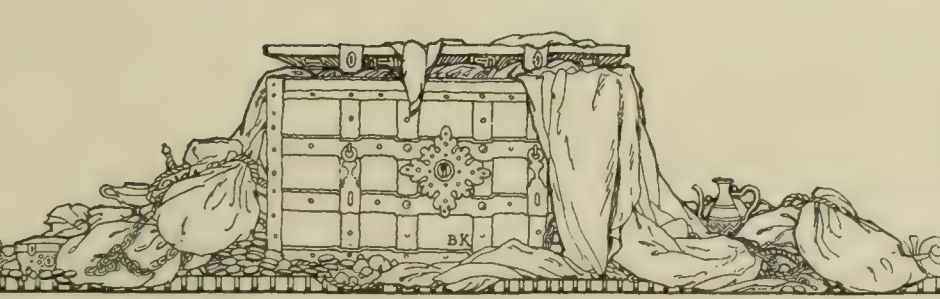

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When Art and Nature Meet

Garden Accessories Humanize the Garden

By AMELIA LEAVITT HILL

AS every garden lover knows, there are, apart from the flowers themselves, any number of accessories which increase the effectiveness of the garden, and by the aid of which it may be made—not only a greater pleasure to the eye, but also productive of greater usefulness and more enjoyment. To be sure, these accessories should be used with a careful hand, always seeming to subordinate themselves to the general scheme of the garden, even though in fact the garden may have been arranged to bring out their beauties. This should never appear, however, for the chief effectiveness of garden decoration lies in restraint, and furnishings which never dominate their surroundings will be found best to enhance their beauty.

Most beautiful when properly handled, and most obvious of garden decorations, is the bromidic pergola. For a pergola is really beautiful, although in these days, when one appears in the yard of every house that boasts a yard at all, its obvious attractions are apt to be overlooked in view of its equally obvious ubiquity. To be sure, nothing is more ubiquitous than a rustic arch covered with a crimson rambler; but the contemplation of an array of these arches, such as one sees along any country road in early summer, is unattended by the murderous impulses with which one watches the erection of a new pergola in a neighboring yard.

The reasons for this are two: first that the pergola is a large and imposing piece of garden furniture, and as such is as out of place in any but a good-sized garden as a concert grand piano would be in the tiny living-room of a small flat. Its lines may be perfection—although too often they are not—but handsome, decorative or worth-while though it may be in itself, in a small, confined plot it can be none of these things.

The second objection to the pergola is that there appears to be some unwritten law by which the majority of pergola-owners keep vines and vegetation scrupulously away from it. As a matter of fact, a pergola is only made as a support for vines, and without them is as absurd as a trellis upon which nothing is permitted to grow. Covered with foliage, whatever its design, it will in time become a decorative object, provided only that it be placed in a space sufficient to hold it suitably; but a bare pergola, with no friendly vines to hide it, stands before the world convicted of its sins.

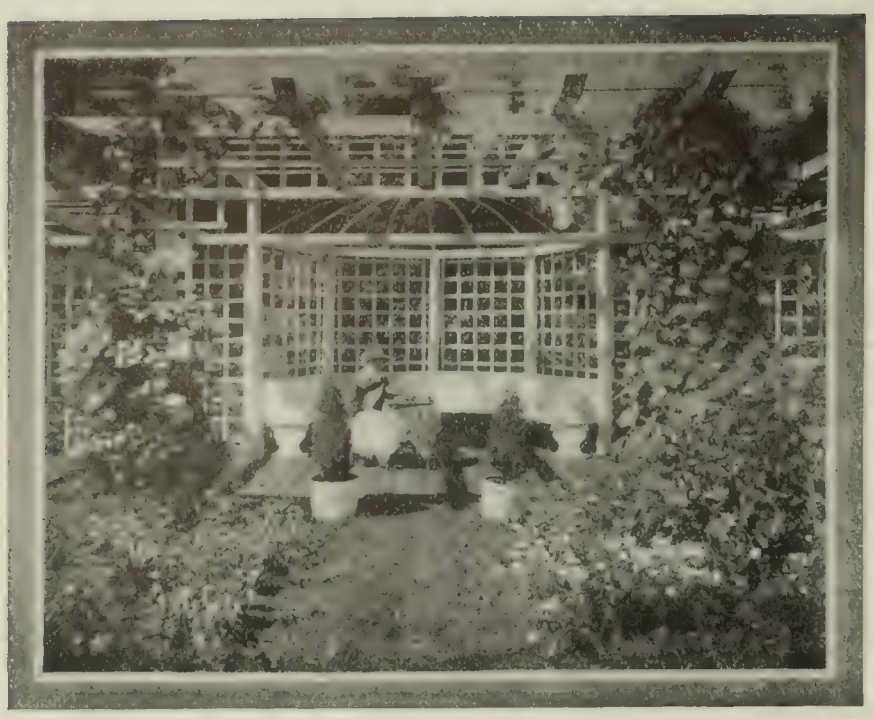
An attractive glimpse of Mrs. E. B. Renwick's garden, at Short Hills, N.J., which illustrates the use of flower urns on concrete bases

Still, a vine-clad pergola, set in a good-sized plot, is beautiful and useful. Its columns may be made of brick, stone, concrete, turned wood, or entirely of rustic work. Grapes, roses, wistaria, honeysuckle — any sturdy vine may be used to cover it, and should do so as fully as nature will permit. An attractive arrangement may be made by surrounding a small water garden by a semi-circular pergola beneath which hang swinging seats. A pleasant out-of-doors sitting room may be made by arranging garden furniture beneath a pergola; and if a narrow bed be dug along its edges beneath the roof, and flowers planted there which do not require the full sun, it will be found perfectly possible to enjoy a garden in the open air sitting room which has thus been made.

Close cousins to the pergola are the arbor and the summer-house. Either of these may be had ready to erect, in the white enamelled woodwork which is now so popular for garden furniture, or may be built by any carpenter at small expense. An effective one may be made of rustic work. These will be found excellent substitutes for a tea house, and if they be not too far away, meals may be served in them on hot summer days. It is also possible to keep in them biscuits, tea, an alcohol lamp, and other such accessories and so make the serving of tea an easy matter, even if the arbor be at some distance from the house. The pergola sitting room and the arbor dining room enable one to live out-of-doors for the greater part of the summer, during waking hours, and will be found a well-worth-while investment, from the standpoint of pleasure as well as of health.

If a more pretentious dining room be desired, the building of a tea house is no great affair. A charming one may be made in the Japanese style, the thatched roof raised either upon walls or upon posts at the corners of the house, in which latter case the flooring should be raised some few steps above the ground. A Japanese tea house may be greatly increased in effectiveness by embowering it in Japanese iris, peonies, or other distinctively Japanese plants. An Alpine chalet is also picturesque, especially when set in or near the rock garden; and a tiny English thatched cottage is effective. For the average garden, however, a simple arrangement will be found quite as satisfactory as a more pretentious one, as well as usually in better taste.

When the matter of garden furniture arises, many choices are offered the would-be purchaser. The white enamelled furniture of which previous mention has been made is now very popular; it is effective at a distance, its lines are good, and it wears well. The chairs and tables of Japanese rattan are less beautiful, but they have the advantage of being the most comfortable of all the garden furniture. They are all the better for a thorough wetting now and then, and so may be left out of doors in almost any weather. Reed furniture is also in good taste and may be had in various colors. The rustic seats of former days, heavy, clumsy and desperately uncomfortable, have fortunately been consigned to the limbo of forgotten things, and in their place have come chairs



A charming environment for afternoon tea is effected by this well-designed arrangement of bench, lattice work and pergola rafters

The "exedra," as the Greeks called it, or curved seat is a finely architectural garden incident, concrete and artificial stone the materials

almost equally rustic in appearance, with backs and seats of splints. These are less expensive than other garden furnishings, strong, comfortable and appropriate. A group of them about the red or striped sun-umbrella, which should be a part of the furniture of every garden, makes a delightful place in which to study the results of your own and your gardener's labors, and while away the long summer afternoons.

For more permanent service, the seats of stone or concrete should by no means be forgotten. For beauty and durability there is no comparison between them and any others. They are usually classic in design, and exceedingly decorative. They should be placed, however, in spots where wanderers through the garden may be expected to sit down for a moment to enjoy a vista or to rest, but for the comfortable passing of an afternoon among your flowers they cannot compete with the less architectural but more comfortable furniture which has already been described.

The Weld garden, at Brookline, Mass., by Charles A. Platt, architect, is one of the best examples of the well-planned formal garden in this country with its pergola, pavilion, pool, walls, walks and grass plots

The sun-dial shows danger of becoming, like the pergola, a garden commonplace, but it is one which can hardly be dispensed with. It may be handled in countless ways, however, and curiously, the personality of the owner seems always to show itself in his choice of a sun-dial. A gnomon may be had at any optician's, and set upon any pedestal that you may select for it. Exceedingly artistic pedestals may be had of stone or concrete which harmonize with the seats and benches of similar material. Wooden pedestals painted white may be given a dignified effect, and I have seen pretty and unusual ones made by a skilful laying of field-stone with a planting of climbing vines about them. Many of the ready-made pedestals are charming in design, and the made-to-order ones have this advantage—that it is possible, in constructing them, to inscribe upon them an appropriate motto, dear to the heart of the owner and holding special significance. It is unnecessary, by the way, to send for an expert to set the dial; as the time told by the sun varies from the actual time for the greater part of the year, a dial is never an instrument by which to catch a train. For all practical purposes it will be found sufficient to verify it for a few days by one's own watch before it is fastened down.

The gazing globe has been, of late, introduced as a decorative substitute for the sun dial in garden decoration, but it does not take the place of a sun-dial, and is chiefly of use as a focal point in garden design—a bright spot from a distance, and a glimmering sphere of enchanted vistas at close range.

Reminiscences of the cast-iron dog, which graced the lawns and gardens of the '80's, by the bye, brings us to the question of statuary, the most dangerous of all to handle out of doors. For although the day when deter-

Climbing vines gracefully relate statuary to its garden environment

An informal garden seat of ledgestone in Otis Skinner's garden at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

A garden statue effectively and "architecturally" placed on the "long axis" of a pool

A garden satyr rising from a clump of young pine—a contrast in white and green

A small circular pool affords an interesting spot in this vista in a Cornish, N.H., garden

The tall water jar, of Spanish or Italian type is an effective decorative garden accessory

mined "modernizers" clapped French roofs upon fine old Colonial mansions and adorned their lawns with metal deer is passed, one still sees sights almost as incongruous in the grounds of some enthusiastic devotees of statuary. Cheap statues are, and should be, anathema to the garden lover, as they are to the artist. A statue, wherever it is to be placed, should be a work of art, if it is to be at all. In addition to this, it must be placed in surroundings which suit it, or its effect will be wholly lost. Its surroundings should be formal, and it should stand alone. It is only in gardens of vast extent, and under the guidance of the most expert advice, that this rule should be broken. In general, many statues together, however fine they may be, destroy the very impression which one, well chosen and well placed, will produce. Indeed, usually, unless a garden is very large and elaborate, any statue is out of place; but even in the most pretentious gardens statues should be used with restraint, if the best effect is to be secured. Well-studied backgrounds, or entwining vines help to relate a piece of statuary to its garden environment.

Other garden accessories? Their name is legion. Bird baths—a concrete-lined hollow in the stump of a felled tree, or a slender column of concrete supporting the shallow pond which will lure all sorts of little feathered friends to your garden. Early and late—bird houses, feeding tables? The little creatures which frequent them will add as much charm to your garden as any statue. Walks, fences, hedges? Yes, these, too, should have a moment's consideration, from the standpoint of possible ornaments to the garden rather than as necessities.

A hedge is the ideal fence for a suburban house. It extends the greenery as far as may be, and forms a compact and satisfactory barrier. One of California privet is strong, handsome and a good protection, and has the additional advantage, after a severe winter, if it be not cut back until late, of coming to life in the most unexpected places, after its survival has been reluctantly given up. Barberry is pretty and useful—both on account of the thorns which deter marauders, and because of the berries which attract the birds in winter. Box, unfortunately, is too slow-growing, and too apt to winterkill in our northern climate. A hedge of Althea is a lovely sight, if it can be

The canopy tea table is one of the most useful of garden furnishings. It is seen here in happy grouping with a sun dial and a wooden bench

protected by a wire screen from depredating small boys and dogs. It is perhaps more satisfactory, for this reason, inside one's domain—perhaps about the vegetable garden—where its weakness and its beauty do not tempt the trespasser and the vagrant flower lover.

In the country an old stone wall, over which roses are trained, forms an ideal barrier. A white wooden fence is pretty and artistic, and may be harmonized in design with the house to which it belongs. A lovely effect may also be produced by an ordinary wire fence with arches of ordinary lead pipe erected at the posts which support it and the whole planted with crimson rambler and Dorothy Perkins roses, which, in June, produce a color effect fairly dazzling the beholder. A somewhat similar effect, but lighter and more delicate may be obtained by sinking iron posts at intervals and connecting them by a light chain. If Lady Gay roses be planted at each post, in a wonderfully short time the entire structure will be concealed by heavy festoons of pink roses, which may be seen at a very considerable distance.

If a gate is used, its style must, of course, depend upon the fence which has been selected. In the case of a white wooden fence the gate may be made more imposing by the erection of a fan-shaped trellis on either side of it, upon which climbing roses are planted. A gateway of Japanese work—resembling thatch in its general effect—is pretty, but perishable in our climate. One of close-set boards, opening in a hedge some six feet high, may be had in imitation of our English cousins, who seek above all else privacy in their gardens. "Lych gates" are rather popular, and quaint in form, and hold many possibilities for quaint design.

The most satisfactory paths for the garden, especially for the rose garden, are grass paths. Gravel is less attractive, while the paths of broken flagging, now so popular, are rather monotonous for a whole garden, although nothing is prettier than to catch sight of one here and there. The crevices between them should be planted, not with grass alone, as is the American custom, but with the low-growing rock plants, which always peep up between the stones in England.

No detail of garden design can successfully compete, for interest, with a pool of water

But after all, in the garden, as everywhere else, appropriateness is the keynote of successful decoration. Nothing too much—the adage of the old Greek philosopher is never more applicable than here. For Nature never fails—the efforts of our best gardeners are but too apt to fade into insignificance beside a bit of woodland or roadside where she has combined shrubs and blossoms according to her will. And when we introduce our own handiwork among hers, we must bring her of our best if harmony is to be the result of our efforts.

Therefore, again — "nothing too much"—and let dignity and simplicity be the watchword of the garden decorator who hopes to gain the best results.

Japan's Debt to America

The Fenollosa Memorial and Hogai Kano's Exhibition

By YONE NOGUCHI, *Editor Department of Oriental Art, Tokyo, Japan*

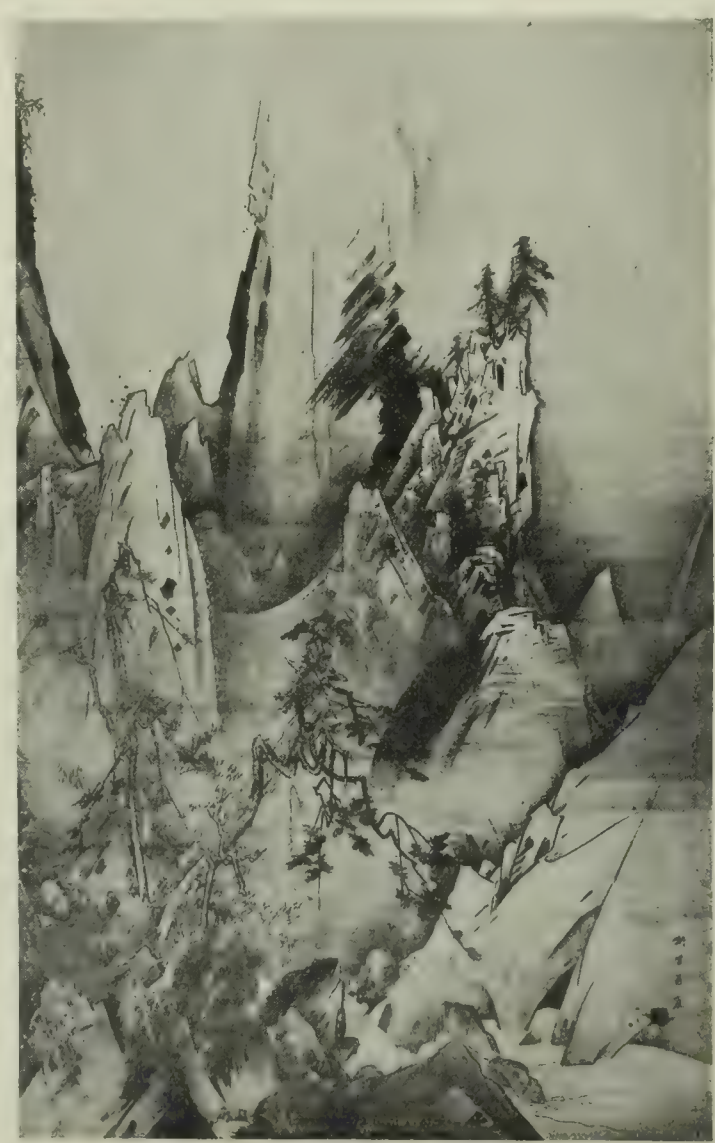
Lafcadio Hearn

ONCE again Japan proves her gratitude toward an American in the stone monument erected in memory of Earnest F. Fenollosa on the ground of the Tokyo Fine Arts School in Ueno Park. If a monument should be built for him, I do not know any more fitting place than that school ground shadowed by the cherry blossoms in spring, because the school first came into existence through Fenollosa's ardent advocacy, and because this monument with his chiselled portrait would serve the Japanese art students as a voiceless but forcible adviser, who leads them along the righteous path of arts where tradition blooms with fresh animation. He was the very discoverer of Japanese arts for Japan, when she neglected them wilfully or forgot them foolishly under the topsyturvydom of material reconstruction; and accidentally a discoverer of Japanese arts for the west in general. I am glad that this Fenollosa monument is not a thing arranged by the indifferent hands of officialism, since it is built by the contribution of Fenollosa's pupils and friends, and is therefore a symbol of love and gratitude. If there was another foreigner, besides Fenollosa, who made a sincere service to Japan, he would be no other than Lafcadio Hearn. Hearn and Fenollosa, both of them, loved Japan and the Japanese, long before we began to love them and realize what a great service they were doing for us. Like Hearn, Fenollosa was pleased to bear a Japanese name—Yeitan Kano—and even pledged himself with the Buddhist precepts under the holy guidance of an acharya of the temple Myohoin by the Lake of Biwa, famous in Hiroshige's color-prints. He had a Buddhist layman's name in Taishin; and with this sacred name he is lying now in the temple yard of said Myohoin from where his soul might float out to see the moonlit lake, whenever the moon shines, which, as his wife once wrote, "lies like a shell of white, dropped by the passing day."

Fenollosa was in his twenty-sixth year when he first came to Japan; that was in the month of August, the eleventh of Meiji Era. This young student from Harvard, with a Hagellian Scholarship and a bit of actual training in art, was received with great enthusiasm by the young men of new Japan who wished to forget their Confucianism and ethics for Spencer and Darwin. Fenollosa's young, audacious mind, quite natural from his inherited Spanish blood of romantic cast (his father was a Spanish musician, who settled at Salem and married an American), was never displeased, I believe, with this new environment in which old Japan was still surrounded. But his philosophical artistic temperament, also natural from his inherited Spanish blood, soon made him prefer a gray-colored old temple with pictures and statues to the class-room of the Imperial University, with dirty wooden tables and chairs. Although he did not forget entirely his commissioned work to transplant a Western wisdom of practical use among us, he was a hundred times more pleased to advocate the national consciousness from the point of view of art; he thought that the latter was more important than the former. I think he was right; whenever there is a proper time for expressing it, we Japanese are thankful for his wise advocacy. In truth, his loud propaganda began to induce a time in Japan more congenial for artistic development; above all, it was Fenollosa who taught us that we should respect our old tradition

Earnest F. Fenollosa

and, if possible, keep it intact. He persuaded the Japanese Government to preserve the old worthy temples and shrines, and of course the treasures in pictures and statues belonging to them; then the official seals of "National Treasures" were stamped on the greatest pieces of art that they should not be taken away into a foreign country. And his scientific wisdom was also used to advantage in the arrangement or reformation of our museum or museums, whatever we had in Japan.



Mountains and Rivers, by Hogai Kano

His point of view in the Japanese arts was puritanic, discriminatingly avoiding the so-called classic opinion; he determined that our arts should be a thing grown from our own paint and imagination, and if they accepted any foreign influence, it was a sure sign of their being degenerate and base. Therefore he despised the Western oil painting when done by a Japanese artist, as well as a branch of Japanese arts called Bunjin Gwa, or "the Literary Man's Painting," which began particularly to flourish in Japan in the early Eighteenth Century under the Chinese influence. When he hated this Chinese influence in art, there is no reason why he should pass the invasion of Western painting in modern Japan without criticism. But Fenollosa's love of old Japan, I believe, was not a sentimental affair. There was a strong enough evidence that the production of good Western painting for us Japanese was more or less accidental. And when people's minds lose their central strength of reflection and self-appraisal, they are apt to become a prey to the worst side of any new thing. Fenollosa thought it was most deplorable that, like the Japanese of the Eighteenth Century with Chinese art, the present Japanese wished to imitate Western oil painting, and seldom succeeded in it. It was due to the recognition of his opinion that, when the Tokyo Fine Arts

School was started, Western oil painting as well as Chinese literary painting were excluded from the courses of study.

It was only natural that Fenollosa attempted to revive the old Kano School from ashes. And I can easily imagine what a delight it was for him, when he discovered Hogai Kano; and what an encouragement for Hogai to have Fenollosa as his friend. It is not too much to say that the real modern arts of Japan are the flowers, if there can be any flower, blossoming from the seeds thrown by the hands of these two men—Hogai, the great artist of the Kano School, and Fenollosa.

Fenollosa died just thirteen years ago. This thirteenth anniversary was commemorated recently in Tokyo with a sutra reading and memorial addresses; and as we cannot talk about him, apart from the story of Hogai Kano, we had also a special exhibition of Hogai's works at the Hyokei Kan Museum of Ueno Park.

This exhibition of Hogai Kano's masterly work called attention to him at a time when many of us were becoming pessimistic as to the future of Japanese art. It revealed before us a period of true art when an artist could be great even without the aid of any modern theory of execution. What a change the last twenty years have brought here! One thing is sure; we have learned realism and perhaps artistic purpose with much sacrifice of the old Japanese power in art, but the advantages of acquiring a great deal of knowledge, mainly from Western sources, are growing rather doubtful. It is interesting at this particular time for us to study the art of Hogai Kano.

Hogai's art is the art of a free mind; in other words, the art of the "thing itself." By this Japanese expression I mean that he and the subjects he painted were perfectly one—the subjects which, with all his soul, he wished to reveal. He hated to call his work mere art; he always emphasized the spirit of art. "You must not become clever artists," he used to say to his students; "cleverness is a false god of art which makes you stray from the real spirit." Once, in his younger days, he was asked at his native village of Chofu, in the Nagato province of Southern Japan, to draw a picture of a crane on a two-fold screen. His patron was displeased with his picture when it was done, and, with his permission, again commissioned his father, also an artist of conventional training, who, to the man's satisfaction, drew the bird of traditional art. Hogai, however, determined to keep up his fight against the general vulgarity; he looked upon it as foolish pedantry which gave no scope for freedom.

Hogai pursued his study and work almost in starvation; indeed, his life of sixty years was a life of hardship and hunger. When he reached manhood, the whole country of Japan began to grow disturbed under the name of the Grand Restoration. In those days the safety of one's life was not assured; how, then, could art claim the general protection? All the artists threw away their drawing brushes; Hogai tried to get his living by selling baskets and brooms. His wife, it is said, helped him by her weaving at night; their lives were hard almost without comparison. Following the advice of Mr. Fujishima, he afterwards drew pictures, and gave them to a dealer at Hikage Cho, Tokyo, to sell. After three long years he found that only one picture had been sold, and so he gave the rest of them, more than fifty, to Mr. Fujishima, who, by turns, gave them away to his friends. I understand that many of the pictures I saw at this exhibition were those the people received from Mr. Fujishima even without thanks; today they are their treasures. Thus is the irony of life exemplified! It might be thought a piece of good fortune when he was discovered by the late Prof. Fenollosa, whost critical eye discerned Hogai's unusual ability; he engaged him for twelve yen a month. It is almost unbelievable that such a small sum should have been acceptable; but it may have been the usual payment in those days, and the professor's friendship was more to Hogai than money itself. He received fifteen yen afterwards when he was engaged by the Educational Department of the Government in 1884; what a pity he could not support himself independently by art alone! Social conditions began slowly but surely to assume their former order of peacefulness, and a general appreciation of art was being looked forward to when Hogai died.

The God of Power, by Hogai Kano

The Goddess of Mercy, by Hogai Kano

To look at some of the modern work is too trying, mainly from the fact that it lacks, to use the word of Zen Buddhism, the meaning of silence; it seems to me that some modern artists work only to tax people's minds too much. As in Nature we find peacefulness and silence, we derive from it a feeling of comfort and restfulness; and from this we receive vigour and life. I think this is what great art should be. Many modern artists cannot place themselves in unison with their art; in one word, they do not know how to follow the law or *michi* that Mother Nature gladly evolves. It is such a delight to examine those works of Hogai, as each picture is a very part of his own real self; the only difference is the difference that he wished to evoke in interest; his desire was always so clear in the relation between himself and his work, and accidentally he succeeded as if by magic in establishing the same relationship for us, the onlookers. It goes without saying that the pictures of such an artist are richer than they appear; while he used only Chinese ink in his pictures, our imagination is pleased to see them with the addition of color, and even voice. He might be well called a colorist in the best sense.

But to return to Fenollosa, he became known in a literary way through "Noh: Accomplishment" and his translation of Chinese poems. Although I do not know what share Mr. Ezra Pound, editor of the above books, had in them, I believe that Fenollosa's literary ability was quite considerable. He had written a book of poems in 1893, and in one of his poems he wrote something about the Golden Age. I imagine that he found this Golden Age in old Japan, or at least in the old Japanese paintings, when he came to Japan first.

The Pittsburgh Exhibition

The International Show at the Carnegie Institute

By DAVID LLOYD

AS early as 1832 it was proved that Springfield, Ill., "could no longer be considered an inland town." Captain Vincent Bogue proved it by ascending the Sangamon River from Cincinnati, at the spring break-up of the ice, in "the splendid upper cabin steamer Talisman," with the aid of ten or twelve men, who, with long-handled axes, cut away the overhanging branches of the trees on the banks. It is now twenty-five years since a Paris Salon was set up at the confluence of the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers in Western Pennsylvania. In the three score years intervening we had reached the point of wanting a salon without attaining it except at international fairs.

There is one odd thing about the magniloquence of the early American pioneer. His impudence was too careless to protect him from mistakes of judgment in detail, but the bombast for which a later and more experienced culture makes so many apologies, fades out in the light of the after achievement. Chicago, for instance, did not realize its ambition to become an Atlantic port, but by land it is not so much a great ganglion in the railroad system as a common and absolute terminal. And Pittsburgh, though it has not won the prestige of an art capital, has for a quarter of a century tested out the apparatus of an international salon without effective challenge.

The thought which the visitor to the Annual Carnegie Institute exhibitions will carry away from Pittsburgh this month is that the Institute is the victim of a dull year, that the flood of war has floated the art of Europe over the banks and subsiding, has left it a standing pond. The English work is flashily declarative with all the polish of routine and the aplomb of the raconteur. The French work is as professional, as suave as ever. The smaller contributions from Scandinavia and the Latin countries have the customary air. The American work, an epitome of the season at other academies, lords it over the almost equal bulk of imported material. The whole well-drilled battalion, its ranks closed up a little, passes in review in good order, in effective array, brilliant in uniform, imposing not rousing.

What do we expect? Possibly the recent years have left us all with an Athenian hankering for some new thing. Or possibly we have at last become impressed with the apparatus at Pittsburgh and an enhanced sense of its possibilities.

It may be worth while to pause for a moment on this thought because though the Carnegie Institute plan was conceived with no bombastic flourish it presents a program which is somewhat staggering in aspect and yet in performance may be thoroughly realizable. There is, on the face of it, no compelling reason why an international salon should be set down at Pittsburgh. There is, for all that, no likelihood that the expensive, not to say extravagant, plan will be imitated. New York, for instance, still struggles with the hope of securing a reasonably adequate exhibition centre. Washington's National Gallery has not won a home, except for the special housing of the Freer collection. The salon is likely to remain at Pittsburgh because it was started there, just as Detroit, say, remains a point of furniture manufacturing.

Vanishing Mist, by Ernest Lawson; awarded medal of first class

Such is the force of investment of capital, commercial or philanthropic. The appropriation is available and the art comes to Pittsburgh, not to the city's exclusive advantage. After all for the service of the country on a wider scale there should be some gain in setting this seasonal centre at least as far West as the Ohio Valley beyond the Allegheny watershed.

Girl with Green Hat, by Eugene Speicher; awarded medal of third class

The art comes to Pittsburgh, but, of course, Pittsburgh has to go after it and fetch it. This involves invitation, in a plan based squarely on the jury idea. In fact, the jury is theoretically one of its most important elements. Here, again, the jury comes to Pittsburgh and Pittsburgh goes after the jury and fetches it. In short the artist in Britain, France or elsewhere is invited, at the Institute's expense, to send his remarked works across the sea to be passed upon for selection by a local jury partly foreign in membership.

The plan involves some difficulties, not to say delicacies. It is all too easy for the Institute's representative, with the most innocent good-will, to embarrass it by unintentionally obscuring the significance of the invitation or at least to react in its despite through the disgust of disappointed competitors. Something of the sort has been known to happen in the not too distant past with almost as much commotion as attended the Luxembourg's recent hospitality to Americans. When such difficulties occur the result may be doubly unfortunate in discouraging interest abroad in the whole Pittsburgh program. The essential fact remains that it is possible for Pittsburgh to send abroad and solicit exhibits of contemporary work and discharge all its explicit obligations in doing so. The salon, as compared with the annual shows in Paris, is limited in extent, which in itself is no grievous restriction, but it is not limited in scope.

There is, to be sure, an element of waste motion, somewhat colossal in quality and admittedly considerable in actual effect, the "long haul" by which the competing works are sent in. Jury selection on the spot, that is to say in several national centres, is the indicated remedy. The charter requirements of the plan would inevitably control, but they should not impede the development of the founder's idea. The haphazard stimulation of contributions from abroad is the point for improvement. The foreign advisory committees or some equivalent should be interposed as a preliminary sieve. If the total extent of exhibition wall space is limited, that space can be apportioned in advance among the several national contingents so that the preliminary selection could become the effectual one and the selection at Pittsburgh instead of resulting, as it often does, in extravagant slaughter, could approach a formal oversight or the estate of final revision and veto. Or if this involved an appreciable loss in single and cohesive unity of judgment, it is not impossible that means could be found to add an American membership to preliminary juries abroad.

The purpose to be served in any case should be the gathering of an annual epitome of contemporary work such as could not be dispensed with short of a visit to Europe. Without competing with the cumbersome and intractable avalanche of exhibits shown in Paris salons, the Pittsburgh affair could attain an international character that would rank it, in its own style, as a comparably important item in the calendar. This is not to speak bombastically or to go dozing over a fabric of dreams. The essential apparatus for reaching such a result is in existence and in use.

The use to which it was put this year involved the submission at Pittsburgh of 633 paintings and the hanging of 385 or sixty per cent. These figures include the American work which in the final selection bulked just more

than half the total number. In any case this is not a story in which figures tell the tale. Though to say so is to deal with data susceptible of anything but exact checking up, the almost equal division in number was not reflected in any similarly equal balance in exhibition interest. The general effect of the hanging put the American work forward as in the first main galleries entered, but the work itself was of a sort to stand out and the hanging was pleasantly and judiciously contrived with no notes artificially forced.

In fact the exhibition as a whole is one which should give much public satisfaction. For one thing figure work of one kind or another was more generously scattered about than is usual. The main gallery, for instance, which, after the special room set apart for the Frenchman Le Sidaner, sets the key for the visitor's first impression, was so insistent in its flavor of bodily presence and personal presentment that we were tempted to test the idea by count and made the sum of such paintings 34 out of a total roomful of 56. It is an admirably proportioned room regally restful in dimensions so that standing at almost any point out from the wall and without a crowd to obstruct the view one can take such a census at a glance.

In such a setting some of the paintings which had carried well enough at the National Academy, the Pennsylvania Academy and elsewhere took on a degree or two of better success. To be sure a painting is to be judged of its own qualities or sometimes in its fitness for a station of a more domestic character. The carrying power in a large exhibition, the salon effectiveness, is another matter and at times a self-restricting defect. Yet so long as we indulge ourselves in collections, whether temporary or more permanent, the ability of a painting to hold its own among its neighbors is a factor in its worth. There may be some question whether pictures as they are painted today are properly designed for any duly defined function or can be fairly judged except on the easel while the maker's thumb is still hooked in his palette. Here, at any rate, the works stood forth admirably, such things, for example, as Seyffert's Proctor prize portrait of Dr. Harte, Hassam's figure before a white mantel,—not this time before a window,—Garber's firmly painted pair in their much furnished corner, Bellows's corporeally absolute lady in black and his little Anne in her chair, the open countenances of mother and children in one of Hawthorne's passages of enriched color, the forthright black against blue of Miss Beaux's portrait plan, Helen Turner's young woman, slim in white, with her coral chain; Abbott Thayer's angel and Speicher's Renoir girl, Howard Giles's subdued quality of light and color in which he presents a young woman squatting, spare, dignified, baffled and sad; Auerbach Levy and Ross Moffett's Halgarten prize workmen; Tarbell's portrait of Speaker Gillette, the late Alden Weir's "Fur Pelisse"; Kroll's doubled convention in his racily and solemnly painted young folk in the high woods.

This is to string out a catalogue; but the room is an anthology of some of the season's best catalogues, and we have mentioned only the outstanding figure work of American origin. Bellows's portrait contrasts with the gentler unction of the Englishwoman in black by George Spencer Watson; three dominantly adroit portraits hold one end wall for Sargent, who whether he is to be ranked artistically among us or among the Londoners is decidedly the season's revival; among the French there is a soundly painted portrait of Frau Freund and her boys by Emile Blanche, a somberly lackadaisical full length of Lucien Simon by Charles Cottet and by Simon a quiet bit of after-war drama. Mme. Boznaska does a portrait of mother and daughter in her obscured manner of muting color.

The Ruined Castle, by Sydney Lee; honorable mention

Young Woman, by Howard Giles; awarded medal of second class

Spring Evening, by R. J. Enraght Moony; honorable mention

This brief recital may go to support the statement that figure is prominent on the walls, but the landscape with which they are hung are many of them of a sort to take the eye from the start. The Sisley, the Monet, even the yellow-leafed waterside of Sir Alfred East are reticent in comparison with the living men's phrasing. Here are Lawson, Schofield and Dougherty, Reiffel, Roth, Sloan, Carlson and Davis. In fact there are few things in the room, things like Robert Anning Bell's Return from Calvary, or Dewing's refined romanticism in cello notes, or William Nicholson's little still life, which betray the least shyness to a glancing view.

It may be the fact that this main gallery collects many of the things which were most persuasive with the jury. There are five or six other rooms with a plentiful supply of effective work and a free base of mediocre material. The point which we are all quick to lose sight of in a large exhibition is that the paintings have in such a situation no unmixed individual property either of leaping to view with visual incisiveness or resting within their frames and drawing and holding the visitor to an intimate commerce with them. The individual property, that is to say, is modified by the common and varied situation or, as Professor Einstein would suggest, where and what in such circumstances is the standard of absolute interest? Even when we might be able to settle on a working measure of relative interest we are still far from resting on any definite measure of satisfaction. Who will get past, let us say, Domergue's pillow-hugging Parisienne unaware even if he has not chanced to view it previously at Wanamaker's, or Stanhope Forbe's dun smithy or Coates's King Lear, but as painting who would not vote them dull beside Irving Wiles's gray sails or Robert Moony's Spring Evening or the new Academician Augustus John's inadequate Canadian soldier? And the moral, which makes it worth while to indulge in a somewhat thorough survey of a deliberately packed room, is that for exhibition material and within conservative limits the standards to which this collection has been approximated are high.

From a staunchly academic body such as the Institute no one will ask for such an exhibition as will send the man-in-the-street home to

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From the Brooklyn Society of Etchers

"The Marie Hanson, Erie Basin, New York," a strong silhouette of picturesque hull and rigging, by Henry B. Shope

"The Moth," by Anne Goldthwaite

"The Butterfly," an aquatint etching, soft and delicate in shades and tints, by John Taylor Adams

Portrait of the late John Burroughs, by Paul Roche

"Love Lane, Brooklyn," a strong plate of quaint roof tops and city architecture, by Katharine Merrill

"Wind Swept Pine," a decorative composition of line and mass, by Lee Randolph

Sentimental Tommy Bides a Wee With the Movies

The flight of the romanticists from Thrums is intercepted

He wasn't fond of Latin but he wouldn't take to herding

Tommy, his fantasy involved to "ken a wa" and leave everything

Tommy

THE Famous-Players-Lasky's in their production of "Sentimental Tommy" have preserved the Barrie nuance and whimsicality by placing the direction in the sympathetic hands of John S. Robertson and relying upon the sensitiveness of Gareth Hughes for the interpretation of this beloved Scotch and canny lad. All come to life just as Sir James felt and described them: brusque Dr. McQueen in the benevolent person of George Fawcett; The Painted Lady, poignant and pretty, played by Mabel Taliaferro; poor Grizel, who kisses herself in the glass because Tommy refused to give her a wee peck, grows up into May McAvoy; Elspeth, jealous little darling even if she is Tommy's sister (or perhaps because she is) is petulantly and irresistibly enacted by Leila Frost. Almichty me! We almost lost track of Corp of Shiach (and Corp of Corp), who, under the influence of Tommy, fell under the guile of Sir Walter. He's Harry Coleman. Yes, you'll see him kneel to Lady Grizel and kiss the finger-tips of Widow Elspeth when they gather in the Den after dusk and are transported to the kingdom of Stroke. Josephine Lovett peeped into the Barrie binding for us and in terms of the silver-sheet made the revision. We have very much to be grateful for, no less than Mr. Zukor can offer thanksgiving for his opportunity to make us "muckle glad."

Tommy wasn't eloping with Grizel because he wanted to but because it wouldn't have been respectable for her to go by herself

"My mama is not a queer one," Elspeth flashes at Tommy, furious that he will not speak to the Painted Lady—"she is just sweet"

A Triumphant Art Training Experiment

The Successful and Constructive Spirit of the Graphic Sketch Club of Philadelphia

By HARVEY M. WATTS

Photographs by Chapell

ONCE upon a time there was a prince who was endowed with the power of making beautiful dreams come true. . . No; that is not the way to begin the story of the Graphic Sketch Club of Philadelphia, and yet the fact that behind the practical camouflage of the name there is ever present the gracious presence of the man who has made one of the most extraordinary social activities ever undertaken in any city a great success, makes one feel like starting in as Hans Christen Andersen might, since there is so much of the fanciful in the reality connected with what some refer to as "a night school for art in the foreign quarter of Philadelphia," that a certain recourse to extravagance in language is justified. For, indeed, the Graphic Sketch Club is an example of the kind of institution, educational or otherwise, that eludes definition. And it is because it does elude definition, and refuses to be classified with schools of art, social centres, neighborhood movements, and all sorts of welfare projects, that its reputation has spread the world over and few of the knowing who come to Philadelphia willingly escape making a pilgrimage to a centre in which the great thing is that art recreation that is education is the touchstone of all those activities that centre about the name and the building in which the work is carried on.

"The Golden Screen"

By Robert Susan, a Graphic Sketch Club member. This portrait was one of the striking successes of the 116th Annual Pennsylvania Academy. It was voted the Fellowship Prize, and was purchased by the Academy

This sounds prosaic enough in all conscience to suit those who expect nothing of a night art school and are never disappointed in those, therefore, that present art teaching in the barest of institute surroundings with the severity of the instruction tempered only by an ingenuous amateurism. For the lesson that the Graphic Sketch Club offers to the country, and just how it does things is now a matter of concerned inquiry from all over the country, is that if art be made a matter of social relaxation and be not viewed as something to be studied at, which, with the given talent, is to turn the student into an individual who fits in ill with his home and his chums and his work and life in general, you can accomplish wonders and indirectly, as well as directly, turn out real artists and real artificers, while you are engaged in something very much finer; building up a group of very fine young men and young women, a credit to their country, who without furs or feathers believe that art should be made a part of life, and realize it practically as a matter of course. All this, of course, might be admitted and viewed as true without anyone getting any idea of what the Graphic Sketch Club, which has astonished so many professional outsiders from New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco, and from beyond the seas, is exactly like. And it is this question that is asked again and again, especially after visitors have been overwhelmed with what they see that is worth answering.

Well, for one thing, a current invitation card which reads as follows, is significant:

The Graphic Sketch Club
cordially invites yourself and friends to attend
the
Twenty-second Annual Exhibition
of Paintings, Drawings, Sculpture and
Illustrations to be held in the Club Studios
715-717-719 Catherine Street
May Fifteenth until June Fifth
Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-one
Monday, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
afternoons and every evening, eight to ten

The main reception and exhibition room of the Graphic Sketch Club of Philadelphia

To begin with, to envisage Catherine Street, one must remember that it is within the picturesque circle of the Italian quarter of old Philadelphia.

You are near the Casa Ravello, the Giardino di Torino, the Banca Calabrese, and the Circolo Napolitana, and all the hundred and one delightful names that sound like poetry and bring up visions of classic delights. And by happy accident just as the club was outgrowing its quarters in a little typical three-story Philadelphia residence, at 740 Catherine Street, just across the way, the abandoned buildings of St. Martin's College, a Protestant Episcopal venture that failed, but left a group of Lombardic buildings to remain as a tribute to Italian Gothic, came into the market.

And so with the practical founder ever on the lookout for an opportunity to express his ideas, on an adequate scale, about six years ago the private residence at 719 Catherine Street and part of the college buildings were acquired and the Graphic Sketch Club took on a somewhat sumptuous aspect—that is the surprise to all who are lucky enough to hear about the work and visit the classes.

But while this practical and unique movement that began twenty-four years ago in its perfect flowering seems wholly removed from what most people conjure up when they think of art night classes, or art night schools, the important fact that the creator of this unique opportunity for enjoyment in Philadelphia had the idea in his mind from the very moment that he came upon a group of little boys looking eagerly into a window filled with pictorial materials on a certain given evening. Since, they, in their affirmative reply to the question as to whether they would like to try their hand at drawing and come in off the streets, led to the organization of a little class in drawing. With fifteen students, two of them girls, all just about in their teens—for want of better quarters, classes were held in the room of one of the numerous charitable organizations of this historic part of the city. Again, although the early night classes continued for eight years in the simple rooms of the Young Women's Union, afterwards the Neighborhood Center, all this was in preparation for the humanizing of all this work, since from the first the classes were viewed as an actual association, a co-operation of students and teachers under the name of the Graphic Sketch Club, though, naturally, it was not until students had begun to grow up, and the real club house on Catherine Street had been secured, that the realization of the idea took on the happy forms of some companionship in an artistic rendezvous in the best sense of the word that has marked the club life and the artistic and educational side of the move-

Four examples of student work in one of the sketch classes

ment for the past fifteen years and more.

When those who go to the present impressive building ask in bewilderment what is the Graphic Sketch Club, the answer is, it is now a group of three clubs, the original Graphic Sketch Club, composed of the older male members and those who have gone through and out of the evening classes, since just as the motto of the club is interpreted in Polasek's sculptural representation of the title, "Man Chiseling His Own Destiny," so another axiom is that once a member of the club, always a member; the Junior Graphic Sketch Club, composed of the younger boys, feeders to the older club, and the Girls' Graphic Sketch Club, organized about six years ago when the increasing interest of the girls and young women who attended the classes warranted the organization and the new club house gave the boys and girls those social and physical conveniences that make the club life not only possible but more or less ideal as to home-like surroundings, but home as one would like to have it if wishes came to pass.

Those actually in the three clubs number about one hundred, and they manage, through a Club Council, all questions relating to the class rooms, the social entertainment, the annual exhibition, and the one-man shows and everything connected with the work that goes on from October 1st until late in the spring, and with all this as a background the classes now represent an attendance of three hundred, with beginning classes for those who are too young to belong to the main organization carried in the friendly Neighborhood Centre, where the Graphic Sketch Club movement started.

As for the work at the Graphic Sketch Club proper, as has always been the case, for those who are of the right age, about fifteen or sixteen as beginners, who desire to come in and enjoy an evening in learning to draw and to paint, there is ever open sesame. No one is refused, and the fact that along with those in their teens some of the night classes have witnessed the presence of students over fifty, who, as they frankly admitted, were realizing their long-delayed ambitions, is an indication of the simplicity and open-handedness with which everything is carried on. For astonishing as it may seem, save for a few practical regulations as to club organization, with nominal dues of five cents or thereabouts, one of the great features of the classes and the club life is that it is without the rigid rules that are so often set up in night classes in art work and elsewhere by those who are more impressed on the favors they are conferring on their beneficiaries than they are on social results. However, the self-discipline and the extraordinary pride in the well-being and the progress of the clubs and the classes act as deterrents to those who do not appreciate their opportunity, so that classroom work and the club life go on serenely as if don'ts bristled everywhere and all classroom work started and ended at the sound of the bell, or the signal of the teacher, which is just the opposite of what actually goes on.

The symbolic emblem and motto of the Graphic Sketch Club, by Albin Polasek

Indeed, it was an early experience with a crying lad who had walked several miles to join a sketching class and had been refused admittance by an over-zealous early instructor because he came too late, that led the founder once and for all to decide that during the classroom work anyone could join it at any time so far as the physical conditions allowed. All this has worked to admirable results, along with the principle laid down that the instruction should be by competent people. So the Graphic Sketch Club classes in drawing and painting, in portrait work, in illustration, in sculpture, have been in the hands of a notable group of teachers, including the late Thomas Anshutz, Albin Polasek, now with the Art Institute in Chicago; Harriet Sartain, head of the School of Design for Women; Albert Laessle, Louis Milione, Leopold Seyffert, Robert Susan, David Kornhauser, Paulette Van Roekens, David Finkelgreen, L. Blumenthal, Alexander Portnoff, all well known in the art life of America, while artists like George de-Forest Brush, Robert Vonnoh, John McClure Hamilton, Daniel Garber, Joseph T. Pearson, Jr., Edward W. Redfield, have all expressed their admiration for its artistic results, though, as the founder has often expressed it, turning out artists is not the purpose of the club, though that the club has produced men like Robert Susan, Lazar Raditz, Joseph Sacks, all well-known portrait painters, and sculptors like Renzetti and a group of young Italians who sweep everything before them at the Academy of the Fine Arts and in other art schools, is not the least thing to its credit.

A group of examples of the class work of sixteen-year-old students

It was about twelve years ago that Philadelphia woke up to what was going on through the annual exhibitions which at that time were largely confined to the class work of the year. Artists and educators agreed that here was a case where free-hand drawing in still life or in color in crayon or oils or from the living model had produced a series of black and white sketches which for character and real inspiration had few equals. This reputation came on the edge, as it were, of the move into the larger quarters, but those who looked back of the annual exhibitions saw in the club life which went on in the little house the real contribution to the social uplift of the city. Naturally, when the present quarters were occupied, all that had been in the mind of the founder as an unrealized dream came into its own. In the first place, nearly twenty years had passed by and the boys and girls of the early days were now young men and young women, who had achieved professional success, and were in a position to make the life of the club rich in every way, while the annual exhibition, through the landscapes, figure work, portraits and sculpture of the older students and former students and club members, could be separated from the annual work of the regular classes, which now include life class work four nights a week, divided equally between the

(*Continued on page* 118)

In the atelier of the sculpture class, which is in the cellar

A busy hour in one of the life sketch classes

Glimpses of Seven Paris Studios

Some Contemporary Artists in Their Working Environment

La Gandara, the famous portraitist, at his easel

Bernstamm, the Russian sculptor, in his studio

Lucien Simon, who is celebrated for his paintings of Brittany peasants

Albert André and his model—a painting by Georges d'Espagnat

Jean Paul Laurent, who died recently, made the painting for four tapestries of the life of Joan of Arc, woven at the Gobelins

The painter, Francois Flameng, at his easel

Angultin, seated before his great painting, "Le Retour au Village," for a tapestry to be woven at the famous Beauvais looms to commemorate the war

Dining-room of the Château du Bréau

Walter Gay

Paintings of French Interiors

By RENÉ GIMPEL

IT is perhaps the first time that a painter's work has been presented in this form with so great a number of illustrations and so brief a text, and Mr. Gallatin's modesty is to be commended, since it sets an example to others who would make known an artist dear to them, by showing his work rather than giving their pages over to rhetorical appreciations.

If Mr. Gallatin indulges this self-effacement it is because he possesses a secret; one which I shall reveal. He enters into the spirit of the artist and after he has deftly exposed it for us he presents his illustrated work and it is left to us to understand his art by a careful study of the many plates.

One must read the lines where he speaks of Mr. Gay's appreciation for France—

"His portraits of rooms—and that is what they are—are portraits full of deeply sympathetic insight. Mr. Gay has been enamored of that wonderful epoch, the Eighteenth Century in France, and by the memories suggested and awakened by these old rooms, and he has painted them with a heart full of appreciation and love." And then—"Far are these apartments from being deserted. Someone has only this moment stepped into the adjoining chamber, or out into the blaze of sunshine that comes in at a low French window." And, again—"in these paintings we have preserved the very essence of the art and charm of the epoch, in which taste seemed to have been almost a matter of instinct."

The Open Window, overlooking the courtyard of the Château du Bréau

Thereafter we pass on to the illustrations and France is marvelously revealed to us as we turn page after page. France of the great traditions which happily change not, and here she offers us the courtesy and welcome of her very hearth-side.

We enter the Long Gallery of the Château of Courance, rich in art objects, and then pass on to the many beautiful salons where all the furniture is constructed so as to make conversation a luxury and bespeaks dignity of posture. Here are libraries where our philosophies repose, and they are living, thanks to the irregularity of alignment that the volumes are given. Here, too, is a dining-room where one could not but fare well. Walter Gay has permitted us to explore still further with him; to the intimacies of the boudoir, with its perfumes, and then to a blue bedchamber, the supreme sanctuary that the French artist has created for the installation of woman.

Mr. Gallatin furnishes details of each interior, with their color motifs, and tells us also by whom the various canvases are owned, and among the names of the collectors we find those famous the world over for the impeccability of their taste.

This volume comes at an inspired moment for our education, for it will do much to combat what I term the "false French" interpretations created by hands strangers to France.

To possess a picture by Walter Gay, with its countless art objects, is to possess at once a little collection. This book, with its many fine illustrations, contains a whole cycle of the history and art of France, for which Mr. Gallatin is to be praised and congratulated.

The publishers, E. P. Dutton & Company, have produced an unusually beautiful book, with fifty intaglio plates, printed by William Edwin Rudge on specially made paper.

Hungarian dolls in peasant costume

The Sources of Ornamental Design

The Relation of European Peasant Art to the Art of the Orient

By STEWART CULIN, *Curator of Ethnology at the Brooklyn Museum*

Photographs courtesy Brooklyn Museum

EDITOR'S NOTE:—During the month of May the Brooklyn Museum has been holding a public exhibition of costumes, textiles and embroideries collected by the museum's Curator of Ethnology in Czecho-Slovakia and the Balkan countries during the past summer. The exhibition also included a collection, made at the same time and in the same territories, of furniture and original drawings and water color designs of types of national costumes in the museums of these countries. This exhibit is a practical contribution on the part of the museum to American industry and industrial art education. In this article Mr. Culin writes of his purposes in making his recent trip to Eastern Europe and tells the interesting results of his travels.

IT was my desire to study the origin of peasant costume and ornamental design at first hand that inspired my recent visit to Eastern Europe. I had, besides, a definite purpose in collecting material for our museum, material that I hoped would prove of value to American industry and in general to industrial art education. I wished particularly to investigate the relation of European peasant art to the art of the Orient. No one who compares these arts fails to perceive a resemblance, a resemblance that extends from the Balkans to Scandinavia. We ask, very naturally, whether this resemblance is due to independent development or is the result of direct transmission between the East and the West? Again, if transmitted, does the Oriental influence in Europe go back to the time of the early migrations, or is it the outcome of recent, historic contact?

My journey led me from Prague to Bucharest, through Bohemia and Slovakia, through Hungary, Servia and Roumania. I might have gone farther afield, but I saw quite enough for my purpose. There was nothing new or unusual in my quest. The collection and study of peasant art has been carried on systematically for years throughout continental Europe. The ethnological museums, maintained in all the principal cities, have, almost invariably, first to do, not with the ethnology of remote or primitive races, but with the ethnology of the people of their own soil, their own territory, and these ethnological museums may be justly described as museums of costume, for costume and its constituent parts are the theme around which all other things are centered and arranged. These museums, supported by the state, are not intended merely as repositories of souvenirs of the historic past, but have everywhere a direct relation to great national industries which are founded upon peasant arts. Everywhere in Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Austria, Servia and Roumania, the encouragement and conservation of these peasant arts is regarded as a matter of public polity, precisely like the preservation of the forests. Coordinated with the museums are schools for design and needlework, as well as numerous societies which have for their object the management of the peasant industries, supplying the villagers with appropriate patterns and securing a market for their products.

Embroidered sheepskin jacket from Hungary

It is well known that the peasant arts of embroidery and lace-making are carried on in winter by women and girls who work in summer in the fields. Their work, originally, was for their own use. They made their own clothes and the embroidered pillows and bed curtains which counted among the chief of their household treasures. With the abandonment of old customs and the giving up of traditional costume the home industries would have come to a speedy end. What remains of them is in no small part owing to the organizations that have created a foreign demand.

It is not surprising, in view of the high importance of this work, that the study of peasant costume and ornament has engaged the attention of distinguished scholars, and that my inquiries received immediate attention. My first informant, President Stibral of the Zadruha in Prague, told me that the chief sources of knowledge concerning the old art of the Slavic people are to be found in their textiles. While some little sculpture and some paintings remain, he declared that the embroideries represent almost the sole survival of their ancient art. Himself an artist and an ardent collector, he has a private collection of laces and embroideries, the results of years of travel. He showed me these treasures which he had arranged for my inspection at his villa and gave me every opportunity to inspect the operations of the Zadruha, the society for the encouragement of domestic arts and crafts, in Prague.

Even the public shop of this institution, located on one of the principal streets of the city, where newly-made laces and peasant embroideries are sold, is more interesting than many museums. One may handle and examine its wares, as well as old examples, collected by agents throughout the country. More interesting than the shop is the Society's private museum, where complete old costumes from all parts of Czecho-Slovakia —Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia and Silesia—are kept as records for the use of the Society's workers. Collections of peasant costumes are found in practically all the numerous public collections in Prague, notably the Ethnographical Museum in the Kinskey garden. Here one may see that, in spite of minor differences, there is a marked family resemblance between the peasant costumes in all the territory of the new Republic. The woman wears an embroidered linen cap or bonnet of gold or silver lace, a brocade bodice, voluminous pleated skirts, an embroidered apron and tall leather boots, while the man, with his embroidered waistcoat and jacket, and tight-fitting trousers, maintains a type that varies chiefly in detail.

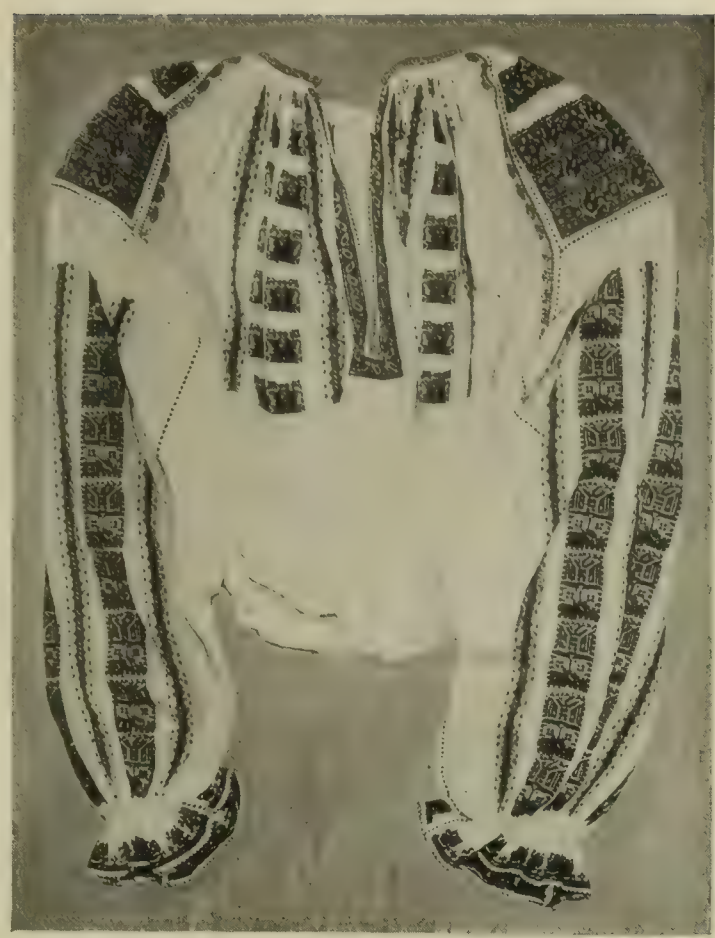
Slovakia is the one province of Czecho-Slovakia in which the old peasant costume most completely survives, and there I went from Prague to visit local fairs and attend village festivals and see peasants with a suggestion, at least, of their old-time gala attire.

Contrary to an impression that is widespread among us, I found there the country folk, the people who are now coming in such numbers to America, were apparently very prosperous and well-to-do. Evidence of this was manifest in their unwillingness to sell their old embroideries or costumes unless it happened that they were outworn and discarded. Bratislava, as the old city of Pressburg is now called officially, was so crowded with merchants and speculators, come to buy the rich produce of the neighboring countryside, that accommodations, even for a night, were almost unprocurable.

With all my opportunities for observation, however, it was only when I arrived in Budapest, the capital city of Hungary, that I obtained my first satisfactory answer to my primal inquiry as to the origin of current peasant designs in Europe and their relation to the art of the East. It happened at the time of my visit that there was a remarkable exhibition of sketches of peasant costumes in the Hungarian Museum of Decorative Art. With them were displayed specimens of actual costumes and peasant craftsmanship, all so vital and informing that I instantly sought the Director, Dr. Jules de Vegh, and had copies made of all the more important pictures. Deeply interested in my research, the Director went with me, piece by piece, over the great collection of embroideries and laces from all parts of Hungary conserved in the private textile study-room of the museum. His learned comment was most informing. This especially delicate and refined example was made by a lady of rank in some great house or castle. Another, very similar, a manifest copy, was peasant work. This interpretation was easily explained by the fact of the peasant girls going into service in patrician families and learning the domestic arts. Altar cloths, which were universally made for the church, were among the most perfect specimens in the museum collection, and revealed another influence which could be traced in secular design. In this textile room, with all its vast resources spread before me, we discussed the question that had been uppermost in my mind. Dr. de Vegh declared that the identities we observe between the decorative art of the East and of Europe are largely the result of recent Turkish influence. I learned from him of the Turkish embroiderers, the slaves whose work was so highly esteemed that they commanded high prices after the Turks themselves were driven out of Hungary. It was these slaves, I was told, who made many of the saddles and arms and other amazing objects that are contained in the Hungarian national collections. I needed no further clue. The mere suggestion was sufficient. I found ample confirmation of this Turkish influence in the treasures of the Andrassy family that are displayed in this same splendid museum. I observed, too, that this Turkish influence increased as I entered the countries which more recently had been Turkish possessions, and that it declined in quality and vigor with its migration westward. This is particularly noticeable in Sweden and Norway. When I inquired in Scandinavia how these Oriental patterns reached them, I assuming they were Oriental quite as a matter of course, they told me they came by the way of Russia. I do not think there can be any question as to the interpretation of the art of the Near East, of Persia and India, into Europe at the hands of the Turks during the period of their last invasions and domination. It is already apparent in the Tyrol. It is notable in the painted furniture decorated with textile patterns throughout all Central and Eastern Europe. As to Scandinavia there are evidences of very early influences from the Near East. Witness the elaborately carved ivory chessmen, implements for the Indian game of chess, that are found there as almost everywhere in Europe. I would not assert that deep down, under this more or less superficial effect of immediate Turkish influence, they may not survive traces of earlier cultures. Dr. Alajos de Paikert, the Director of the wonderful Agricultural Museum in Budapest, who has made an intimate study of the history of the Magyars, tells me that their domestic arts, now fast disappearing, abound in survivals from the time when they first migrated from the plains of Asia. However this may be, it is the more immediate influence of the Near East that most concerns us.

It is not without importance that we should

(Continued on page 130)



An embroidered blouse from Bucharest, Roumania

An example of peasant embroidery from Kalotaszeg, Transylvania

Two painted chests made by peasants of Transylvania

Pools and Fountains Lend Charm to the Garden

Landscape Designs from the Recent Architectural League Exhibition

View of the garden on the estate of J. J. Gilbert, Little Falls, N.Y. Wm. Aitkin, Jr., and Seward H. Mott, landscape architects

Below, a wall fountain in the garden of C. S. Edgar, Grosse Point, Mich. Aitkin and Mott, landscape architects

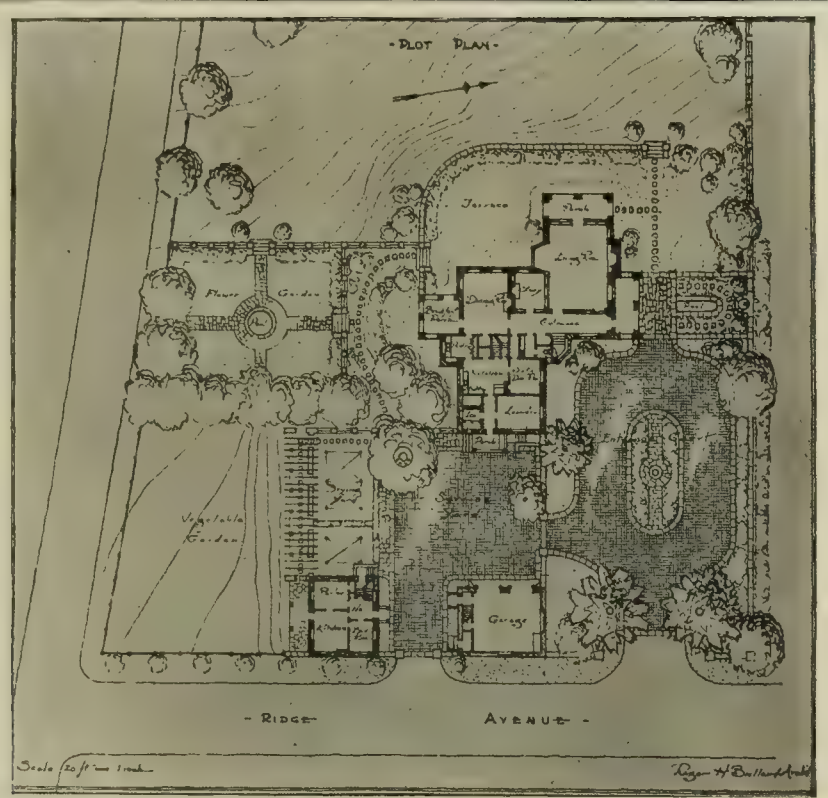
View from the upstairs loggia on the estate of Charles A. Stone, Locust Valley, L.I. Armand R. Tibbitts Gandscobe, landscape architect

A house and garden at Oceanic, N.J., in which the usual order of things has been reversed. In this case the garden has been placed on a higher level than the house, in order to retain the location of the old house by the river bank. Arthur C. Jackson, landscape architect

Architecture in Miniature

Two Models from the Architectural League Exhibition

Here the house and its immediate landscape treatment are seen in a miniature scale model, complete in every detail—an invaluable aid to the clients' visualization of the whole project. Roger H. Bullard is the architect and Ridgefield, Connecticut, the location of the estate



The technique of scale model making is becoming so highly developed that the summer session of the Columbia School of Architecture in New York has added it to the regular work. Harold V. Walsh, instructor in architecture, will give the course, and it will be held in the evenings so that students who are occupied in work during the day can attend

The scale model of the Teugega Country Club, at Lake Delta, Rome, N.Y., shows the building in miniature, in relation to its site, in a thoroughly convincing way. The architect is Francis A. Nelson, the landscape architect, William Pitkin, Jr., and the model was made by E. T. Howe

Architects have found that the carefully worked out scale model is of the greatest help in presenting a project to a group of persons representing the client, such as club or committee members, or boards of directors. The model gives more nearly the same impression to individual eyes than is possible with a set of drawings

The Union Station at Kansas City, near which is the site selected for the Liberty Memorial

Kansas City's Liberty Memorial

By J. E. McPHERSON, *Secretary of the Liberty Memorial Association*

PART I.

THE Liberty Memorial Association of Kansas City, Missouri, has just announced its plan for the selection by competition of an architect to design and supervise the construction of its War Memorial.

Mr. Thomas R. Kimball of Omaha, past president of the American Institute of Architects, who is the advisory architect for the Association, prepared the program for the competition, which is open to architects of Kansas City, and to five of the leading members of the profession at large. The five competitors especially invited to enter the competition are: Bliss & Faville, San Francisco; Paul P. Cret, and Zantzinger, Borie & Medary, Philadelphia; Bertram G. Goodhue, New York; H. Van Buren Magonigle, New York; York & Sawyer, New York.

From this competition it is not expected primarily to secure a plan, but rather from the drawings submitted to select the man who gives promise of creating the most inspiring monument. The widest latitude, therefore, is afforded in the sketches to be submitted as to "plan, scope, style, type and material."

The architect who is selected from this competition will become the architect of the Association, and work out with the Association, the Memorial finally adopted. The competition will be judged by a jury of five competent architects from outside the State of Missouri, the first to be selected by local competitors, the second by the Liberty Memorial Association, the third by the invited competitors, the fourth by the selectors of the first three, and the fifth by the Liberty Memorial Association, all in the order named.

The programs were distributed on February 15th, 1921, and provide for drawing to be submitted on or before June 15th, 1921.

The general type of the Memorial as determined by the Association is to be a monument plus a building for non-utilitarian purposes. It is to be erected in a forty-one acre park of commanding elevation just south of the Union Station Plaza.

For the construction of the Memorial, the citizens of Kansas City have subscribed a fund of more than two million dollars. The accomplishment of raising a fund of such magnitude by a popular offering is believed to be without a parallel in any other city of the United States, irrespective of population. By reason of this accomplishment, it should be of interest to consider the events leading up to the securing of the fund, and the development of the general plans.

Mr. R. A. Long, chairman of the Liberty Memorial Association

On the morning of November 9, 1918, there appeared in the Kansas City Journal an editorial from the pen of Celbe C. Cline, Managing Editor, which implanted in the minds of the citizens of Kansas City, the germ of an idea which has ripened and developed into the most ambitious and potential project ever undertaken by this city.

Mr. Cline said in part: "With the nearer approach to peace and that wonderful day when the boys—especially our boys— will come home from France, it is vital that the people of Kansas City think seriously of what form the municipal recognition of their services is to take. It would appear that the most happy suggestion for perpetuating the glorious achievements of the Kansas City, and Missouri and Kansas soldiers in the territory contiguous to Kansas City, would be to erect a Victory monument, on the Station Plaza. The Journal believes that this suggestion herewith tendered to the city will meet with general approval.

Kansas City has been a busy, thriving and Progressive municipality and it has not had time to devote to the important work of artistic embellishment. To be sure, the city has taken the lead in the development of parks and boulevards, but in this enterprise the element of pure utility has been paramount. There are few cities in America that are so devoid of emblematic and memorial statuary as this. There is no conspicuous monument typifying the city's spirit and civic sentiment.

Such a monument could be built either by popular subscription, or by a bond issue, provided there were no legal obstacles to the latter procedure. At any rate, it would not be difficult to secure all the money needed for

The Public Library of Kansas City

The Lake in Penn Valley Park, one of the beautiful parks of Kansas City

the enterprise. This city is the gateway and the recognized capital of a vast area filled with happy and prosperous people.

The Victory monument would be to the honor of all soldiers in this region and it would be a perpetual source of pride and satisfaction to know that Kansas City had paid this magnificent tribute to her sons. It would embody the spirit of the West and, more than that, the spirit of American manhood."

Acting upon the suggestion presented by this editorial, the City Council, through its Joint Councilmanic Committee, on November 25, 1918, addressed a letter to Mr. R. A. Long requesting that he preside at a mass meeting to be held at the Hotel Muehlebach on Friday, November 29, 1918, "for the purpose of arranging for an appropriate memorial expressing the appreciation of the people of Kansas City, Missouri, of the service and sacrifices of the soldiers, sailors and citizens during the European war which is just ended."

At this mass meeting Mr. Long was elected permanent chairman, and a temporary Committee of twenty-five (later increased to forty-one) named to formulate plans of organization.

The next mass meeting was held on Thursday, December 12, 1918. The Committee on Organization recommended that there be created an active committee of one hundred to carry out the purposes of the enterprise, said committee to be eventually resolved into a legal entity, of which committee, Mr. R. A. Long shall be chairman.

The Chairman was empowered to nominate the committee of one hundred and vested with the option and authority of inviting an additional committee of one hundred fifty, to serve in an advisory capacity, if it were considered desirable to secure a more general representation of our citizens in considering and deciding the various questions involved.

The Joint Committee was authorized to determine the following matters:

1. The scope of the memorial. (i. e. whether it should be constructed by Kansas City, or whether the residents of contiguous territory should be invited to participate.)

"The Scout," by Cyrus E. Dallin, in Penn Valley Park, Kansas City

2. The character of the memorial.
3. Its location.
4. The amount of money to be raised for construction and maintenance.

Along the four and a quarter mile Cliff Drive of Kansas City

5. The plan for raising the money.

At a meeting of the Committee of One Hundred on December 16, 1918, it was decided that the name of the organization should be Liberty Memorial Association.

On January 9, 1919, the first joint meeting of the Committee of One Hundred and of the Committee of One Hundred and Fifty was held.

The Chairman explained that it was deemed important to the success of the undertaking that all interests in Kansas City should be as completely represented as possible in determining the kind of memorial, the amount it should cost, and its location, so that it was considered advisable to select an advisory committee of one hundred fifty which should aid in deciding these questions, but that having been determined, the Committee of One Hundred Fifty would be dissolved, and the Committee of One Hundred continued to carry on the work of the Association.

In selecting the members of both committees, the Chairman exercised the utmost care. Lists of names were requested from many of our best informed citizens and these names were carefully considered at five or six conferences of special committees. Those names finally selected received practically unanimous approval.

Officers of the Committee of One Hundred were elected as follows: R. A. Long, Chairman; J. C. Nichols, First Vice-Chairman; F. P. Sebree, Second Vice-Chairman; J. E. McPherson, Secretary; Wm. Huttig, Treasurer.

A Committee on Public Opinion was appointed consisting of nineteen members. The purpose of this Committee was to arrive at the public opinion in regard to the character of the memorial and the location, and to this end to invite the public generally, individuals, experts, societies and organizations to present their views in writing or through the press, and to brief, codify and present these views to the Joint Committee.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The second part of this interesting account of Kansas City's Liberty Memorial will appear in our next issue of ARTS & DECORATION. Owing to the practical advice and suggestion which other cities might derive from the thoroughness of the Kansas City procedure, the Editor feels the value of printing the matter in its entirety.

Dorchester and Athena are two Wallace patterns which illustrate the present trend toward the restraint and simplicity of Georgian and early American silverware

American Silver

The Development of a Great Industrial Art

By FLORENCE N. LEVY

WHAT a fascination there is about silver! Its gleaming surface reflects the polished mahogany and catches the light, throwing it from one raised point to another. Besides the beauty of form, surface and design, and the intrinsic value of the metal, there is the romance of personal or historic association. Silver is usually the first thought when considering a wedding present, and many of the pieces treasured today were such gifts to grandmothers and great-grandmothers.

But why should we not buy silver for ourselves? It would then be possible to use our own taste and select pieces that would harmonize with their surroundings and be both appropriate and beautiful. There are individual American craftsmen who, today, are making as beautiful silver as that of the so-called Colonial period. In addition, the commercial product, which by mechanical means is manufactured in large quantities at moderate cost, is constantly being improved through the use of better designs. Much of this improvement of design and development of taste among both makers and purchasers is due to a few collectors who, some twenty years ago, began to take an interest in the American silver of the Eighteenth Century. Most notable among these is Francis Bigelow, of Boston, who, in 1906, organized an exhibit of American Church Silver at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and prepared the catalogue, which has been the basis for all subsequent study of the subject. In this book the chapter on New York silversmiths was written by R. T. Haines Halsey, whose own collection is constantly growing and whose study of the early American craftsmen—potters and furniture-makers as well as silversmiths—is so enormously valuable.

In New York, interest was aroused in early silver through the collection shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art at the time of the Hudson-Fulton celebration in 1909. This exhibit was formed by Henry W. Kent, Secretary of the Museum, with the close co-operation of Mr. Halsey and Judge A. T. Clearwater of Kingston, N.Y., and was catalogued by the writer of the present article.

A tea pot made by Samuel Kirk of Baltimore in 1819

Judge Clearwater's collection has grown steadily in interest and in size. It has been shown at the Metropolitan Museum for a number of years, and a carefully compiled catalogue has just been published. This was prepared by C. Louise Avery, of the Museum staff, with an introduction by Mr. Halsey and an extremely interesting chapter by the prominent architect, Cass Gilbert, on "Classic Mouldings." By means of drawings, Mr. Gilbert shows how various combinations of mouldings used in architecture were treated in miniature by the silversmiths in perfect sequence and proportion of base, column, and plinth, with their mouldings and fillets. "It was not," writes Mr. Gilbert, "that this old silver was 'ornamented' that makes it worthy of note, . . . but the lover of a clean line and a fine contour will always find rare pleasure in the study of old American silver."

The first silver made in the "Colonies" was probably by men who had been apprenticed to silversmiths in England and Scotland. The earliest record of a Colonial silversmith is in connection with the Pine-tree shilling which was authorized in 1652 by the Assembly of Massachusetts. The dies were made by Joseph Jenks of Lynn and the money was coined by John Hull of Boston, both of whom were born in England, but Hull came to the Colonies when eleven years of age and was educated and trained in Boston.

None of the goldsmiths and silversmiths of Colonial times seem to have depended entirely upon their trade; they were also engravers and cutters of dies and seals. For instance, there was Jacob Hurd, a goldsmith and silversmith of Boston, who was succeeded in business by his son, Nathaniel Hurd, but the latter is best known as an

Tea set of hand-hammered silver made by the Gorham Company after pieces made by Paul Revere

Coffee set and tray, designed by Gilbert L. Crowell, Jr., for Dominick & Haff

Tea set designed by George E. Ball for the Whiting Manufacturing Company

engraver. The most noted family of Boston silversmiths was that of Revere, father and son. Paul Revere's fame as a patriot long overshadowed his accomplishment as a silversmith, but his work has recently been fully recognized for its dignity of design and beauty of execution.

In England the law required every master goldsmith to have his mark and set it upon his work after it was assayed and stamped with the King's mark (hall mark), thus testifying to the fineness of the metal. In the Colonies no assay marks were necessary or used. Maryland was the first State to give protection to purchasers of plate when, in 1814, an act was passed fixing the standard at "eleven ounces of fine silver to the pound Troy."

Service plate designed by Gilbert L. Crowell, Jr.

Tea caddy designed by George E. Ball

A couple of years after this Samuel Kirk, of Doylestown, Pa., a silversmith of Quaker ancestry, settled in Baltimore and opened a small shop, a few doors from the site of the large building now occupied by the firm of Samuel Kirk & Son Company, the oldest makers of silver in the United States. The business has descended from father to son, with the fourth generation as an officer in the present company. Each of the four representatives of the Kirk family served an apprenticeship in the craft and qualified as a practical silversmith. An example of the silver made by the original Samuel Kirk is shown among the illustrations. The output from the firm is noted for elaborate and skilful craftsmanship.

Although the Colonial silversmiths marked their wares with their initials, there was no guide to the place of manufacture or date. After about 1725 it became the custom to use the surname, with or without initials; toward the latter part of the century the town was often added, and sometimes the name of the dealer as well as the maker. In New York State a law enacted in 1683 required all persons exercising any handicraft, trade or occupation to be admitted as a Freeman before he was permitted to commence business, and from the record of these admissions it has been possible to ascertain the names of some of the more prominent New York silversmiths.

Hand-hammered silver made by the Gorham Company after old pieces in the Metropolitan Museum

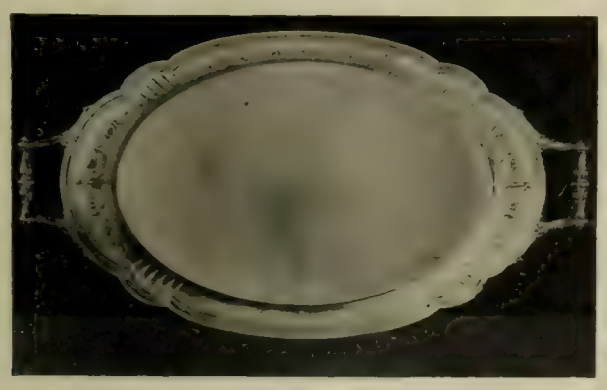
Jacob Boelen was working in the latter part of the Seventeenth Century, while Bartholomew LeRoux, who died in 1713, was succeeded by his son Charles, who was the official silversmith of New Amsterdam from 1720 to 1743. To LeRoux alone was entrusted the making of the various gold and silver boxes which, engraved with the arms of the city, accompanied the engrossed freedom of the city granted by the Common Council for noteworthy service and to highly honored visitors. Engraved snuff boxes also figure as tokens ordered by the City Fathers, and, in addition, he was the seal maker of the city.

Peter Van Dyke and his son Richard during the first half of the Eighteenth Century made silver for a large proportion of the wealthy families, until in about 1753 Richard became an "importer of pictures, looking glasses, etc." Some of the other noted names are Adrian Bancker, George Ridout, Ephraim Bradher, Garrett Eoff and Isaac Hutton of Albany.

The oldest firm of silversmiths in New York City at present is that of Dominick and Haff, which has just celebrated its centennial. The founder, William Gale, opened a silversmithing shop in Fulton Street in 1821; in 1869 the firm was Gale, Dominick and Haff, and the senior partner retired two years later. Only five locations have been occupied, and each move has meant enlarged quarters, until now an entire building is occupied for the making of silverware. Under the able direction of Gilbert L. Crowell, Jr., much of the silverware is made here that graces beautiful homes, both simple and elaborate. The examples illustrating this article include a service plate, the design of which recalls the courtly gatherings in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, when the Adams brothers set the styles for furnishings in England, while the coffee set is based upon the designs that found favor at the court of Louis XVI at about the same period.

Most of these early silversmiths did all the work themselves, or, at most, a piece passed through the hands of two or three craftsmen who were closely associated. The grace of

(*Continued on page* 140)



Flat silver adapted from colonial models by the Gorham Company

Bowl with classic mouldings made by the Whiting Manufacturing Co.

The Charm of Lace

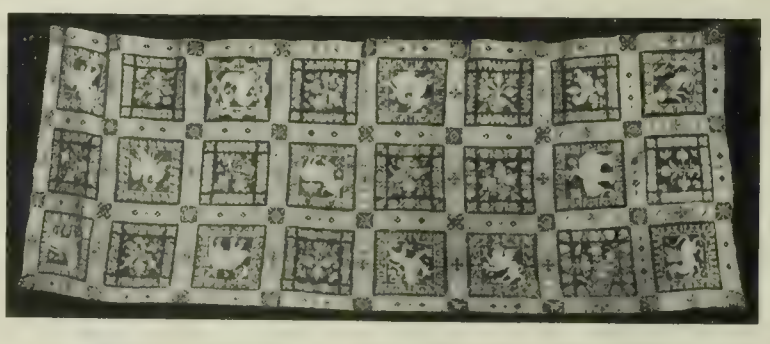
By CLARA M. BLUM
Author of "Old World Lace"

A Point de France baptismal veil or robe trimming

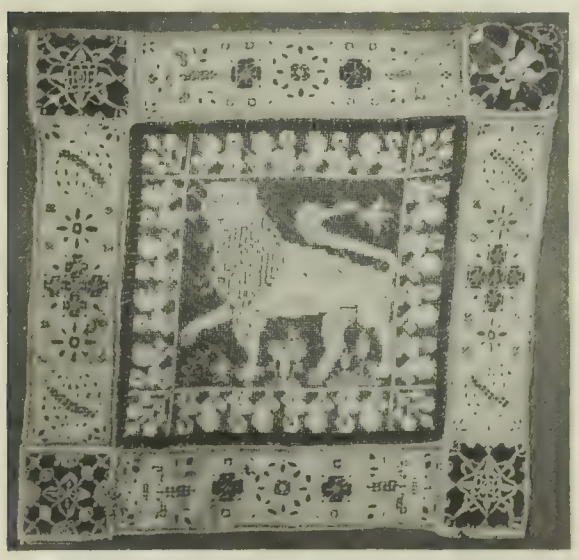
WE have remarked with keen delight, within the last few years, the growing interest in hand-made lace and, in fact, in all needlework. The American public is awakening to the beauty of this almost lost art, and the many private exhibits as well as permanent exhibitions, in our museums, are drawing interested visitors. The visitors to the museums who formerly hurriedly passed through the galleries of lace and needlework to the more popular appeal of painting and sculpture, tarry now a moment to gaze at the marvellous productions of bobbin and needle and to wonder at the deftness and skill of those who could create a filmy bit of lace, of thread so fine and design so intricate that it is hard to believe it the work of human hands. But then how much that is beautiful in the world the untrained eye passes by unnoticed, just because it has not been taught to grasp readily the beauties of art and nature, with which we are surrounded, or maybe because we are not educated up to the proper appreciation and love of the beautiful. There is no better example of this than the art of lace making—lace treasures which the fingers of the present day are too hurried to produce, but which have been handed down to us from other times, not made by the "Hand of God," but worthy to take their place alongside of many of Nature's creations in her gallery of wonders. We can see reproduced in lace the picture which Jack Frost draws on our window panes, the web that the tricky spider spins under the eaves, or the coral branches that the deep sea hides—and so we could go on indefinitely making comparisons with what Nature's pattern book has given, and human hands of other centuries have reproduced in their works of love. We would rather picture these beautiful things as works of love, amusement or recreation, than the toil of weary fingers, working day and night to earn a mere pittance to keep body and soul alive. This may have been the sad story in many cases, but rather let us feel that many of the beautiful examples that we look at to-day have been the production of the idle hours of the ladies of the court, for history tells us that the making and possession of lace can truly be termed a passion in the 17th and 18th centuries; and it was as necessary an accomplishment of "my lady" as was her music and her painting; how many of the engravings and prints as well as paintings of these centuries show ladies of the court, with pillow and bobbins on a table beside them, or the tapestry frame standing nearby, ready to be taken up as soon as there was a leisure moment, and there were many leisure moments, for there was little to take woman from her home in those days—means of transportation were limited and the distraction of needlework can readily be appreciated. Then again we see pictured the homely interior of a peasant's hut—the flickering candle shedding its light on the form bent over the pillow and, in our imagination, we can hear the clicking bobbins humming a soft lullaby to the sleeping infant in its cradle close by—and see slowly but surely yard after yard of lace unroll itself—lace to deck the robe of some great lady, or maybe it is only a modest peasant edge destined some day to trim the trousseau of this very babe—for in those days the great thought in the mind of the parent was to see that chests were well stocked with linen and lace as the marriage portion of the daughter of the house—and where everything was hand-made the linen as well as the lace and embroidery, it was not any too soon to start when the little daughter was still in her cradle. If we can only realize how much trimming in the way of lace and edgings have been, and still are used in personal adornment and in the home, especially in the 17th and 18th centuries, where it was used so much more profusely, we can appreciate how much of this had to be made, so it is not surprising that nearly every woman was a maker of lace in all the European countries. Has it ever occurred to the reader that this is purely a feminine art, exclusively in the hands of women? We can never picture a man with bobbin and needle. It may be possible that now or then some old men have taken up this vocation; if so, however, history has been careful to leave it unmentioned, for it is one of the few arts where woman reigns supreme, and while men adorned themselves with it, at one period, almost as much as the women, its creation was strictly feminine.

Had we but the magic power to make some of these pieces whisper to us, what pretty stories they could tell us, and if we will allow our imagination to carry us away, what romances would unfold that have been woven into the patterns guided by deft fingers. It might be either the gay courtesan playing with her bobbin as she plans intrigues and love conquests, of the serene-faced nun at her convent casement creating the priceless albs and altar cloths to adorn the church or some holy prelate, in this labor of devotion trying to drown the memories of a life, beyond these cloistered walls, whose hard path drove her to seek shelter and repose in the quiet and peace of the convent garden. But whatever the motive, or whoever the worker, every town, every hamlet, every palace had its lace workers, reeling out yard upon yard of these filmy creations that as they have come down to us to-day we can but look upon with wonder and reverence as something that has passed from our reach, schooled as we are in all the modern arts. The same pride was taken in the execution of masterpieces of this art as in the more lasting examples of the sister arts, such as painting, sculpture, tapestry weaving, furniture making or the weaving of sumptuous brocades and velvets; each had its place in these centuries so crowded with the production of the beautiful in everything to please the eye. The world was intoxicated with a craze for all that was artistic and while we only wish to talk about lace in this article, it is difficult to separate it in

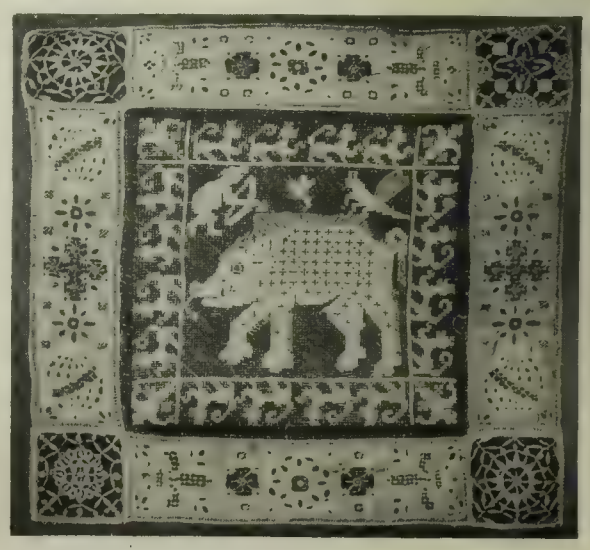
(*Continued on page* 112)



A beautiful example of the Toile d'Honneur, its design composed of square panels, two of which are shown in detail below



Detail of Toile d'Honneur, showing needle-point of double-headed eagle and crown in corner. Fleur de Lys in embroidered muslin



A detail from the Toile d'Honneur, one of twenty-four squares from the whole shown above

Eight Pictures from the Spring Paris Salon

Advance Illustrations Especially Secured for Arts & Decoration

"Le Joli Papillon"
Jean Cottenet

"Portrait de Mario de Goyon." Parhait

"Dans les Champs de Roses"
André Straus

"Le Jugement de Paris"
Beltran y Massès

"Ninette." Henri Crayon

"Coup de Vent"
Jean Cottenet

"Portrait de Mme. D."
Frederic Sauth

"Le Jardin: Septembre"
Eugène Chigot

Decorating Music With Light and Color

"Nourathar, Impress of Light"

By MARY HALLOCK-GREENEWALT

EDITOR'S NOTE: The question of the use of color with music has been before the public for many years in many places. The Crystal Palace, London, a generation ago was the scene of color concerts plus music on a very large scale. Jacques Dalcroze, the famous teacher of rhythm as the basis of all art interpretation, in his celebrated school maintained by him in the novel village of Hellerau, near Dresden, also (before the war and before he left Germany for good) built an ideal color auditorium, a concert hall whose interior was swathed in white cloth which would be illuminated with different colors as the nature of the orchestral composition and the dancing called for. But while many have theorized and experimented on a combination of music and color and light, admittedly arbitrary, it has been left for a talented Philadelphia concert pianist, Mary Hallock-Greenewalt, to work out a simple mechanism devised so as to produce an æsthetic effect upon light and color which can be used in any room with phonographic music records or with the home piano or in the concert hall, large or small, or in the open air. Various names have been suggested for this combination, such as "Crystal Music" or "Fire Music," while the artist herself, by reason of certain Oriental relationships, has used the Arabic word "Nourathar, Impress of Light." In this case the name means little; but the effects which have been demonstrated in Philadelphia and elsewhere are of a most entrancing character in an art which is just at the beginning of an unusual development. What the artist has to say about it herself is printed below.

Mary Hallock-Greenewalt at the key-board of her light control instrument

FOR decorating music with light and color nothing succeeds like succession. Let us coin the phrase "mobile decoration" since "mobile color" also belongs to us. The arts of succession in mobile color are made up of the "before" and "after," while music consists of considerations of time dimensions, just as choice in space allotments makes up interior decoration; pattern being repeated design, light and shade, form and void. A medium capable of fluid control is all essential for enhancing the feeling of music by a parallel decoration or heightening of itself. We know of only one such medium: light and the rainbow, or spectral, color of which it consists.

It is rather nicer to have the light turned lower than higher when listening to Mr. Paderewski, but why not change the light and its color while the music changes? All melodies are not nocturnal. Neither is all music super-bright. This is the essence of the science of mobile musical decoration.

The light player table or instrument through which this is done is, as shown in the picture, outwardly beautiful, since it may stand in the orchestra pit, or, at the behest of the conductor, competing in beauty of form with violin and 'cello. About three feet long and two and a half feet wide, it contains all the various controls, tuned to the muscular capacities of the operating human body, necessary for giving that æsthetic light and color progression for which individuality of feeling is all essential. That is to say, that *one* person can do it all, seated comfortably in one spot though his lamps and color filters may be remote from him and from each other. The remote control of color filters is, therefore, an essential. A beautifully constructed rheostat, dealing forth equal increments of visibility, hangs at the back, the slider for which is handled by pedal control, capable of obeying the breath length and the pulse of time. A light score, previously considered and noted down by marks specially devised, is used, and is as essential to the light play as the music sheet is to the making of music. The timing marks are as much a part of the former as the latter, and this makes a light interpretation used in New York equally available to London and Paris, providing the same equipment be used. These light compositions can be made an accompaniment to any of the arts of succession, be it a dramatic poem, dance set, or phonograph record. The selective color buttons and switching is an all-important part of the slate table top.

Through the instrument there are naturally available as many shades of dark and bright color rays as the rheostat has orderly gradations, both for the seven prismatic colors used separately or mixed. These give the limit of what the eye can take in, and the eye has also its own psychology which the progressions must consider. These can be used under whatever form of effects the time and emotion may require.

An early demonstration of this art was made by me before the Convention of Illuminating Engineers at the Bellevue-Stratford, September 18, 1916. Many of the prominent illuminating engineers were present, among whom was Dr. Chas. P. Steinmetz, chief engineer for the General Electric Company. This great man writes: "It appears to me to possess great possibilities in the advance of music." An address was delivered before the Illuminating Engineers' Society at the Engineers' Club, Philadelphia, April 19, 1918. This, in the form of a brochure, has been distributed to most of the large reference libraries of the world.

Every fine art is based on things reminiscent to the creature of his very being. To sing was first a human cry, to dance is the tapering end of to walk, painting was first hung onto things seen till it became a thing of itself. This new fine art, the sixth to come into existence, is no exception to the rule since darkness and brightness have played a large part in the experiences of man since he was a bit of protoplasm in the sea.

When darkness is used to heighten such æsthetic plays in which depression, mystery, sadness or quietness figure, this is a logical part of the creature's emotional upbringing, linked with his very being—brightness, and vice versa. It is but a step to turn them into a form of abstract speech in themselves. Indeed they would the quicker make a new art of succession used by itself were not the nature of light that of an accompaniment to all things.

The linking of color to the musical phrase is made logically through such categories as quality, quantity or extension, which link all things together, no matter how dissimilar, and without which, indeed, the mind does not think. "A heavy disposition is like lead." If a phrase of music seems tender in quality, and blue seems to you of a gentler value than another color, why then tenderness can link these two also.

It was with these ideas that I began my experiments in 1906. To me then it seemed that the shifting values, qualities, intensities of some of the musical interpretations that were occupying me might well be enhanced simultaneously by the movable qualities, values, and intensities of light. And light, naturally, includes the color rays of which it is composed. That I was correct in this idea is shown by the fact that every moving picture house of any size in the country is seeking to act upon it.

To invest light with emotional and abstract expression in time-succession is the novelty. If a rising inflection of the voice will ask a question, irrespective of the word it accompanies, an increase or raising of the light, the moment being properly staged, will do the same. Let this little sample stand for the world of expression possible to this as any art. What will it mean to the concert-goer of the future? Once he is used to it, he will not do without it.

This new art has been called Nourathar—an Arabic word meaning impress of light. It is comparatively easy to name an art, but only those who have struggled under the stress of twelve years of painful experiences can understand what the success of today means, for "decorative music" is a mixture of æsthetics and philosophy, electrical engineering, physics (of light), mechanics, patent appliances, dye knowledge and mathematics, thrown in with development and exploitation, not to speak of the flabbergasting experiences, not even the aforesaid knowledge could foresee, which one went through in realizing so complex an art.

Light was God's most sublime gesture, and the colors of the spectrum, of the rainbow, are its most heavenly attributes. Invested with human meaning, it will intensify the moods and modes of music. The musical emotion will be heightened by light, the musical spirit still further emancipated by riding on the color rays.

Moonshine and Melodrama

"Nemesis," "Joan of Arc," and "Clair de Lune"

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, once best known as "Gus," ranks with the pioneers of serious native drama. The first of his successes, "Alabama," did as much as Bronson Howard's "Banker's Daughter" and "The Henrietta" to make things easy for our playwrights of today. When "Alabama" was produced, by the late Mr. Palmer, the New York stage was ruled by foreigners. The works of twenty French and English writers were obstacles to American playwrights. Daly's was given up to adaptations from the French and German. Augustin Daly put his name to some of them, for instance, to a play he called "Camille." Tom Taylor, Grundy, and a few more London "authors" did as Molière did—took works where they found them.

No one in those days was distressed by scruples. The right to plagiarize and steal was not denied. Had it been possible to escape detection, Daly might have claimed credit for the old English comedies he favored.

At the Lyceum, on Fourth Avenue, plays "borrowed" or adapted by Americans from helpless foreigners were highly popular. Some day I may draw up a list of them and link them with the names of their re-writers.

But Hoyt and Bronson Howard and "Gus" Thomas were struggling bravely to build up our drama. And "Alabama" was one of the earliest proofs that it would hold its own in time. It was not without grievous qualms and doubts that Mr. Palmer gave the young author his first splendid chance. No one was more surprised, maybe, then he was at the result of his bold patriotic venture. For "Alabama" scored a genuine hit and ran for many nights to crowded houses. It had its faults, constructive faults, and more. To our new eyes it might seem quite jejune. But it was honest, though too sentimental, and it reflected our own life and manners.

Since then "Gus"—now exalted to Augustus—Thomas has turned out many plays of varying merit. He has drawn many American characters. But he has never yet quite learned to make a play so well as to conceal his stagecraft. A dozen men today, with far less talent, can give him cards and spades as skilled constructors. To us, he seems a little out of date; a thought too obvious; and much too mechanical. Old hands foresee, too, the endings of his plays too clearly. His "situations" are at times theatric.

All his defects, and many of his merits, mark his most recent work—a drama, or, to be correct, a melodrama, in four acts, entitled "Nemesis." The style, the plot, the general texture of the play, would have delighted thousands thirty years ago. And there are other thousands, at the present moment, who will enjoy it as their fathers might have done. It is inspired, to some extent, by Jones and Sardou, though Mr. Thomas may have kept his mind on Galsworthy when he invented his dénouement. It has analogies at certain points with "Justice," which, I think, was more a pamphlet than a drama. It may do good as an appeal to those who fight against dogmatic theories. But it is not a fine or modern piece of art. It is too obviously devised to show the danger of what, as its author thinks, is a rank fallacy.

Ethel Barrymore as Queen Anne

The purpose of the play is to bring home to us the weak points in the thumb-print theory. —to show that it is not, as some believe, quite sure that the man or woman who leaves thumb-prints where some crime has taken place must be the criminal. He shows us how an innocent man's thumb-prints may be used and reproduced by the real author of a crime; and how the murderer himself may fix the guilt upon one innocent.

In "Nemesis" we see a wealthy business man, named Kallan, torn by jealousy. His young and flighty wife has found her affinity in a successful sculptor, Paolo Jouvain. Kallan, suspecting both the foolish lovers, goes to the sculptor's studio, and secures a replica of his rival's finger-prints. Then, as his wife is getting ready to elope, he murders her. Cold-bloodedly, ferociously and quietly. Next, he applies his copy to those thumb-prints to his victim's throat. And, when Jouvain arrives, he is arrested.

Margaret Anglin as Joan of Arc

All this is less the body of the play than a long prologue. The heart and crux of things comes with a trial scene, when Jouvain fights in vain against destructive evidence. Till then the drama (or the melodrama) has seemed old-fashioned, cheap and clumsy as to form. But when he settles down to business in that trial scene, the author gives us what has the reality, the very shape, of life. The hectoring barristers, the judge, the various witnesses—among them Kallan and a learned thumb-print expert—all play their parts convincingly and well. Jouvain has not a chance against the expert. And when the act ends we foresee his condemnation. The episode no doubt is of an old kind, of which Sardou was, long since, the chief exponent. But it has power enough to set our pulses beating and it does credit in its way to Mr. Thomas.

When he has made his point, the author rubs it in. He adds a very grim and disconcerting epilogue. We are outside the sombre door of Sing Sing Prison, with Kallan and his lawyer, in the sad dawn. While they dispose of the wrong man inside the jail, we watch the entrance and the exit of the reporters and the jail officials. The sudden lowering, twice, of an electric bulb tells its own tale. Then we hear Kallan, in a reckless burst of confidence, confess the truth—too late, though—to his awe-struck counsel. A gruesome story, possibly misleading, yet worth hearing and perhaps deserving study.

The playwright's workmanship is curiously uneven; at times amazingly effective, at other times inviting smiles and sighs. The acting of the play is rather poor, in the cases of some prominent interpreters. It is not easy to imagine that a murderer could be quite as imperturbable as Emmett Corrigan makes his Kallan. The Mrs. Kallan (Olive Tell) is over-trivial. But, to offset these, we have Pedro de Cordoba, who is impressive, thanks to his peculiar temperament. And John Craig has given us a fine study of the attorney who convicts the prisoner.

The ardent eagerness which burns in Margaret Anglin has often lured her from safe paths of drama. Within a month she has produced two plays which call for acting of a great and tragic kind. She has revived in turn the "Joan of Arc" ("Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc") of Emile Moreau, at the Shubert Theatre, and the "Iphigenia in Aulis," of Euripides, at the Manhattan Opera House. This is ambition. We need not go into comparisons of Bernhardt as we saw her in the Moreau Chronicle (for it is just another acting chronicle) and the Canadian actress. Each has her own style, her own point of view; and each does much with what, though

(*Continued on page* 128)

An Important Retrospective Exhibition

First Showing of the Junior Art Patrons of America

THE inauguration of the Junior Art Patrons of America comes quite opportunely with America's awakened recognition of the artist as the one among us, who can best give expression to those ardors and aspirations which have animated our national life from its beginnings. And this First Retrospective Exhibition of American Art is in the way of a mirror making reflection of our truest and most abiding qualities. Here are the visions of our native painters and sculptors translated, and made tangible and visible to us; altogether they form a picture of us by which we will be judged by future generations. The aim of the Junior Art Patrons of America is the stimulation of an active interest in American art by American children.

Mrs. Albert Sterner, by John Quinn

"The Green Hood," by Abbott Thayer

"Ships," by Zorach

"Madonna," by Emil Carlsen

"Model Resting," by Albert Sterner

"Queensborough Bridge," by Ernest Lawson

"The Fall of the House of Usher," lithograph by Albert Sterner

A New Key to Art

Design Problems Solved

By NORMA K. STAHLE, *Resident Chicago Editor*

THE Scammon Lectures at the Art Institute of Chicago were conspicuously well attended this year, for Mr. Jay Hambidge, the lecturer, brought with him from Greece a discovery . . . . . the settlement of a fact as disputable as was once the location of the north pole.

A writer and lecturer at both Yale and Harvard Universities for some years past, a student himself in the study of general art, Mr. Hambidge was sent to Greece by Yale to devote himself entirely to the subject of design with the express purpose of ascertaining once and eternally whether the basic principle of design is one of symmetry of line or one of symmetry of area. Mr. Hambidge has returned with a definite answer and proofs. He has returned with a working knowledge of the square root of five and already the scholars of our Museums, designers and art students are diligently applying this excavated rule to architecture, painting, pottery, and to every conceivable form of design.

Mr. Hambidge came directly to Chicago from Greece, having stopped in London only long enough to read a paper on his discovery to the Royal Institute of Architects and one week in New York to scatter a few seeds en route. He has just finished his course of six lectures in which he gave step by step the story of his research and ultimate discovery. It is almost beyond belief that so many people should have attended regularly a series of lectures on a purely technical subject. Those who came to the first lecture tried to explain the problem to friends who doubted either the explanation or the original idea and determined to attend the next lecture themselves and invariably they attended all the succeeding ones.

Though the problem is applicable to all art, it is fundamentally an architectural theory, architecture being the basic art. It was also through an architectural problem that Mr. Hambidge began his research on the subject.

The Temple Bassae Phigliai, in Arcadia. Designed by Iktios, architect of the Parthenon, it is the best illustration of the principles of symmetry in Greek architecture

An Amphora, by Andokides (Louvre). This Greek vase represents the culmination of a great style and possesses the highest architectural quality

Many years ago, the lecturer tells us, he was one of a group of students who bolted the Art Students' League in New York and "set up" in small quarters under the instruction of William M. Chase. We are not introduced to a starving artist but to a young man well on the way to success, a member of the staff of the *Century* Magazine, pursuing his study in spare time. The challenge came in the assignment of a mural design. Anxious to do architectural justice to the subject, the young artist sought the advice and experience of an architect to find what enlightening facts he could give on an architectural mural. Then came the astounding truth that no rule existed, that no science could guide one, that murals were accepted if they were pleasing and rejected without constructive criticism if they did not appeal. The result of all accepted works was merely inconsequential and haphazard. It seemed absurd!

This episode induced the ambitious artist to study design but the more he studied the more dissatisfied he became with the methods of approach. There were no direct steps to take. As he dug into the subject, however, he found that there had been definite steps but that they had been erased for the past two hundred years or so; "in fact," says Mr. Hambidge, "since good architecture has ceased to exist." The problem of design was found to be one of symmetry with a well grounded tradition. The Greeks were very careful, it seems, in working out their designs. The Greek tradition came to Vitruvius that units were commensurate with the whole and he assumed that the commensurability was one of the line. Taking the human body as a basis . . . . that any part was an even multiple of the whole—any part measurable in terms of another.

With this premise, Vitruvius worked out rules for the construction of Greek buildings, all based on a certain modulus, obtained from the layout of the plan. This, to Mr. Hambidge was Vitruvius' great mistake, in assuming that the problem was one of line instead of one of area. No Greek building has been found to prove Vitruvius' theory and no human being has been found corroborating his theory of the human body. Attempts to prove the latter by taking the registration measurements of the Civil War army have proven the belief a fallacy. Data obtained from followers of Darwin show that it cannot be proved through the measurements of grizzly ancestors. There is always an unending fraction.

Leonardo da Vinci came across a Vitruvian manuscript and made a dummy according to this canon, inscribing on his work: "This figure is fearfully and wonderfully made," and it is "this figure" which has persistently followed artists ever since. Every treatise on art since 1 B.C. has followed the Vitruvian theory. Ages before Vitruvius, Polyclitus, the great Greek sculptor created a figure along this line, but even if it were possible to recover the canon of Polyclitus, it would mean nothing unless it had a natural base.

Mr. Hambidge was convinced at this period of his research that the only way to define symmetry in art was first to define it in nature, natural architecture, and to find what principles obtained there would aid design. He found that nature contained at least two types, one as exemplified by the crystal, *i.e.,* the equal divisions of a flower and the other by the shell or growing plant.

The crystal architecture Mr. Hambidge called static, the shell and plant dynamic. Arrived at this, he then examined the design efforts of man through history. It is impossible to design without symmetry, consciously or unconsciously. Whether conceded or not, symmetry is the element that knits together. Rhythm is apparent but subtle and can only be determined through pattern. The art of the Indians, South Sea Islanders, Esquimaux,

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A figure from the pediment of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia. Early Greek work of this style holds a real message of vitality for the modern sculptor

Alexandria: An Old Virginia Classic

By M. D. C. CRAWFORD

STIRRED by the events and the ambitions of the hour, even Alexandria changes. But a little, and this old Virginian city, reminiscent of elder days and kindlier customs, will become another center of industry, fortunate if in her long delayed prosperity she retains some vestige of her romantic charm. It would almost seem as though fate had reserved her from the vortex of modern industrialism for the beginning of the rapidly approaching building era, so that we might have another measure of taste and added reënforcement to an already rich tradition.

The Carlisle Manor, built in 1752, served as General Braddock's headquarters, and here, in 1785, was the first conference, which led to the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia in 1787

To the casual visitor Alexandria is a desert of red brick and whitewashed backyard fences, but a little patience to seek them out and courtesy to overlook the trifling defects incident on long continued but proudly born indigence will discover many beauties in this old Potomac metropolis of Colonial days. We must not grudge her this hour of prosperity through any mawkish sentiment for the romantic past. Long has she been the custodian of classic loveliness, so let her enjoy the good things of the new day, for it is our task to see that this traditional charm is retained in our latest endeavor.

And we shall need each help and inspiration, each check and measure of taste in order to meet the rush of home building soon to begin. There is a curious, perhaps a fatal parallel between today and the generation following the Civil War. In both instances building was artificially restrained for a long period, and when the rush began the task was too physically gigantic for the available number of trained architects. Most of our hideously bad taste in architecture is included between the years 1870 and 1890. May we be spared from the return of such madness!

This condition lends added importance to the preservation of all sane architectural tradition. Much that was wholly excellent in American architecture was Colonial, but in Virginia we reached perhaps our most exquisite expression. For all its vigorous simplicity, New England had a restraint verging on coldness, and while I am personally partial to the Holland Dutch Colonial type, I am compelled to admit that most examples of this charming period are confined to a few red-stone farmsteads on the lower Hudson. There was comfort, sturdiness of structure and harmony to environment, but beyond this, little of note. But Virginia was settled by Cavalier English, mettlesome men habituated to the finest standards of the early Georges. And it was a splendid tradition, rich in the finest examples of cultivated luxury. The Virginian colonists were men of means, and of more than usual vigor in their commercial and industrial ventures. And their homes reflect a culture and elegance not usually associated with young colonies.

Most of us have seen some examples of the stately country homes along the Potomac. We are perhaps not so familiar with the city life of this period, but Alexandria, just outside Washington, has preserved many splendid specimens of houses and interiors that date back before the Revolution, or at least to the earliest years of the Nineteenth Century. This city was founded in 1729, by three Virginian gentlemen of some note, both in their own day and since. The two elder partners, John Alexander, Esq., and Lord Fairfax, were men of substance and weight in the affairs of the old Dominion. They selected with rare judgment as their associate, engineer and surveyor, a stalwart young Virginian, already much esteemed in the Colony for sober judgment and high probity of character. Since then the reputation of this young man has somewhat broadened, but these two vague Colonial gentlemen were the first to recognize in George Washington a vigorous man of affairs.

They intended Alexandria for the industrial

Spiral stairway and carved arch on the second floor of the Fairfax house. The stairs are of mahogany and proportioned so accurately as to make walking upstairs a pleasure

The old Fairfax home on Cameron Street. This house contains some of the finest woodwork in America

The doorway of the Fairfax home is a typical example of this peculiarly gracious kind of early American architecture, in which was composed of white painted woodwork, hand wrought iron and red brick

center of America. The deep Potomac gave access to the sea, and was the natural highway for the wealthy Virginian planters. It also offered a possible connection with the fur traders of the northwest, if the famous project of Washington of connecting the Ohio and the Potomac by a canal might be carried out. At this time New York City, Philadelphia and Boston were in the throes of their earliest development, and very remote from affairs in Virginia. New Orleans was in the possession of Spain, and seemed entirely likely to remain so indefinitely. So these three forehanded gentlemen planned and built for a Virginian metropolis, and had not a series of unfortellable events intervened, might easily have realized their ambitions.

Today Alexandria slowly arouses itself from the drowsy sleep of seventy years. The Civil War found it just emerging into industrial promise. It became, during these four years, the camp of the Union soldiers, with all the evils that attend military occupation. Today they have a Chamber of Commerce, a labor and housing problem, a ship-yard and torpedo factory, and before long the full tide of modern industrialism will sweep away every vestige of an earlier stately life. But as yet the old houses, the old families and the old memories linger, and the former ill fortune of the inhabitants is the good fortune of the historian.

Christ Church was built in 1773. Robert E. Lee and George Washington were its most distinguished vestrymen

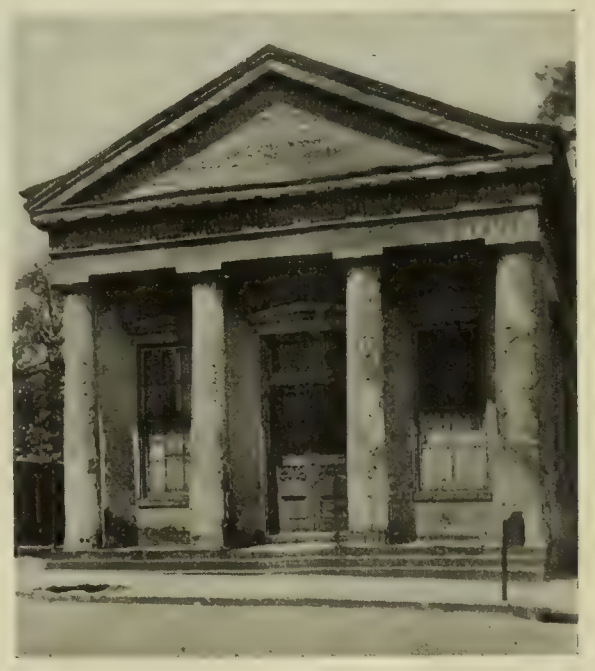
The old Wise Tavern, famous in Colonial affairs, and now a well-kept Home for the Aged

By far the most interesting house still standing is the old Carlisle home, built in 1752 by John Carlisle, and his wife Sarah, daughter of Lord Fairfax. No small part did the hospitality of this manor play, not only in the affairs of the Colony, but in the future of the New World. Scarcely were the wide doors open when General Braddock came to America, fresh from his European successes, to defend the Colonists from the menace of the French and the Indians, selected as his headquarters this gracious manor. And here gathered to do honor to the British soldier not alone the very best of Virginian society, but many other Colonial notables.

In a little room still containing some of the original furniture, was held an interesting conference. There was the brilliant and handsome soldier,—the tall, spare, taciturn, youthful Washington, — and the brown-coated, bright-eyed little Quaker who represented the Colony founded by William Penn. His name was Benjamin Franklin. Little regard did the distinguished General pay to the military advice of this pair. He proposed to fight the Indians according to the accepted rules and regulations of European warfare, but in spite of the divergence of views, he recognized the military qualities of young Washington and made him a member of his staff.

Today red brick Municipal Buildings rise from what was formerly the village square. From here marched forth the gallant little army—first the disciplined ranks of the redcoats, and afterwards the lanky, fur-capped Virginian rangers, commanded by Major Washington. And here, after months of anxious waiting, returned the tattered remnant to tell the news of the ambuscade at Fort Duquesne, near modern Pittsburgh, and of how a gallant but mistaken gentleman, wounded to death, lay in the arms of the younger soldier and confessed the errors of judgment which had brought about defeat.

About this house is a still more vital memory. For here, in the year 1785, Washington bowed with the weight of honors and years, was called from the dear security of Mt. Vernon to meet a second crisis. He sat in conference with the governors of Delaware, Virginia and Maryland to decide upon the division of expenses in his favored project of the Ohio and Potomac canal. But a disagreement arose, and the meeting was adjourned to the following year in Annapolis, where representatives from a number of other states gathered. Here, again, agreement being impossible, adjournment was taken to Philadelphia in the following year of 1787, when every state sent representatives to meet in Independence Hall, and finally, after months of secret deliberation, produced a document much talked about, if seldom read, and known as the Constitution of the United States. So it is scarcely an historical exaggeration to say that the birth of the basic law of the U. S. was in this old manor house in Alexandria.



The Citizens' First National Bank of Alexandria. According to local tradition this is the oldest national bank in America

Hall and doorway in the old Carlisle house. The proportion of the doorway can be gauged by comparison with the chairs

In point of architectural beauty, Christ Church is easily the most important building. It is situated on Cameron Street, in a delightful park shaded with stately trees. This church was built in 1773, and two of its most distinguished vestrymen were Robert E. Lee and George Washington.

Just around the corner from the old Carlisle house, overlooking the Potomac, stood the Wise Tavern, scene of many of the social gatherings of early Virginia. More than once in the history of America was this old hostelry mentioned. It is in a splendid condition of preservation, and is now used as the Home for the Aged. Alexandrians claim that the first National Bank built in America is

(*Continued on page* 142)

Successful Originality in the Suburban House

The Residence of H. G. Morse, Architect, Elizabeth, N. J.

Photographs by J. Wallace Gillies

The studio floor level is raised to make headroom for the garage beneath it, and this difference is ingeniously reconciled by the stair landing. The main entrance door, open, is seen at the left

This house is one of the first examples of the exterior use of a remarkable new building material. In color it is a warm gray, interestingly textured and susceptible to a wide range of color modifications. In this house the new material is also used for the interior, in stair-treads, walls and fireplace, for it is peculiarly adaptable structurally and is heat-resistant. As an aid to economical construction with a maximum of effect, this pioneer house holds a special significance to the architect and the prospective builder.

The architect has found in the new building material a versatile medium for rendering interior as well as exterior. This fireplace has an unusual quality of simplicity that is agreeably consistent with the exterior

This detail to the right shows something of the texture of the material of which the house is largely built, and shows, as well, the relation of studio, garage and entrance level

The element of originality in small house design has been strikingly expressed without any exploitation of eccentricity that would cause disquiet to neighboring house owners. Interest and originality are here well within the bounds of good taste

The process of wood-block printing is shown in this old print from the time of James II.

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The Charm of Lace

(*Continued from page* 102)

our minds from all that went with it, as a fitting back-ground or accompaniment.

To specify in detail a few of the uses that lace was put to besides the regular trimming of costumes, take the beautiful renaissance "Toile d'Honneur," illustrated here, made of the finest filet and drawn and cut work, with designs most interesting and unusual in both the filet squares and embroidered linen strips, with "motifs" of the "fleur de lys" and the pomegranate, both characteristic of the period. This "Toile d'Honneur" was used in some parts of France as a marriage canopy to be held by four posts over the bride and groom while the ceremony was performed. This delightful piece is still wonderfully preserved, though its grey tan color and soft chiffony touch breathe its antiquity. Then take this bit of needle point of beautiful "Point de France," undoubtedly made to adorn some royal infant's baptismal veil or gown, with the story of the glorious life just budding, portrayed in the design which pictures the royal eagle holding the crown, suspended above the swinging babe, while the rising sun is already spreading its rays of glory and renown, and then we see the youth kneeling at the lace-trimmed altar with its crucifix and its candles, while the priest in his wonderful robes is placing the crown on the bended head and we can hear resounding through the ages "Long live the King," and then we see the crowned monarch standing erect, doubtless receiving the homage of his loyal subjects. What makes lace of this type so intensely interesting is the feeling that every piece is unique, that each piece tells a story of its own and we of the present day, so many hundreds of years afterwards, can weave our own little romance around these fragments that have come down to us; so it not only pleases the eye, but has an interest quite its own, apart from all other arts, for as we wonder at the beauty of execution, we also try to picture to ourselves who it adorned, whether some fair lady, some gay cavalier, or some mighty cardinal, or then as we said before it might have been the marriage canopy sheltering two hearts united beneath its lacey protection.

Lace since its inception has played an important part in the costumes of people and the paintings of the great masters from the early 16th century have been a chronicle of intense interest, making it possible, in their portrayal, for us to trace the various fashions and uses of the period. Thus we see in the early Italian or Flemish paintings, the narrow needle point edge of either gold or silver thread ornamenting the rich velvets so much in vogue at that time, or an altar cloth or an alb, edged with the finest Milan, Then we came to the days of Rubens and Van Dyck when the pointed scalloped collars and cuffs of Venetian needle point adorned every portrait, attaining such fame, that the name Van Dyck points and collars still clings to that particular lace to-day. Then again the Medici collar and Elizabethan ruff with their yards and yards of fine wired lace showing us so well the fashion of two different countries during the middle and end of the 16th Century. And so, following down to the 17th and 18th Centuries, we again see the painters of the period, but how differently are the ladies portrayed with their sumptuous costumes of gorgeous brocades, beruffled with Alençon and Malino, lappets of exquisite Point d'Angleterre hanging from their lofty headdress. Then comes the fichu made popular by Marie Antoinette, until we reach the simpler costumes of the Empire, followed by a revival of the lavish use of lace about 1830 which brings us nearer to modern times. In Spain, the mantilla of blonde lace in both black and white has been a national adornment for centuries. There was every opportunity for the lace maker to find a ready market for her work, for the countless uses that lace was put to, provided a limitless field; the frilled jabots, the flounces for sleeve and breeches of the gentleman of the court; the bonnets, the mits and handkerchiefs of the ladies; the rabats and albs of the priests, the altar cloths and chalice veils for the church; the lace trimmed dressing tables, bed curtains and coverings; table covers, all consumed countless yards. Everything on every side called for lace and when we think what a perishable fabric it is and, knowing how extensively it was used, it is surprising to see how much has escaped destruction and still exists in museums and private collections. There are many fine collections all over the world and here in America where we are so much younger in the art of collecting, there are many private collections of no mean value, and a book recently published, entitled "American Collectors," by Miss Morris & Miss Hague, gives us interesting reproductions from these collections. But I have great faith in a rapid appreciation of this art and the American spirit, true to its traditions, once having its interest aroused is quick to follow and apply. It is just a matter of looking twice to see the beauty of this modest art which shines best under the closest scrutiny. It does not seek us; we must seek it and it is the second and third glance that finally brings up the interest to a deeper degree, and then lace becomes something real, something wonderful, and the desire of possession is a natural following.

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Topics of the Day in Art

Notes on Varied Topics of Interest in the Field of Art, Both Domestic and European. Readers in All Parts of the World Are Invited to Send the Editor Items of Specific Importance: Whether News or Comment

The Louis Orr Springfield Etching

THE commissioning of Mr. Louis Orr, of Paris, the distinguished American painter-etcher, by the Springfield Chamber of Commerce, to make an etching of its famous Municipal Group had its origin in the desire of the Convention Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce for a picture of the group worthy of its recognized excellence.

A year ago Mr. Orr was invited to make the etching, which resulted in a contract with the artist by which he agreed to make a large etched plate of the group, from which are to be pulled 50 first state artists' proofs, each to be signed by the artist and the plate then destroyed.

Mr. Orr came to Springfield last September and spent a month in making his preliminary drawing and detailed sketches. Returning to Paris, in December, Mr. Orr has been working steadily upon the Springfield plate and the first proof has just arrived in Springfield.

Before dispatching the first proof, Mr. Orr was invited to show the Springfield etching to a committee of the Beaux Arts and on the strength of it was given another commission from the French Government. The artist has also been asked to show the Springfield etching in the Spring Salon. Mr. Orr feels that the plate is one of the most important works he has yet done.

Louis Orr enjoys the unique distinction of being the only American artist whose work is in the Louvre, and in the permanent collection of the Luxenbourg galleries are 33 of Mr. Orr's original drawings. During the war Mr. Orr received a command from the French Government to make a series of etchings of Rheims Cathedral, which resulted in his now famous tryptich, today regarded as the finest reproductions ever made of the beautiful Cathedral. The drawings were made when the Cathedral was under fire and curiously enough the plate was etched in Paris when the city was under fire by the long range German guns. At the close of the war Mr. Orr was again commanded by the Government to make a large etched plate of the French entering Strassbourg, which resulted in a strikingly beautiful and now historic plate. In recognition of his notable war service Mr. Orr was decorated by the French Government with the Legion of Honor.

Louis Orr was born in Hartford, Conn. In 1906-1907, he studied in Paris with Jean Paul Laurent, the great teacher-painter, recently deceased. Besides the examples of his work in the Louvre and the Luxembourg his etchings are in the New York Public Library, the Morgan Memorial Library, Boston Public Library, Vassar College, Plainfield, (N.J.), High school and other public collections.

The Municipal Group of Springfield, Massachusetts, from the etching by Louis Orr

Cheney Brothers Are Awarded Architectural League Medal

MANUSCRIPT copy has been received of the interesting speech of Mr. T. Monroe Hewlett, in connection with the award of the League Medal for native industrial design and craftsmanship to Cheney Brothers, for silks:

"I now have to announce the award of the medal in the native industrial design and craftsmanship which the League has established during the past year and which is awarded for the first time this year. If there is any one thing that the League stands for more than for any other thing it is the effort to disseminate a conception of art and artistic progress as represented in our civilization which conceives of the industrial arts of the country as equal in importance and in dignity to anything produced in the so-called fine arts. We have for some years awarded these medals in architecture, painting, sculpture and landscape architecture and we feel in establishing this medal for native industrial art that we are living up to a programme and to a conception of our functions that have always existed but have never been publicly expressed, fully expressed, before.

"In order to make the award of this medal significant, we have asked our friends on the other side of this wall here in the Museum, the men who we believe have the highest standards of judgment of artistic craftsmanship of any one we know, we have asked them to come and judge with us the products of native industrial art; and we have here in this exhibition much that is interesting in metal work, wrought iron, bronze, terra cotta, furniture, wood carving, textile weaving—all the various fields of industrial design.

"After long deliberations this jury decided to award this medal to Messrs. Cheney Brothers for the silks that they are now producing. I think one point is of special significance that was brought up in connection with the judgment of Mr. Bashford Dean, a member of the jury.

"After a very close and careful judgment of various objects of beauty and skill in craftsmanship, Mr. Dean said: 'It seems to me that the production of Cheney Brothers and the other textile weavers in this country are particularly notable in that they bring into the field of machine production on an enormous scale a standard of excellence very closely approximating the finest things that have been done in the past by the hands of a single man.' And that, after all, should be the goal of American artistic production, because it is not the same accomplishment to produce something which is almost as good as the things that have been produced for the past five hundred years if it is produced in the same way. But if it is produced by machine in such a way as to give it an enormous circulation you thereby increase the usefulness and significance of that article.

"Therefore, I am glad that this first award of this particular medal has been made to Cheney Brothers for something that is so widespread in its application and usefulness as the silk which they weave.

"I regret to say that this medal was awarded yesterday. The medal is not yet ready for delivery, but it will be, and I should be glad to shake the hand of the representative of Messrs. Cheney Brothers and let you see him and congratulate him."

The Architectural League Medal for native industrial design and craftsmanship awarded to Cheney Brothers. (Medal by the Medallic Art Company)

The Polish Artists' Alliance

UNDER the patronage of the local Polish Organization, an exhibition of paintings organized by the Polish Artists' Alliance of Cracow, was held recently in New York. As is well known the Cracow school of painting is the great school of painting in Poland on account of the fact that the Russian domination of Warsaw prevented the Warsaw Academy, which organized a permanent Art Exhibition in 1859, from achieving the pre-eminence that some of its earlier leaders secured for themselves. While a number of great names are connected with the Warsaw Academy at Cracow, Chelmonski is probably the best known and most versatile, being the poet-painter who interpreted nature in a way that made a great impression on all his successors as is indicated in the present exhibition in the work of W. Tetmajer whose two paintings, the harvest scene and a war scene, showing a devastated village, are vividly presented.

(Continued on page 117)

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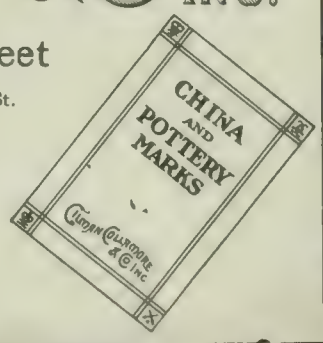

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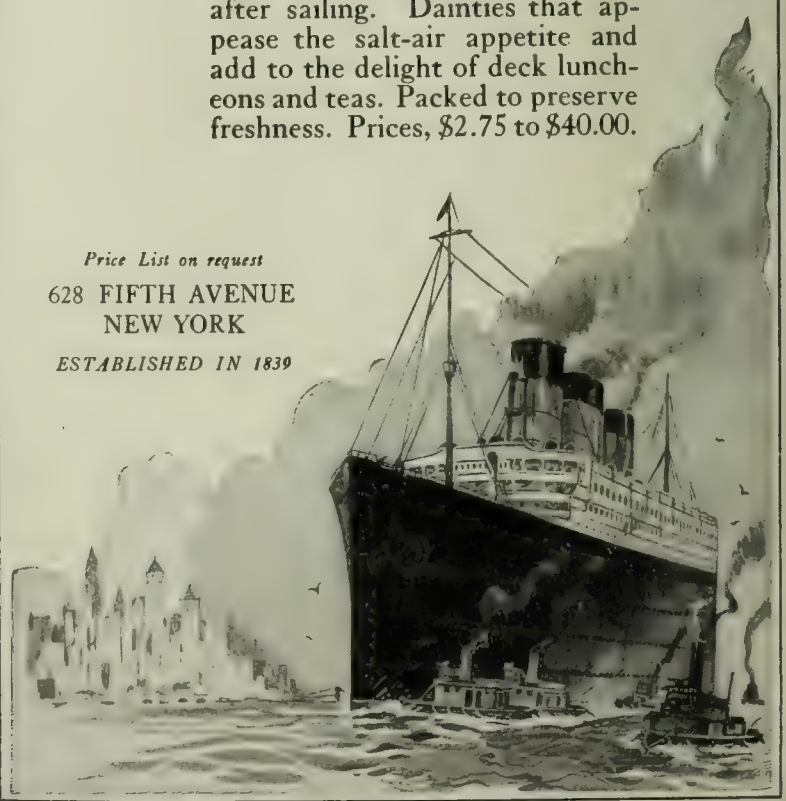


Topics of the Day in Art

(Continued from third page preceding)

The Brooklyn Society of Etchers

A CONSEQUENCE of healthy activity in any field of pictorial art is the grouping of its devotees into an organization to promote popular knowledge of their work. During the past decade there has been unprecedented growth of interest in etching, yet for long there lacked collective effort to stimulate this movement in the East. A needed step was taken in April, 1916, by M. Paul Roche, when he called his fellow etchers together for mutual exchange of ideas. The result was the Brooklyn Society of Etchers, whose name derives from the hospitality of the Brooklyn Museum in offering facilities for exhibitions, since held there annually.

In five years of existence the Society has added to its roster most of the representative American etchers. Eugene Higgins is now president; Henry B. Shope, vice-president. Other officials are John Taylor Arms, Margery A. Ryerson and Frederick Reynolds. The prints shown at the Society's recent annual event are on a tour of western cities in charge of the American Federation of Arts. Exhibitions at schools and colleges, arranged by R. F. Randolph, have aimed to cultivate the understanding of print making processes.

A group of etchings by members of the society is shown on a previous page in this issue of ARTS & DECORATION.

The Dante Celebration in Italy

THE sixth centenary of the death of Dante is being celebrated throughout Italy during the year 1921. The plans for the celebration include the ornamentation of Dante's tomb, work upon the Braccioforte recess, the rearrangement of the Mediæval Museum, the restoration of the Da Polenta Chapel in San Francesco, of the Classense Library, and of the adjoining hall containing the Dante relics at Ravenna.

Other sums are to be expended upon the restoration of buildings in Florence and in other parts of Italy which are connected with the life of the poet or described by him in his works. The buildings include the Conti Guidi castle at Poppi, the Arco dei Cavi at Verona, the palace of Boniface VIII at Anagni, and the Palagio di Parte Guelfa in Florence, together with other buildings of Dante's period. The latter building dates back to 1267, and was the headquarters of the powerful Guelph faction. The walls of the great hall were painted by Giotto, and it is anticipated that some remains of his work may be brought to light.

The Dante Year will also be marked by the publication of a critical edition of Dante's works and by the official opening of the Dante Library in the Casa di Dante in Rome. In Florence, in Rome, and in Bologna, where the Dante House has its own building and lecture hall, lectures will be delivered by distinguished scholars. In Rome, a series of popular lectures, open to the public free of charge, is being given by Barzilai, Corrado Ricci, and Corradini, in the great hall of the Collegio Romano; the first lecture of the series, by Barzilai, recently met with enormous success.

The Dante House in Rome has announced a prize of 5,000 lire for the best book on Dante published during the year.

A motion-picture film is being prepared by Fausto Salvatori for release throughout the world on September 14. For the purposes of the film, a perfect reproduction of the Palace of the Scaligeri has been built; in settings, costumes and action, the film is said to present a remarkably accurate reconstruction of the times of Dante

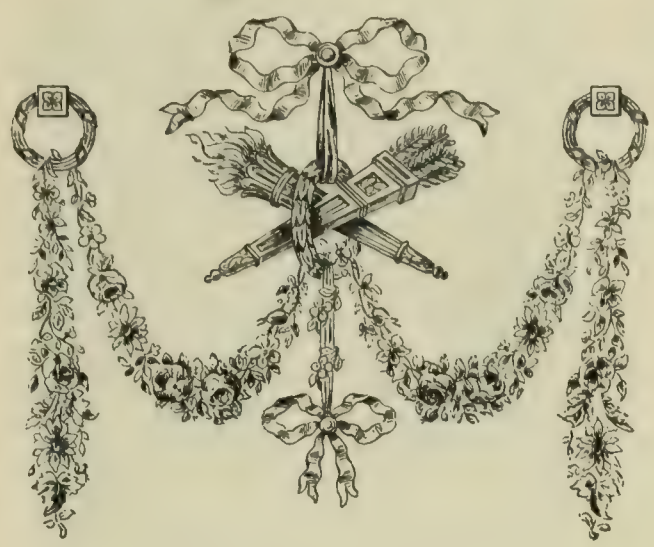
New Baltimore Society Plans Comprehensive Music Campaign

AT a meeting of the newly formed organization, the Friends of Music, which was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Garrett recently, plans for an extensive musical future were formulated, says *Musical America*. Judge Carroll T. Bond presided. In the comprehensive scope of work considered at this meeting, the continuation of the Baltimore Symphony with more than double its present number of concerts, and with probable visits to Washington and Wilmington, was recommended; and, in addition, an opera society and a choral society may be operated under the guidance of the organization. It was estimated that this program would entail an expenditure of at least $30,000 a year. Of this sum, the city will make an appropriation of $13,000 annually, and the remainder will be raised by the Friends of Music. Mrs. Garrett announced pledges of $1,000 annually for three years, provided the whole program be undertaken or of $500 for one year. Others announced their willingness to subscribe in large amounts, but no subscriptions as yet were entered.

Mrs. Garrett declared that the whole undertaking was to bring music into close relationship with the public.

Harold Randolph, director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, emphasized the need of supporting our orchestra.

A committee, chosen to put the project through, included Mrs. W. W. Abell, Mrs. W. Ellis Coale, Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. Henry Barton Jacobs, Mrs. J. Hemsley Johnson, Mrs. Jack Symington, Judge Bond, James Swan Frick, M. Ernest Jenkins, William F. Lucas, Ral Parr, Lawrason Riggs and Dr. Hugh Hampton Young.



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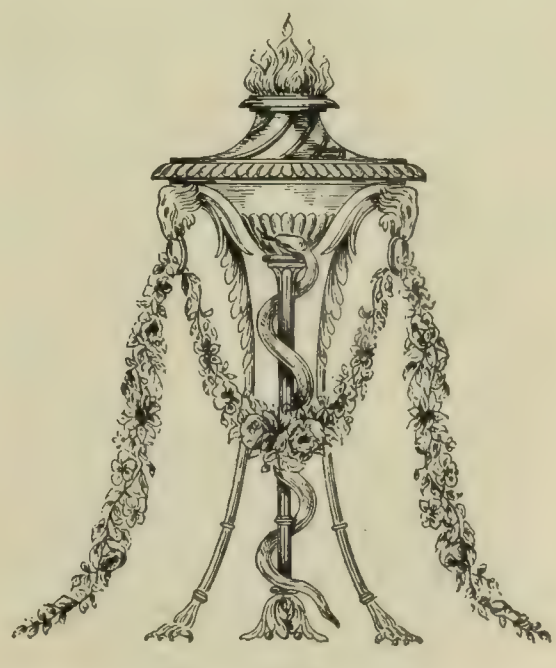

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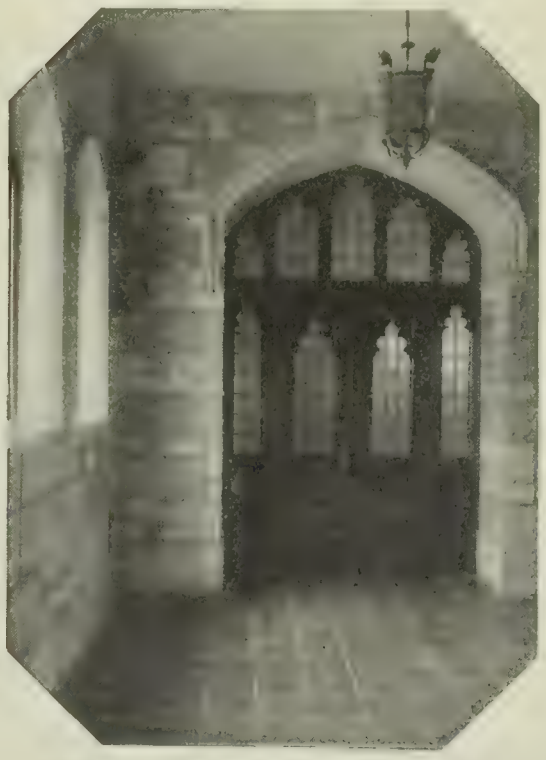

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Triumphant Art Training Experiment

(*Continued from page* 91)

boys and the girls, as well as the regular sketching classes in which work may be done in any medium. Consequently, the student work is now kept to the classrooms for display in the third and fourth stories of the new building, which are the only features of the Graphic Sketch Club surroundings that suggest in any way an art night school. For from the moment you enter the door of the club proper at 719 Catherine Street and go into the office or visit the various clubrooms, beautified with drapery and rugs and innumerable reproductions of works of art, drawings and etchings, with ceramics and brasses and statuary as accessories, you are in a sort of artistic fairyland, while the large exhibition room on the first floor, as large and as finely appointed as many an art gallery in New York, which with its stage gives an opportunity for all social relaxation and entertainments, including the interpretative dancing, which has been featured as a part of the club life for three years or more, is one of the elements of surprise that amazes those, when they visit a night school in a foreign quarter expecting something barren and severe, appropriate to "Bumbledom" and find surroundings much more delightful than their own home and much more carefully kept up and always in the pink of condition. But all the separate clubrooms for boys and schools where they can sit and chat and relax, as well as attend the actual classes in the upper floors, in conveniences and comforts and real decorative beauty culminate in the one great feature of the Graphic Sketch Club. Its permanent exhibition room on the second floor of the college part of the building, where with the carefully selected paintings and sculpture of the actual students, many of them of striking beauty and artistic achievement, there is exhibited in cabinets and in the open the finest collection of Roman glass, Tanagra figures, pottery of the Near East and the Far East, rare rugs, beautiful weavings, bronzes, ivory carvings, all selected with a knowledge and a sense of the fitness of form and color that gives a lesson in good taste *en masse* and in every detail of the surprising exhibit..

All this is free as the air to every student, to every visitor, to the whole neighborhood, and it is the kind of thing that redeems the problem of class instruction intended, let it be understood, for those who work and not for those who have the leisure or money to go anywhere to any school at any hour of the day, and it is this great room, with its subdued lights, which might be part of a palace, or the *camera nobile* of a great museum, plus the social activities, that turn the club house into the merriest of places on Hallowe'en night, or on any other festival night of the year, that makes the Graphic Sketch Club unique, and such an influence for good, coupled with the exuberant self-discipline that takes joy in its work and opportunities that in all these years not even a bibelot that might be carried away in the vest pocket has disappeared from shelf or case, though anyone may come in from the highways and byways and look and linger and learn.

One would, indeed, like to talk in detail about the work in the classrooms, to play the guide all over the building from the workrooms for the sculptors in the cellar basement, to the very roof, not forgeting the various loafing-rooms, including the library, which always attract the women visitors by reason of the brave and shining array of copper kettles, brass bowls, used in the still-life classes, bewildering in size and shape and beauty of design and workmanship. One would like also to let others get an idea of the delightful Sunday evening conferences arranged by the club in which prominent men, such as Judge Joseph Buffington, of the United States Court, and many others take part, as well as other social relaxations arranged by the young women, but all this eats into time and space. One would also like to take every visitor out to picturesque Addingham, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, where the landscape school is at work in the summer time under Grossman. One would also like to tell the long story of mutual helpfulness by which the club members, ever supported by the founder, take an interest in the home life and the occupations of the members, whose motto, by the way, "Man Chiseling His Own Destiny," has been realized in sculpture by Polasek in a statuette which is the conspicuous feature in the hallway of the club, and there is many a romance that has become part of the club tradition that is reflective of all that is fine in human relationships in associations in which one never hears the canting, overused words that figure in so much of the welfare patter of today.

Of course, it is easy to understand how a group of boys and girls who afterwards grew up into upstanding young men and young women might work all this thing out and how competent art instructors could develop such free-hand talent as might come to them, but the big idea of art education through recreation that shall make each one remain true to his associations and his work and play a bigger and broader part in the life of the city at the same time is, of course, the contribution of the founder, who, after twenty-four years of unremitting activity, watching every development with affectionate and assiduous interest, sees in the realization of his dream

(*Continued on page* 143)

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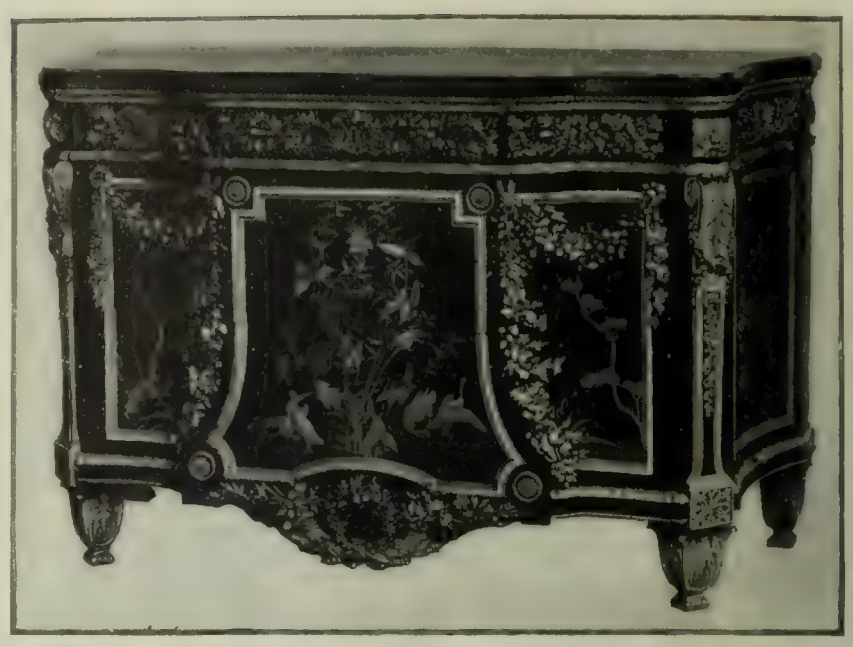

Commode of ebony and ormolu

A Secretary and Commode of Marie Antoinette

By CHARLES O. CORNELIUS

Secretary made by Riesener

As a portion of the bequest of William K. Vanderbilt to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, two of the finest pieces of French Eighteenth Century furniture in this country have been made available to the public. They are a magnificent commode and secretary, made for Marie Antoinette, whose cipher is introduced several times into the gilt-bronze decoration. Of ebony, set with panels of gold and black lacquer and mounted with ormolu of superb quality, these pieces are considered by many connoisseurs to be the finest examples of the cabinetmaker's art in America. The commode and secretary, together with a jewel cabinet of similar design, were made for the Chateau of Saint-Cloud and appear in the inventory drawn up at the time of the sale of the furniture from this palace. They appear later to have gotten into the hands of the pawnbrokers and to have been anonymously sold in the year 1803. It is about this time that they were acquired by the Duke of Hamilton among other pieces from royal palaces. The commode and secretary were sold at the Hamilton Palace sale in 1870, when they came into Mr. Vanderbilt's possession.

The general form of the design is that developed and used by Riesener (1735-1806), the most noted of the *ébénistes* of the last half of the eighteenth century. In spite of the fact that no signature of the maker can be found upon either piece, one has little hesitancy in attributing the general commission of the work to him. The omission of the signature may be due to the fact that most of Riesener's signed cabinetwork is decorated with his marquetry, and from these pieces, whose panels of Japanese lacquer were certainly made by Oriental workmen, his too tender conscience may have led him to omit the signature.

From the point of view of accomplishment, the chief glory of the work lies in the gilt-bronze decoration with which the wood is enhanced. This ormolu, too, is unsigned, but from the internal evidence of quality of design and workmanship it may be attributed to Pierre Gouthière (1740-1806), whose best work (and these mounts show him at his best) was unsurpassed by any of that of the noted *ciseleurs* who were his rivals.

Thus this furniture unites the efforts of two of the greatest artists and craftsmen of a time when skill of designing and perfection of workmanship had raised the utilitarian art of cabinetmaking almost into the position of a major art. In fact, a student of the period would hesitate to say whether the furniture and decorative art or the painting and sculpture of the reigns of Louis XV and Louis XVI best exhibit the true genius of the French artist of the time. A just estimate would demand them both as essential parts of the whole artistic impulse of the time.

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A New Key to Art

(*Continued from page* 107)

and Peruvians are examples of more or less spontaneous symmetry. Spontaneous symmetry is static, invariably. In certain periods this was used consciously. Michael Angelo used it consciously, as did the Chinese, Japanese, and Mohammedans. The Greeks, however, did not use static symmetry except very early and very late. Sometime during the sixth century, B.C., they changed to a dynamic type. Their knowledge increased during the Periclean age, then reverted to static until the Roman conquest. Static was all the Romans knew. When the scholars began to measure Greek buildings they found that the lines were incommensurable one with the other, at least 90% of them were, no matter what unit was used. Here was the expression of the Vitruvian theory. But if Vitruvius made a mistake and meant commensurableness of area rather than of line, then the problem is solved. All Greek buildings of this time were commensurable in area and in volume. This is what we find in dynamic symmetry. Measurements are immeasurable in lines but measurable in areas.

When we reduce the law of leaf distribution of plants we obtain the same thing and find that this law is based on the law of the square root of five . . . two incommensurable lines, end and side of a rectangle. A derivative area from the root five area lies at the base of the symmetry scheme which apparently prevails in all leaf distribution. The cross section of a rose, cabbage or onion displays this fact in plants which are the same in symmetry but different in plant architecture. The Greeks could hardly have known anything about plants so they must have obtained their knowledge in some other way. In the Thirteenth Book of Euclid we find the entire idea. The author's method of constructing five-sided figures is the same as the theory which Mr. Hambidge advances.

The method was originated by old surveyors of Egypt through, no doubt, their struggles in irrigation problems superimposed upon them by the Nile. They worked out an empirical method of triangulation used by the rope stretchers, tracing back to 3500 B.C. General ideas connected with the Temple construction, incorporated in the ritual, have survived to us through the Sulvastra, which means literally the rules of the rope, . . . rules of the survey. This rule was lost, at least it disappeared, at the advent of the Arabs and Mohammedans.

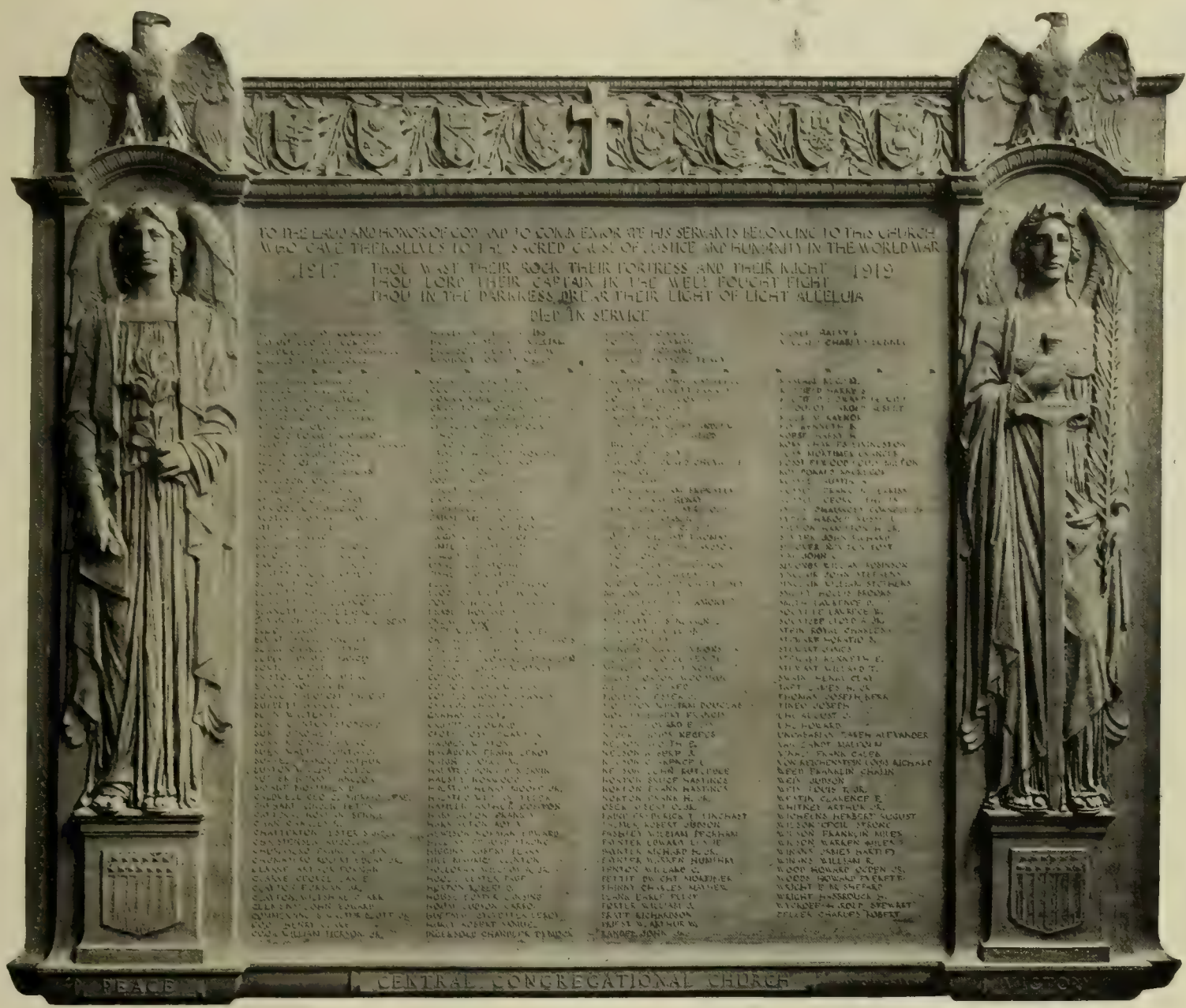
The Greeks developed in a different way. They developed Euclidean geometry based upon a lot of geometrical facts which had been thrashed out through two or three generations. Plato gives us an interesting picture of Greek boys studying arithmetic with the use of geometrical diagrams. Root rectangles are the figures. If we study arithmetic in the same way, using the same rectangle, the result is dynamic symmetry.

Mr. Hambidge has brought with him from Greece the plans of the Parthenon, Bassæ Phigliai, Zeus Temple at Olympia, Temple at Ægina and the Temple of Sunion. Of these the most interesting are the first two, built by Iktinos. The great importance lies in the fact that the Parthenon, a highly sophisticated design, is filled with curves; the columns bulge and swell. There is hardly a straight line in the whole building. The building at Bassæ is composed of straight lines, the building shows no curves. Both buildings are built upon the same basic symmetry plan dealing with ritualistic requirements, probably more or less a secret to the priestcraft.

Mr. Hambidge is convincing in that we must have a superlative craftsmanship before we can have a superlative art. No personalities are to be lost through the method he presents—artists are to be enabled to express their personalities more freely than ever before through being relieved of detail and drudgery. There need be no tendency to imitate Greek art, Roman art, or any art of former periods, but through the use of an infallible principle it is to be hoped we will create our own designs and a national art. The mechanism of design being thus reduced, the artist is free to take another flight.

Mr. Hambidge insists that his method is not a short cut; it is not a miracle. He does not promise the world super artists through its use any more than the perfect knowledge of grammar will produce poets, but granting that the artist has the talent, it will save him any guess work and conjectures and through its dependability save much time and effort. One book, "The Greek Vase," has already been published on the subject and this summer will be given over by Mr. Hambidge to the writing of several volumes, including a book on architecture, general art, and a primer, all based on his solution of design.

Only a few years ago Apollo Belvidere, Venus de Milo and the Marble Faun were held as exemplary art. They have been revealed, not as the finest types of Greek art, but as pretty examples we have had foisted upon us. With the advent of this new theory it is difficult to know at present what may be weighed in the balance. Are you ready to discard more idols?



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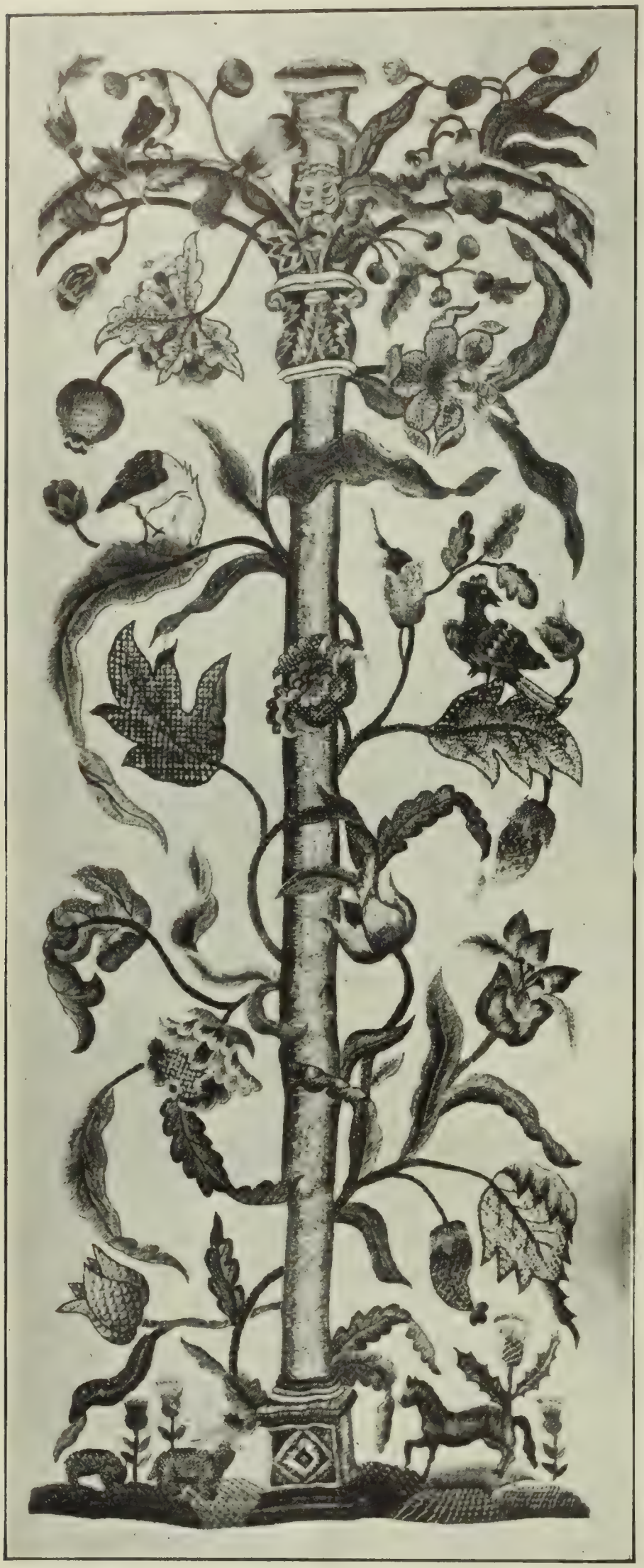

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Hubert Van Eyck and Dierick Bouts

THE panels of the Hubert and Jan Van Eyck polyptych and the shutters to Dierick Bouts' altarpiece, returned to Ghent and Louvain respectively under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, have been on exhibition recently in the Brussels Museum. For the purpose of the exhibition the director borrowed the central panels of the polyptych from Ghent Cathedral and the central panel of the "Last Supper" from the church of St. Pierre at Louvain, and the Brussels public has thus been enabled to see the original works reconstituted in a gallery which houses permanently a number of the finest works by Flemish primitives.

The reconstituted Van Eyck polyptych makes an undeniably impressive appeal. The great age of the work commands in itself attention and respect. Then there is the glamour resulting from the tradition—which there is no real reason to doubt—that we have in this polyptych the earliest oil painting of importance, and there is the glamour also of its singularly adventurous history. As far as can be at present ascertained this history appears to be somewhat as follows.

Hubert Van Eyck was commissioned to execute the work for Saint-Bavon (then Saint-Jean) by one Judocus Vyd in 1420. Hubert died in 1426, and it was finished by his brother Jan, and inaugurated on May 6, 1432. Hubert's reputation on the strength of it was immense. He was buried in the crypt of Saint-Bavon, and later, when the crypt was destroyed, his bones were scattered, but his right arm (*in een ijzer besloten*) was preserved as a relic.

INTERNAL evidence is all in favor of the supposition that the entire work was planned and (except for the paintings on the outside of the wings) mainly executed by the elder brother, and it is to him therefore that its glory belongs.

The polyptych evidently started its vicissitudes at an early date because it had to be partially restored in 1530, but the nature of its first troubles does not appear to have been identified. In 1566, when there was reason to fear that the cathedral might be looted, the altarpiece was removed, and it was eventually exhibited again in the new cathedral in the following year. In 1578 it was offered to Queen Elizabeth, but its departure was prevented at the last minute; it remained, however, in the Hôtel de Ville for several years, and only returned to Saint-Bavon in 1584. In 1647 a fire broke out in the cathedral, and the altarpiece was again hurriedly removed, but escaped damage. In 1781 Joseph II was so scandalized by the "Adam" and "Eve" panels that they were taken down and stored in the cathedral offices. In 1794 the French carried off the central panels, which were not sent back until 1815. The next year, however, when the central panels were again in their place, the side panels, "Angels Singing," "Angels Playing Instruments," "Pilgrims," "Hermits," "Knights" and "Judges," were offered to and bought by a dealer named Niewenhuys, who paid 1,000 francs apiece for them, and sold them for 100,000 francs to an Englishman resident in Germany, referred to in documents as Solly. This Solly (or should we read "Solly"?) sold the set to the King of Prussia for 400,000 thalers, and it is these panels, of course, which have now returned to Ghent to take their original places, by the other panels, which, incidentally, since 1816, have been once more threatened by fire, once more offered for sale, and finally hidden from the invaders at the beginning of the war.

IT is difficult to estimate the damage which the polyptych has suffered in the course of its peregrinations. Speaking generally, it is all in amazing condition—particularly the panels which come from Germany; and a comparison of these original panels with the copies by Michel Coxcie (executed in the Nineteenth Century) might be of considerable service to art-critics who imagine that they can appraise a painting without any personal experience of the technique of the craft. For Coxcie's pictures are false to the originals in details of handling which could only have been apparent, when the works were fresh, to professional painters, and it is just these technical details which now cause the copies to appear mere ghosts, while Van Eyck's work retains the greater part of its first vitality.

But in spite of its remarkable preservation it is far from easy to judge the "Altarpiece of the Lamb" on its merits as a work of art. Because in the first place it is almost impossible to think away the mass of associated interest, and in the second because the work is not so much a masterpiece of painting as a magnificent and epoch-making experiment. Hubert Van Eyck was unquestionably greatly inferior to his younger brother as a painter. No one can dispute the technical superiority manifested in Jan's picture in the National Gallery over Hubert's picture in the Cook collection, or, again, the superiority of the Canon van der Paele Madonna in Bruges over the central panel of the present altarpiece. But the extreme veneration which attached to Hubert's memory for centuries after his death was nevertheless justified. For the "Altarpiece of the Lamb" started a new era in the development of human consciousness; it marks the passage from an aristocratic miniature art to the popular art of oil painting. Henceforth pictorial art in Flanders was not to be some-

(*Continued on second page following*)

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Hubert Van Eyck and Dierick Bouts

(Continued from second page preceding)

thing shut up in books for the delight of the rich; it was to be a thing exhibited in churches, accessible to the humblest peasant. In the great Ghent polyptych Hubert Van Eyck definitely started Flemish art on the course which it was to pursue for two hundred years, the course which led upwards and outwards from the aristocratic miniature to the democratic easel-pictures of Rubens—a course which was the exact opposite of that taken by Italian art, which went downwards and inwards from popular mural mosaics to the small aristocratic easel-pictures of the early Renaissance.

EVERYTHING in Hubert's picture proclaims the miniature origin—the wealth of detail, the glittering ornament, the patient execution, the naif and formal design, no less than the Gothic religious spirit which pervades the whole work. But at the same time the translation into oil medium with the accompanying increase in scale caused the painter, unconsciously doubtless, to attack problems the eventual solution of which by subsequent Flemish painters constitutes the achievement of Flemish art. The particularization in the heads of "Angels Singing," for instance, points the path to Jan's marvelous portraits; and in the general composition of Hubert's masterpiece there is something which is half way towards the escape from the miniaturist conception of composition which we find later in such important works as the unidentified "Deposition from the Cross" in the Brussels Gallery labeled "School of Dierick Bouts," where a large canvas is approached as an area to be animated by rhythmic arrangements, and "The Virgin Among Virgins" labeled "Bruges School" in the same collection, which reveals a similar preoccupation with quite geometrical problems of composition. Linked by these pictures, Hubert's altarpiece joins hands with Quentin Massys's "Legend of St. Anne," where Flemish oil painting definitely abandons the miniature.

R. H. W.—*The Athenæum.*

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THE new exhibition in the print gallery of the New York Public Library, third in the series illustrating contemporary graphic art in the United States, is devoted to "American Wood-block Prints of Today."

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Moonshine and Melodrama

(*Continued from page* 105)

an imperfect work, has the romantic charm and truth of honest history. Had she done less well than she did with both her ventures, Miss Anglin would deserve applause, if only for her audacity.

"Iphigenia" was the last part of a Festival devoted chiefly to some famous oratorios. It might have seemed a little bit incongruous but for the fact that music, largely choruses and solos, had been composed for it by Walter Damrosch. The music did not greatly help the play, and in the solos it disturbed its dignity.

The settings of the drama, although rich, were somewhat strange and not in keeping with the Greek tradition. It shocked one greatly to see a distinctly modern background instead of the severe and classic frame. The choruses, again, those who intoned them, were wholly lacking in the proper classic spirit. Robed maidens, in light, fluffy, bright robes, swayed to and fro, and posed and bowed like sickly and "æsthetic" Bunthorne worshippers. For these and other things which jarred on one in what was, by and large, a daring essay, the blame should go to Mr. Maurice Browne. He and not Margaret Anglin was responsible for the new trappings and conceits in the revival. The impression they produced was far too pretty. They were entertaining, but they were not classic. One does not think of plays as patent pretexts for effective pictures.

And yet, so potent was the spell of the Greek master, that very often we forgot to carp at settings and were swept on by the dark and stirring plot, as the Athenians of two thousand years ago. The happy ending of the drama pleased the general. For, in this instance, the gods did relax their sternness.

We listened breathlessly as Agamemnon planned the sacrifice of his own child. We felt the anguish of her stricken mother. We thrilled as the poor maid was led away to slaughter. We thrilled still more when she was snatched at last from death by the relenting will and power of Artemis.

The heaviest burdens of the leading parts were borne by Margaret Anglin (Clytemnestra), by Mary Fowler (the Iphigenia), and by Eugene Powers (the Agamemnon). Miss Anglin acted with much poise and power, avoiding mock heroics and yet lending force to the more tragic episodes in which she figured. Her reading of her lines was very clear and at some moments truly eloquent. The costume chosen for her was by no means regal. Nor did it seem to me entirely accurate. Miss Fowler pleased by her simplicity, if she was overweighted in the title part. And Mr. Powers at least spoke his lines so plainly that they could be heard by all.

It is improbable that "Clair de Lune" would have been seen and heard in any New York theatre, but for the names and reputation of its chief interpreters. The announcement that two Barrymores were to appear in the first play of Mrs. John, however, made a difference. The "première" at the Empire packed that house. And even after learning the crude facts about this effort, the public may still wish to judge what has been weighed and damned by most good critics. The title of this rubbish might have warned us. For what is "Clair de Lune," translated, but mere "Moonshine"? A girl of twenty, in her college days, might have produced just such a weak and struggling work.

Of stagecraft "Michael Strange" (the professional sobriquet of Mrs. Barrymore) has no suspicion. She plans her plot and strives to mould her characters with the ingenuousness of childish amateurs. Not one of all the persons in the play is true to history. Not one comes close to Victor Hugo's fancies, though all are borrowed from his "L'Homme qui Rit." It is not pleasant to distress a writer so gifted, in her way, as "Michael Strange." But there is nothing to be gained by hiding facts or glossing over this appalling rubbish.

Those who have read the book of Victor Hugo know that it largely deals with the wild tale of Gwymplane and the so-called *comprachicos.* These *comprachicos* were a gang of rogues who, with the help of cruel surgery, converted children into freaks and monsters. By twisting muscles and deforming limbs, they fashioned creatures who amused their patrons. Gwymplane was one of their most freakish victims. His tortured face compelled the crowd to laugh. Of this we get at most but casual hints in the exposition, or the earlier scenes, which open in the gardens of some unknown palace, supposed to have been dwelt in at the time by "good Queen Anne."

The country roundabout seems vaguely French. But it may be an invention of the scene-painter, who in this instance is John Barrymore. The Queen (the first offense in "Clair de Lune") and her shameless half-sister, the Duchess Josephine (named Josiane in the novel) are both attracted by a dreamy fop, Prince Charles. The Queen is not the dull, fat, flabby Anne she should be. She is a bright coquette, a wit, who toys with epigrams. To while away an hour Anne calls for mountebanks. Which introduces Victor Hugo's well-known rovers, Dea, the blind girl; Ursis, the philosopher; and, lastly, Gwymplane. They dance, and play their tricks, and cut their capers. But no one laughs or smiles at "L'Homme qui Rit" except the mummers on the inner stage.

The Gwymplane shown us by

(*Continued on second page following*)

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Moonshine and Melodrama

(*Continued from second page preceding*)

John Barrymore was less grotesque than Victor Hugo's clown. He had been thoughtfully toned down, to spare our feelings. Those *comprachicos* had not left him hideous.

This kills the values of the plot and characters. And when the sadic Duchess sighs for Gwymplane, we are not horrified by her perversity. Poor Gwymplane, at his worst, is not so bad. We only stare at Josephine and ask: "Why not?"

The author does not dare to push things far. At heart, I fear, she is Victorian. The scene in which the Duchess first disrobes, and then re-robes, and then again disrobes, and flings herself into the hero's arms, seems scabrous, but, *au fond,* is rather harmless. The Frenchman handled it with utter frankness. But "Michael Strange" is much more reticent. We have grown used to naughty bedroom scenes. This one will not excite the hardened Broadwayite.

There is an anti-climax in that scene, more shocking to the critic than what goes before. For Dea and the Queen disturb the love-making. The plot is further tangled by the Prince and others. Ere long the complications of the plot grow so confused that one is almost lost. We gather dimly, that "the man who laughs" is the real Prince and that the Prince is no one. Then in the next act we are all at sea again—in sober earnest—as Gwymplane, with his Dea and with Ursis, flees to the English shores. As in the novel, we see Dea die and Gwymplane, who has now been cured of Josephine, join her in death. Not even Ursis seems to care a straw. With this the play might surely end its course.

But "Michael Strange" would have an epilogue, a whole, vain, babbling act about Queen Anne. And so we get another anti-climax, while Anne and Josephine both bid farewell to Charles. Words, words and words. Lame phrases. Repartee. Sentiment, cheap wit, and humorous pathos. The dialogue, alas, throughout this "Clair de Lune" is either false to life, or strained and tame. Nor does it for a moment take us back to the quaint style and fashion of a bygone age. What Anne's age was we know from "Henry Esmond." Can "Michael Strange" have ever glanced at it?

A lady-like attempt to tackle horrors, not in the spirit of another day, but in the terms of our own twentieth century. A sham romance. A weak, thin, clumsy play. False to the facts of human character. At points grotesque.

Had there been more of them to clutch at, the actors in the cast might have done more. The Anne of Ethel Barrymore pleased thoughtless souls. She was a picture, I admit, of loveliness. But where was Anne, the dull, fat, flabby Anne? The Anne who was the sport and tool of rival favorites—the Anne who was to bring forth twenty children? Not in this "Moonshine," even in the germ. She was another Anne, who never reigned.

Nor can I rave about John Barrymore. If he was Gwymplane, Victor Hugo lied. He showed us the poetic side of Gwymplane, but not the study of the antic clown. He was a dreaming, brooding, tender Gwymplane, so little scarred and spoilt to make men laugh that he might have attracted hosts of women, whose eyes had not, like Dea's, lost their sight. A limp performance of an ill-drawn part. A weak presentment of a weaker character. Those who admired John Barrymore in "The Jest" will grieve to see him thrown away on "Moonshine."

The ladies of Queen Anne's court were not half so nice, so dainty and refined, as Violet Cooper's Duchess. When they had tantrums they swore vulgarly; and when they loved they went to wicked lengths.

As for the rest, I shall not speak of them. Their sins were largely due to their stage manner.

The Sources of Ornamental Design

(*Continued from page 95*)

know the history of design. Through this knowledge we are led to return to the source. Through this knowledge we are led to the East, not alone to Turkey and Asia Minor, but to the purer and still more fertile fields of Persian and Hindu art.

The original making of pictures and decorative patterns was with the full brush, with a brush in the way that still survives in the Far East. It was no filling in of traced patterns from which we are only now escaping in our own art of picture painting. The embroiderer I found in Eastern Europe was exercising no artistic or inventive talent of her own. She was doing the thing we know so well: filling in traced patterns, made by a village artist in whom alone reposed the tradition.

The technique of weaving enfeebles design. The technique of embroidery enfeebles design. It is necessary that we should refresh ourselves, if not directly with nature, at least by contact with those who see nature with fresh and unsophisticated eyes. It is for this I urge excursions not only to the border lands, such as I have visited and described, but to the East itself.

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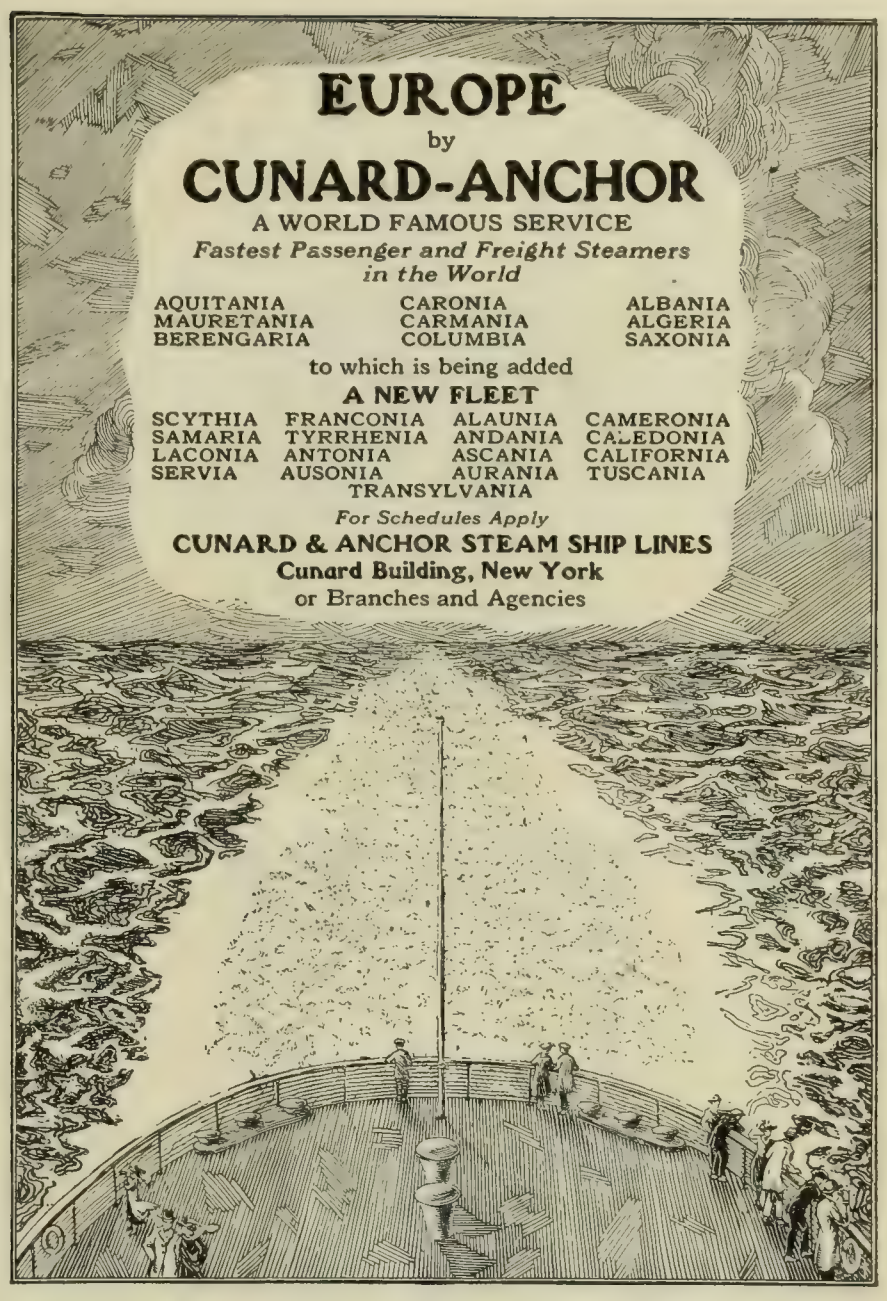

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Art and Politics

MR. ROGER FRY, by means of an instructive tale (*Athenæum,* August 13, 1920), has shown us that in their dealings with art Bolshevik politicians remain true to type. Like the rest of their breed, they have no use for it unless they can exploit it to their own ends. For my part, I was never so simple as to suppose that, if the *de facto* government of Russia professed admiration for Matisse and Picasso, that admiration had anything to do with the artistic gifts of either of these painters, any more than that the respect with which the British Government treats the names of Raphael and Michel Angelo should be taken to imply that any single one of His Majesty's ministers has ever experienced an æsthetic emotion. Consequently, I was not at all surprised to learn that the sure, though unconscious, taste of the statesman had led the rulers of Russia to reject their first loves; that instinctively they had divined that both Matisse and Picasso were too much like genuine artists to be trustworthy; and that they had, therefore, transferred their affections to the thin, pretentious, and fundamentally academic work of Larionoff, which should, I fancy, be just the thing for advanced politicians.

SOME time ago, however, before Picasso was found out, a young Russian æsthete—so Mr. Fry tells us—was licensed by the competent authority to pronounce that artist's eulogy, on the understanding, of course, that the lecture should somehow serve as a stick wherewith to beat the opposition. Nothing easier: Picasso was pitted against Renoir. Picasso was a great artist, because, abstract and austere, he was the man for the proletariat; whereas Renoir, who painted pretty pictures for the *bourgeoisie,* was no earthly good. The lecturer, as might have been expected, was out even in his facts: for Renoir—who came from the people, by the way—might, were he less of an artist, by means of the taking and almost anecdotic quality of his earlier work, give some pleasure to a working man; whereas Picasso—the son of middle-class parents too—could not possibly win from an honest laborer, left to himself, anything but sarcastic laughter or ferocious abuse. But even if true, the lecturer's facts would have been beside the point. To say that a work is aristocratic or democratic, moral or immoral, is to say something silly and irrelevant, or, rather, silly if meant to be relevant to its value as art. In the work of Renoir and of Picasso, and, indeed, in all works of art, the essential quality, as all sensitive people know, is the same. Whatever it may be that makes art matter is to be found in every work that does matter. And though, no doubt, "subject" and to some extent "attack" may be conditioned by an artist's opinions and attitude to life, such things are irrelevant to his work's final significance. Strange as it may seem, the essential quality in a work of art is purely artistic. It has nothing to do with the moral, religious or political views of its creator. It has to do solely with his æsthetic experience and his power of expressing that. But as no politician is capable of appreciating, or even becoming aware of, this essential quality, it is perhaps only natural that politicians should look elsewhere for the significance of art.

This painful but certain fact once grasped, it becomes possible to understand several things that have considerably puzzled critics and historians. For instance, it is often remarked, and generally with surprise, that progressive politicians are commonly averse to new movements in art. The attitude of the present Russian Government to the contemporary movement makes neither for nor against this view, for that novelty it took over as a going concern. Let us see how it looks on the next, which will be very likely a return to the tradition of Ingres. The example usually cited by exponents of this theory—that progressive politicians are reactionary in art—is the notorious hostility of Liberals to the romantic movement; but I believe that were they to study closely the histories of the Impressionist, the Pre-Raphaelite and the Wagnerian movements, they would find in them, too, evidence on the whole favorable to their case. Be that as it may, this theory, which once seemed paradoxical, quite loses its fantastic air when considered in the light of our discovery. Had art anything to do with opinion, it would be strange, indeed, if new art were ill-received by those who like their opinions new. But as art has nothing whatever to do with such things, there is no more reason why a Radical should like new forms of art than why he should like new brands of tea.

THE essential qualities of a work of art are purely artistic; and since politicians, if not too coarse by nature, soon make themselves so by practice, to apprehend these, they must, unless they can leave art alone, seek its significance in what is unessential. Progressive politicians, who have a way of taking ethics under their wing and even conceive themselves the active promoters of good, are apt to seek it in morals. One might have supposed that a message was to be found as easily in new forms of art as in old. But, unluckily, new forms are to most incomprehensible. And, though to a hardened sinner here and there what is incomprehensible may be nothing worse than disconcerting, to him who seeks good in all things

(*Continued on second page following*)

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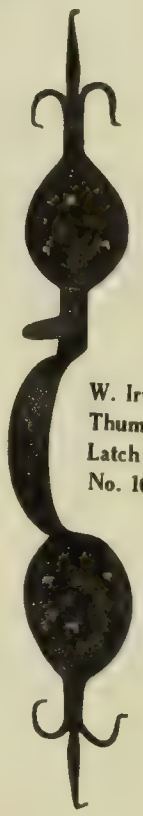

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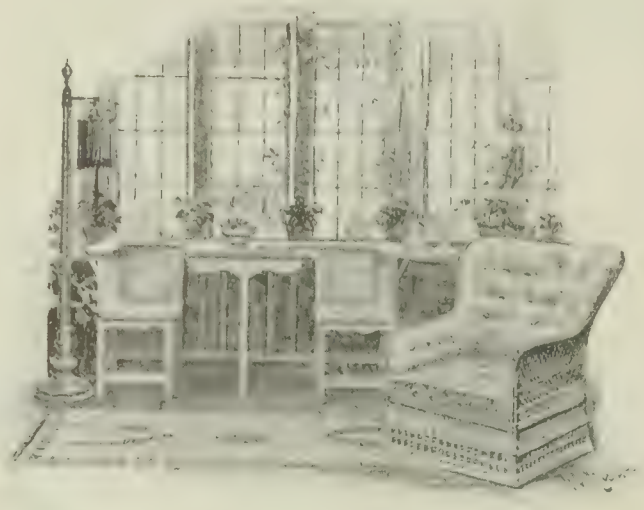

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Art and Politics

(*Continued from second page preceding*)

and is constantly on the lookout for uplifting influences, whatever disappoints this longing is positively and terribly evil.

A new and genuine work of art is something unmistakably alive and, at the same time, unprovided, as yet, with moral credentials. It is unintelligible without being negligible. It comes from an unfamiliar world and shakes a good man's belief in the obvious. It must be very wicked. And the proper reaction to what is wicked is a blind fury of moral indignation. Now blind fury is blind. So no one could be much worse placed than the political moralist for seeing whatever there may be to be seen in what is, at once, strange and subtle.

WE are in a position now to clear up another difficulty, which has distressed so deeply the best and wisest of men that to get rid of it some have felt justified in tampering with the truth. If art had anything to do with politics, evidently art should have flourished most gloriously in those ages of political freedom which do us all so much credit. The necessity of this inference has been felt strongly enough by Liberal historians to make them accept without demur the doctrine that the age of Pericles was the great age of visual art, and repeat it without mentioning the fact that in that age an aristocracy of some twenty-five thousand citizens was supported by the compulsory labors of some four hundred thousand slaves. The truth is, of course, that art may flourish under any form of government. It flourished in the Athenian aristocracy and under the despotic bureaucracies of China, Persia and Byzantium. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries it flourished under the feudal system, and in the fifteenth amongst the oligarchies and tyrannies of Italy. On the other hand, neither the Roman Republic nor the Roman Empire gave us anything much worth remembering; and no period in French history has been less fruitful in art and letters than the first republic and empire. There was Ingres, of course; but the period on the whole was singularly barren, and it may be just worth remarking that at no time, perhaps, has French art been so academic, professorial, timid and uninspired as in the first glorious years of the great revolution.

HERE there is nothing to surprise us. But what does, at first sight, seem odd is that art should apparently be indifferent, not only to political systems, but to social conditions as well. Barbarism or Civilization: it is all one to art. Old-fashioned historians, who had a pleasant, tidy way of dealing with the past, used to plot out from that wilderness four great periods of civilization: the Athenian (from 480 B.C. to the death of Aristotle, 322), the first and second centuries of the Roman Empire, Italy in the fifteenth and early sixteenth century, and from the end of the Fronde, 1653, to the Revolution. For my part, I should be inclined to subtract from these the Roman period, and add, if only I knew more about it, the age of Sung. But, accepting, by way of compromise, all five, we find that three—the Greek, Chinese and Italian—were rich in visual art, whereas Rome was utterly barren and the eighteenth century not extraordinarily prolific. To make matters worse, we see in the dark and early middle ages a steady flow of first-rate art from societies more or less barbarous, while lately we have learned that black and naked savages can create exquisitely.

Are we, then, to assume that there is no connection between art and civilization? I think not. A connection there is, but, as was to be expected, an unessential one. The essential quality in art is invariable, and what gives the Parthenon its significance is what gives significance to a nigger's basket-work box. There is such a thing as civilized art, but its civility lies in adventitious and subsidiary qualities—in the means, not in the end. It seems to me we do mean something when we say that Phidias, Sophocles and Aristophanes, Raphael and Racine, Molière, Poussin, Milton, Wren, Jane Austen and Mozart are highly civilized artists, and that the creators of the Gothic cathedrals and the author of the "Chanson de Roland," Villon, Webster, Rembrandt, Blake, Wordsworth, Emily Brontë, Whitman, Turner, Wagner and the Congolese fetish-makers are not. But, whatever we may mean, assuredly we do not mean that one set is superior to the other. They differ widely; but they differ in the means by which they compass the same end. It is absurd to argue that civilization is either favorable or unfavorable to art; but it is reasonable to suppose that it may be the one or the other to a particular artist. Different temperaments thrive in different atmospheres. How many mute, inglorious Miltons, Raphaels and Mozarts may not have lost heart and gone under in the savage insecurity of the dark ages? And may not the eighteenth century, which clipped the wings of Blake, have crushed the fluttering aspirations of a dozen Gothically-minded geniuses and laughed some budding Wagner out of all idea of expressing his ebullient personality?

IT is possible to speak of civilized or uncivilized art and mean something by our words; but what we mean has nothing to do with the ultimate value of the work. And, in the same way, there may

(*Continued on second page following*)

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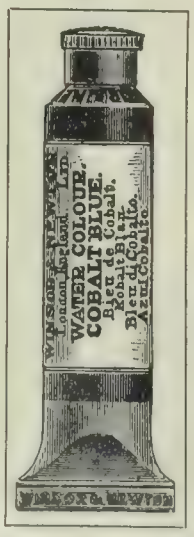

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Art and Politics

(Continued from second page preceding)

be an unessential connection between art and politics, though more remote and unimportant still. As I have explained too often already, an artist, before he can create effectively, has got to work himself into a passion; by some means he has got to raise his feelings to the creative temperature and his energies to a corresponding pitch of intensity. He must make himself drunk somehow, and political passion is as good a tipple as another.

RELIGION, Science, Morals, Love, Hate, Fear, Lust, all serve the artist's turn, and Politics and Patriotism have done their bit. It is clear that Wordsworth was thrown into the state of mind in which he wrote his famous sonnets by love of England and detestation of France, by fear of revolution and longing for order; but how much patriotism or constitutionalism has to do with the suave beauty of those harmonious masterpieces may be inferred from the fact that "hoarse FitzGerald" and Mr. Kipling are quite as patriotic and even more reactionary. Amongst painters David is the conspicuous example of an artist—a small one, to be sure—intoxicated by politics. David set out as a humble, eighteenth-century follower of Fragonard. But the revolution filled his poor head with notions about the Greeks and the Romans, Harmodius and Aristogiton, Cornelia and the Gracchi, *sic semper tyrannis,* and Phrygian caps. And his revolutionary enthusiasm changed the whole manner of his attack on that central, artistic problem which never, in any style, did he succeed in solving. But the influence of this new style was immense, and paramount in French painting for the next forty or fifty years. It is to be noted, however, that David's great and immediate follower, the mighty Ingres, who frankly adopted this style, redolent of all republican virtues, was himself one of the most virulent reactionaries that ever lived.

AND that, perhaps, would be all that needed saying about Art and Politics, were it not that at this moment the subject has an unusual importance. Movements in art have, more often than not, been the result of an extraordinarily violent preoccupation, on the part of artists, with the unessential and insignificant. David rescued painting from the charming and slightly sentimental disorder of the later eighteenth century by concentrating on Roman virtues and generals' uniforms. The Romantics freed themselves from Davidism by getting frantically excited about a little hazy nonsense rather unfairly attributed to Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott. From this the Impressionists escaped by persuading themselves that they were men of science. And against this my contemporaries set up a conscious æstheticism, slightly tinged with certain metaphysico-moral doctrines concerning the cowiness of cows and the thing in itself. With Cubism conscious æstheticism holds the field, for the Cubist theory is, in the main, æsthetic. That is one reason why I cannot think that there is any great future for Cubism. An artistic movement is unlikely to live long on anything so relevant to art; for artists, it seems, must believe that they are concerned with something altogether different. Wherefore, I think it not improbable—indeed, there are indications already—that, political progress having in the last few years somewhat outrun civilization, and the new democracy being apparently hostile to art and culture, artists will take to believing passionately in what they will call "order." If so, in the name of Napoleon and Louis XIV., but, let us hope, with the science and restraint of Poussin and Ingres, they will turn, most likely, to the classical tradition, and, while endeavoring to create significant form, will assert vehemently that they are expressing their political convictions.

CLIVE BELL—*The Athenæum.*

Mlle. Hélène Dufau, French Portraitist

THE first woman, after Rosa Bonheur, to be decorated by the French Government with the Legion of Honor, Mlle. Hélène Dufau, perhaps the greatest living French portraitist and painter, is now visiting America. Her work includes strong and beautiful portraits of men and women, striking mural paintings, and studies of the nude out of doors, in which last she was an innovator, being the first woman painter in France to essay the nude in the open air. Greeted at first by a storm of protest, this work was accepted a little later, and she received many commissions from the French Government, including four panel decorations for the Sorbonne.

Several of Mlle. Dufau's pictures are in the Luxembourg, among them a self-portrait. Others are in museums of Rouen, Bordeaux near her own early home in the south of France, in Buenos Aires and Cuba, and scores of collections public and private in Europe, including the magnificent villa Anagra of the French poet Rostand, of whose son, Maurice Rostand, she made several fine portraits, besides mural decorations for the villa.

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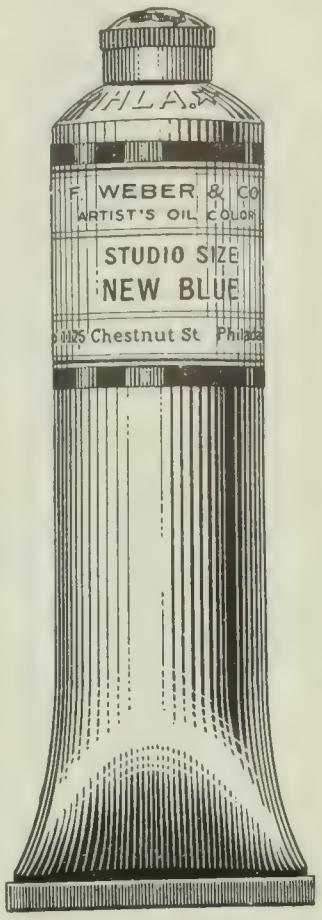

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The Pittsburgh Exhibition

(*Continued from page 87*)

bandage his head in iced towels and fan his up-raised chin with the catalogue. But it is not inevitably necessary that the Institute should assemble such a collection as might have been spread before Queen Victoria. Are we asking for a touch of diaberle? A slightly more venturesome habit would harm nobody, has in fact only the one defect that the sense of responsibility of a constituted organization for public service makes the proverbial "Nothing ventured" a counsel of perfection. We are beset by the more practical thought that the trouble may lie with the overplus of rejectable material which is gathered in for the Pittsburgh jury and which may lead the jury to attach a relative and mistaken importance to some of the work they presumably advance to approval without enthusiasm.

Falling late in the season the Pittsburgh show is fitted to sum up the earlier American calendar in a digest of the best exhibition material of the year. Anyone who knows how promptly and intelligently the earlier major exhibitions are visited in its behalf and how alert the management keeps itself to new work coming forward in the studios and the advances made in private collections, how thoroughly the field of production and acquisition is studied with a view to building up the annual show by contribution and loan, will appreciate that the deliberately chosen standards are not maintained by any mere lapsing into routine. And in the American field the affair is more than a digest. It refreshes our contact with painters who grow chary of exhibiting, as in the present welcome reappearance of Robert Reid of the disbanded Ten. It brings forward men whom we see too little of further east, Henry G. Keller this year to name one among several. But its great opportunity lies in a richer development of the field in Europe.

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Our Progress in Art Astonishes French Expert

M. BENEDITE, curator of the Luxemburg Museum in Paris, who has just returned from a tour of American art galleries and universities, said in an interview:

"America has made progress in art that is almost incredible."

He explained that it was thirteen years ago when he made his first visit in the United States and offered an interesting explanation of the growth of art culture since then. He said:

"The progress in American taste has been remarkable. Especially in the acquisition of masterpieces, their resources permit them to have the very rarest ones and works in the best state of preservation.

"They have had time to study. They have studied a little in France and very much in America, and they are now beyond the point where they have to seek the test of civilization in Europe. It is in sculpture and in architecture that I have seen the greatest results Americans have achieved—results with present-day materials, iron, glass and concrete, of which we have seen some examples of remarkable beauty. Their museums, should make us envious."

M. Benedite remarked he had seen some of the best examples of the French impressionist schools in America, and said Millet already was appreciated in America while he was still unrecognized in France. Benedite added that in all the schools where he asked the students whom they preferred that he lecture about voices were almost unanimously in favor of "Puvis de Chavannes, Rodin, Monet, Millet, Whistler, Fantin, Latour, Degas, and Dalous."

New York Evening Post

Book Plates at the Brooklyn Museum

ON Sunday, May 8, the Print Department of the Brooklyn Museum will open an exhibition of Book Plates which will continue until Wednesday, June 15 inclusive. The number of exhibits is about one thousand. The collection is naturally strongest in American examples and special attention has been paid to obtaining specimens of the early American period, but the English representation is also strong (C. W. Sherborn is the best contemporary English designer and there are good representative examples of French, Italian and German book plates. The importance of the exhibition will be best explained to experts in the subject by saying that among the collectors represented are Miss Emma Toedteberg, Mrs. William H. Cary and Mr. George F. Allison. In addition to the other collectors, the Museum is also represented. Miss Toedteberg's collection is especially strong in an almost complete set of America's most famous book plate designer, Edwin Davis French, and in its specialty of celebrities. All the other celebrated American engravers are well represented, including J. Winfred Spenceley, S. L. Smith, W. F. Hopson, and Walter M. Aikman, the well-known engraver of Brooklyn. Louis Rhead, the artist of Brooklyn, is also represented. Among the various groups or divisions into which the exhibition is classified, the following are worthy of special mention:

A group of early American book plates: in which the following designers are represented: Anderson, Callender, Hurd, Callaudet, Maverick, Thackara, Child and Doolittle.

A group of political celebrities which includes Queen Victoria, the reigning King and Queen of England, the Prince of Wales and Carmen Silva; the following presidents of the United States: George Washington, John Quincy Adams, James Monroe, Martin Van Buren, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft and Woodrow Wilson. Mrs. Grover Cleveland and Mrs. Roosevelt are also represented.

In the group devoted to artists the following names occur among others: Walter Crane, Sir Frederic Leighton, Alma Tadema and Elihu Vedder.

The group representing music and drama includes the following names among others: Mary Anderson, Margaret Anglin, Lawrence Barrett, Enrico Caruso, Adolph Bolm, Lady Gregory, Sir Henry Irving, W. C. Macready, Richard Mansfield and Mme. Modjeska.

The group devoted to men of business and other related notabilities includes: Andrew Carnegie, Thomas W. Lawson, Wm. J. Bryan, J. P. Morgan, Gifford Pinchot, Oscar Straus, Admiral R. P. Evans, George Gould, W. B. Leeds, Otto H. Kahn, E. H. Harriman, Thomas Mott Osborne, Henry Fairfield Osborn, Whitelaw Reid and George W. Vanderbilt.

The following group is devoted to authors, including: Marion Crawford, Charles Dickens, Austin Dobson, Eugene Field, John Fiske, Maxim Gorky, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Hood, David Hume, Vincente Blasco Ibañez, W. W. Jacobs, Charles Kingsley, Jack London, Horatio Walpole, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Carolyn Wells.

Another group which will appeal to connoisseurs is that of the Ladies' Book Plates.

As distinct from the special interest of connoisseurs the popular interest of this exhibition is greatly enhanced, not only by the fact that a very large number of celebrities

(*Continued on page* 142)

"A Calm"—by J. M. W. Turner (1775-1851)
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American Silver

(*Continued from page* 101)

line and exquisite surface of the old silver is chiefly due to this personal touch. The silversmith developed his design, melted the coin or bullion, cast it into ingots, rolled it, shaped it carefully with frequent heatings, engraved and polished it. Hollow ware was raised by hammering with a mallet on a wooden mould and continued with a metal hammer on a raising anvil, and finally all marks of the hammer were smoothed out. Flat ware was similarly hammered from the sheets of silver. The polishing was a slow hand process, but it produced a wonderful surface.

In the large silver factories today the model is often made by hand with as much care as the early craftsman took with his work. In one establishment a designer spent two years perfecting a single spoon which was to serve as a model for sets of plated ware. Dozens of dies were to be cut for innumerable sizes of spoons, forks and knives—there were to be serving spoons and after-dinner coffee spoons, sandwich forks and oyster forks, butter knives and cake knives, to say nothing of the regular breakfast, lunch and dinner sizes. The success of this pattern made the firm feel that the designer's salary for two years was a good investment. Where there is special order work, such as trophy cups, anywhere from four to forty designers are employed, under the supervision of a head designer.

In these big establishments the silver is usually delivered in sheets of different thicknesses. The cutting of the steel die from the model, or cast, is one of the most important and best paid parts of the trade. From this steel die the silver form is "struck," hollow ware being made in sections and later soldered together. Some pieces are cleverly "spun" by the use of a revolving lathe and a wooden mould, known as a "chuck," by means of which a bowl is "drawn up" in five minutes which would have taken at least five hours to form by hand. Handles, spouts and stems are either hammered or cast and then soldered on to the main body. The present use of a blow pipe to direct the heat against the solder at exactly the desired spot makes a far better joint than the old method of putting the solder into the fire.

The decoration of the finer pieces is done today, even in large establishments, in practically the same way as in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, except that the men specialize. Repoussée, or embossing, is hammered from the inside; chasing is hammered from without on a pitch-filled body; engraving is done with sharp tools that actually cut away the surface; moulded bands are applied; and piercings are cut with a fine saw.

Some very beautiful examples of silver made by commercial firms are shown in this article. The tea service and tray to match, designed by George E. Ball, of the Whiting Company, is based upon the lines of the English furniture designer and maker, Thomas Sheraton, who worked in the latter half of the Eighteenth Century. His designs were characterized by exquisite refinement of line and form and occasionally enriched with elaborate but restrained decoration.

The Gorham Company is represented by copies of silver by Paul Revere and other Eighteenth Century silversmiths, made under the direction of their head designer, Lionel Moses, an architect who brings to the silver industry an appreciation of bigness in little things. These pieces were copied and adapted from specimens in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and were shown at the Museum during the winter of 1921 in the annual exhibition of industrial art. This exhibition is limited to manufactured goods whose design has been based upon objects in the Museum, and it has done much to raise the standards of design in American-made goods.

Coming back to the individual craftsmen, we find that there are a few who, today, are producing silver in practically the same way that it was made in the Eighteenth Century; that is to say, each is working alone, or in co-operation with two or three others and doing most of the work by hand.

The dean of the group is Arthur J. Stone of Boston, and our headpiece shows a tea set, water pitcher and round tray by him. Mr. Stone is especially noted for his flat silver — forks, knives and spoons, simple in design and extremely well balanced. Others represented in the headpiece are: James T. Wooley, who made the bowl at the left; the oval platter is by Porter Blanchard; the two fluted compotes are the work of F. J. Gyllenberg, and the bowl at the left is by Karl F. Leinonen. Each of these pieces bears the name of the individual artist who designed and executed it. Robert Jarvie, of Chicago, is another well known silversmith (see article in ARTS & DECORATION, 1914, page 385). Silver by these men can always be found at the Little Gallery in New York, the Society of Arts and Crafts in Boston, and the Society of Arts and Crafts in Detroit.

The era of indifference and ignorance is past and the American people are appreciating harmonious and well-balanced design and good craftsmanship. In closing, the plea is for greater consideration by the buying public of the knowledge and skill that go into the making of silverware, whether by the individual or by groups of men co-operating under a firm name. More thought in selecting silver to harmonize with the setting of sideboard, bureau or desk will mean greater pleasure in the possession of beautiful silver, old or new.

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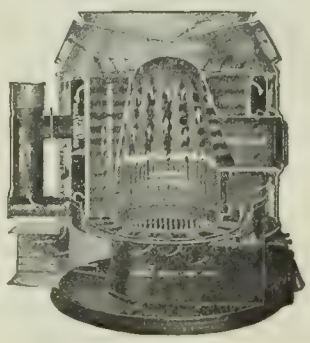

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Alexandria: An Old Virginia Classic

(*Continued from page* 109)

still standing in that city. It is Grecian in type, splendidly proportioned and of a structure to endure through the years. Even if their contention is not based entirely on fact, it is a splendid building, and surely was among the very first.

Just below Christ Church on Cameron Street stands the old home of Lord Fairfax. The Fairfaxes were the earliest friends of Washington, and Washington protected their interests during all the troublesome days of the Revolution. The present Lord Fairfax in England was born in this house. Accounts are various as to its age. The earliest date given is 1793. It is of the late Georgian type, beautifully proportioned and elegant in its appointments. The doorway is of singular charm; the woodwork suggests the careful fitting of a cabinet-maker rather than a carpenter, and the swing and proportion of the iron railing is a reminiscence of splendid craftsmanship. The staircase is a noble example of an almost forgotten art. The stairs are of mahogany, and run in a continuous spiral from the top to the bottom of the house. So easy are they as to make walking upstairs a pleasure. The photograph was made on the landing of the second floor, and shows the stairway through a carved arch of delicate grace. There is a story current in Alexandria that Thomas F. Ryan paid a large sum for the woodwork in an old house in Alexandria, and removed it to his own home in New York City. If the fireplace in the old Fairfax house is a fair example, Mr. Ryan made a very good bargain.

We are in the midst of the celebration honoring the 300th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. This event has been celebrated in Old England, Holland, as well as in New England. Perhaps we shall in time commemorate the settlement of New York by an appropriate Dutch pageant. It is at least a subject worthy of consideration. But the Mayflower and the Half Moon need the Susan B. Constant as a consort just as we naturally link in our Colonial memories Massachusetts, New York and Virginia.

Book Plates at the Brooklyn Museum

(*Continued from page* 139)

are represented (as appears from the preceding list of names) but also by the fact that about one-third of the entire collection includes a portrait with the book plate. The exhibition, therefore, appeals not only to print lovers and experts in the art and criticism of engraving but also to all those who are interested in contemporary history, politics, art, literature and biographical memorabilia.

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(Continued from page 118)

a success that is without parallel in the history of similar efforts the country over. That he has concealed himself behind the pleasant fiction of the Graphic Sketch Club is an example of a man's losing himself in his work and in his avocation that has, however, not hid from Philadelphia these many years that in Samuel S. Fleisher, who conceived the idea of this kind of an art school nearly a generation ago, it possesses a benefactor whose method is now being paid the sincerest flattery that can come to anyone, enthusiastic imitation of a method of social activity without foibles or faddism that bears "healing in its wings" and makes art a vital part of the life of the hundreds that have entered the doors of the club as well as bringing it home to their families and friends in ever-widening circles representing a potent influence for good which cannot be measured in annual reports, or told off seriatim in the cold statistics of educational discussions.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of ARTS & DECORATION, published monthly at New York, N.Y., for April 1, 1921.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph A. Judd, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of ARTS & DECORATION, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—Joseph A. Judd Publishing Co., Inc., 50 West 47th Street, New York, N.Y.

Editor—C. Matlack Price, 50 West 47th Street, New York, N.Y.

Managing Editor—None

Business Manager—Joseph A. Judd, 50 West 47th Street, New York, N.Y.

2. That the owners are:

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

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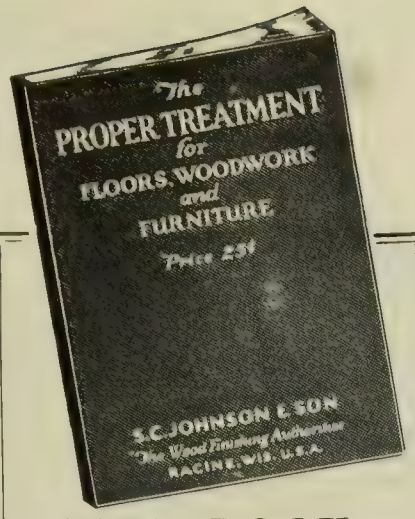

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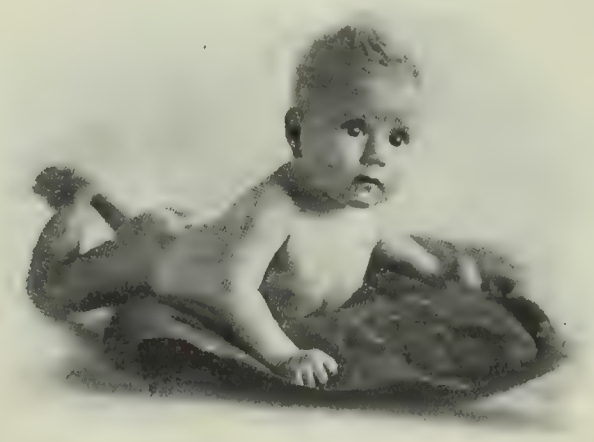

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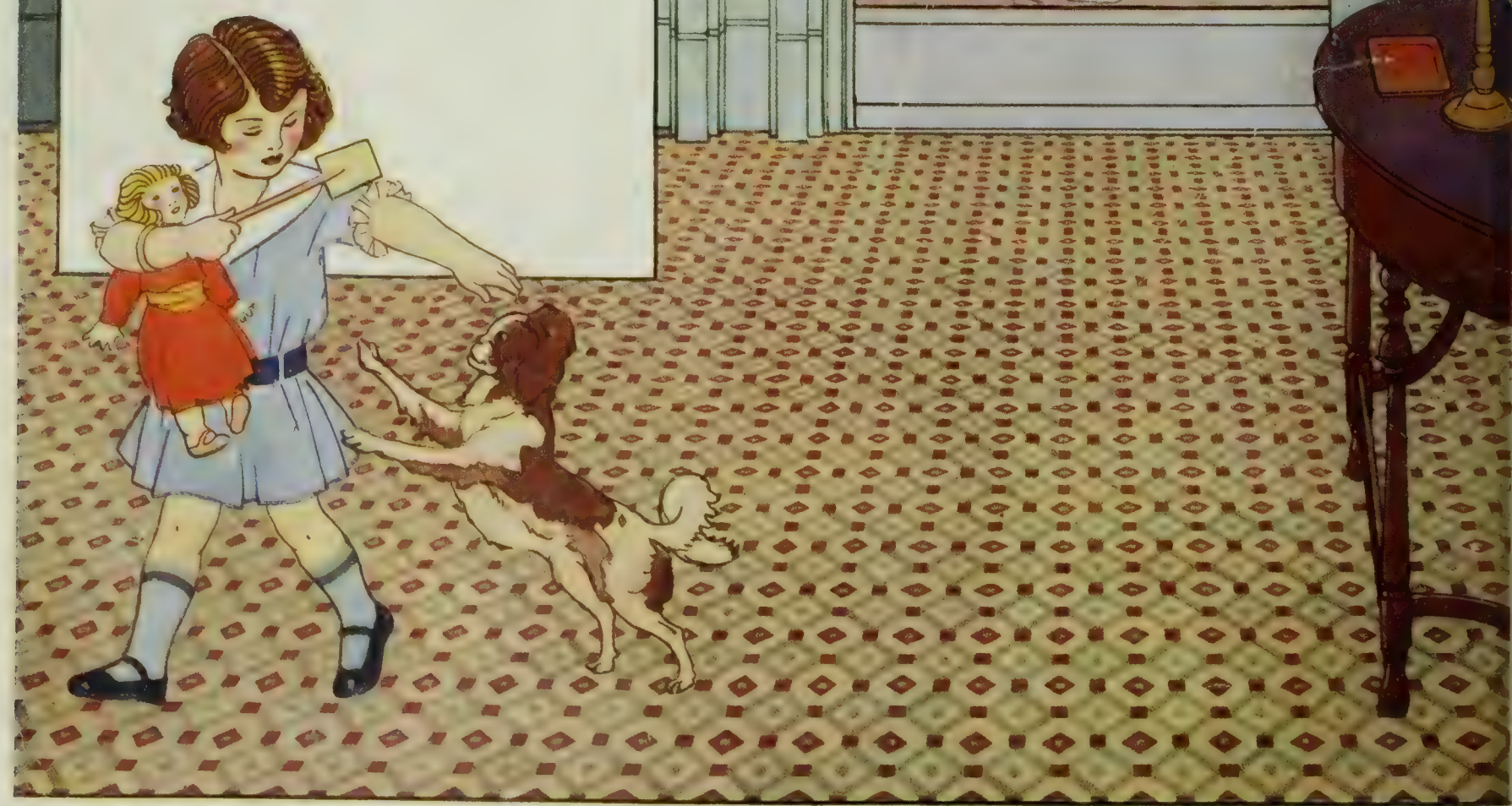

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